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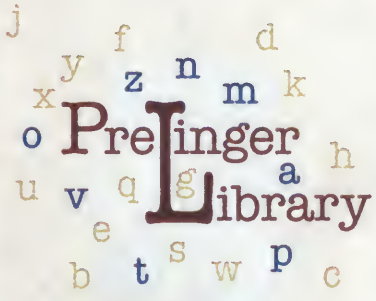

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MAGAZINE

OF

AMERICAN HISTORY

WITH

NOTES AND QUERIES

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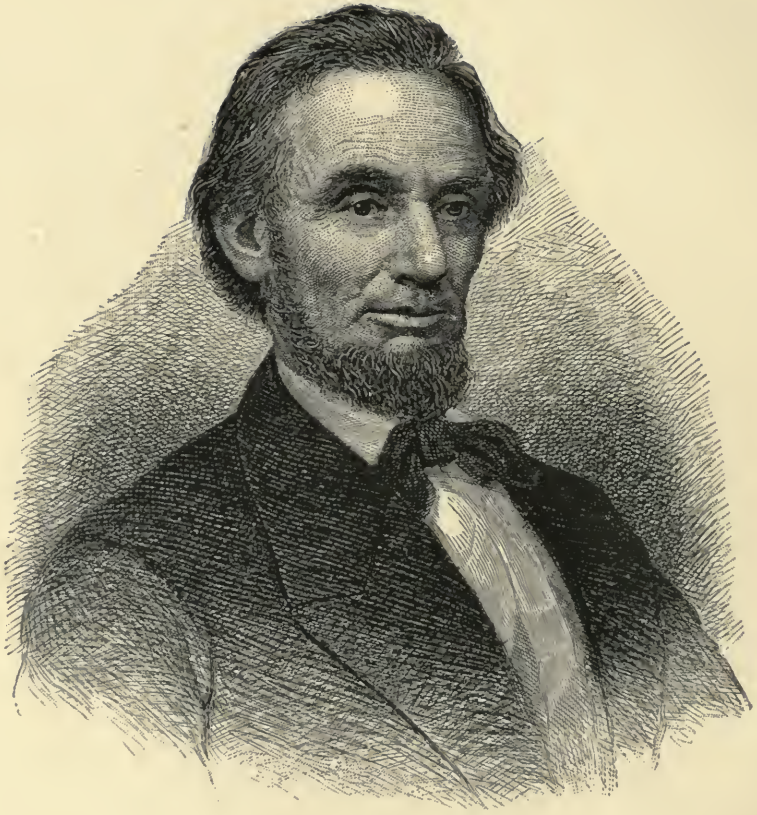

Your friend, as ever
A. Lincoln

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MAGAZINE OF AMERICAN HISTORY

VOL. XXVIII JULY, 1892 No. 1

THE BEGINNINGS OF THE CITY OF TROY

AT the time Washington was inaugurated first President of the United States, a crude little village at the head of navigation on the Hudson, containing not more than fifty inhabitants, had just made its polite bow to the country of its birth with the classic name of Troy. Its older neighbors laughed at its ambition in searching ancient history for a title, and the critics were for some time well-supplied with humorous items for the newspaper press. Albany, with her one hundred and eighty years, saw no very formidable rival, however, on the historic site where three years before were only five well-cared-for and flourishing farms. Lansingburgh, four miles above, had little to fear, as she was already eighteen, blooming, and prosperous—with a population numbering five hundred; Hudson and Poughkeepsie below had become comparatively rich and saucy, and paid no heed whatever to the classic pretensions of the new aspirant for public notice.

The Van der Heydens had owned the landed property at this point, —formerly a part of the Van Rensselaer manor—since 1707, and in 1786 Jacobo Van der Heyden had been persuaded by some New England men, of whom were Benjamin Covell, of Providence, Rhode Island, and Stephen Ashley, from Salisbury, Connecticut, to lay out about sixty-five acres in building lots and streets; and the enterprising Covell was the first to lease one of them for his own use. The map of this plat was completed May 1, 1787, and the village to be was called Vanderheyden, in honor of the Dutch farmer and his family. The design comprised two hundred and eighty-nine lots, and was modeled after Philadelphia, with rectangular streets and regular squares, the streets being sixty feet wide. Covell at once proceeded to buy a little store and move it upon his newly leased lot, and commence operations. He wrote to his brother presently: "This country is the best for business I ever saw; done more business in one day than in one week in Providence. The night of the 15th, after sundown, took in twenty dollars. I am one mile from Benjamin Thurber's, down the river. They are all well. I board at Stephen Ashley's." Other New England men were attracted to the place, and nearly every one advertised his call-

ing in the newspapers of Albany and Lansingburgh, for the point was most favorably situated to catch the growing trade of Vermont and Massachusetts. The inhabitants were chiefly of English descent from the beginning, and on the evening of the 5th of January, 1789, held a meeting for the sole purpose of "establishing a new name for the town," and surprised and offended the Van der Heyden family, whose Dutch name to them was neither unpoetic or too polysyllabic, by choosing that of Troy; and then published an advertisement in three successive issues of the Albany *Gazette*, announcing the proceedings of this important meeting, together with the new name in display letters. There was foresight in the bold movement, for, with the laughter and the criticism which the name provoked, the village became widely known. Travelers went out of their way to see it, and settlers moved in from many quarters. The enthusiasm of those who had undertaken to make the place an important centre of trade and commerce was contagious. Some of the principal men among the newcomers conducted religious services every Sabbath, at first in a room in Stephen Ashley's house, he having leased the homestead of Matthias Van der Heyden, and transformed it into a popular tavern for the accommodation of people from the country, with a notable sign, supported by a tall post on each side of the road, on which was printed in large letters:

"This gate hangs high, it hinders none.
Refresh, then pay, and travel on."

A small school-house was soon built, which was henceforward used for Sunday services, the people assembling at the blowing of a conch shell—the one which usually called the ferry-boat from the other side of the Hudson when a passenger wished to cross the beautiful river.

The first meeting-house in Troy, a plain wooden structure, forty by sixty feet, was commenced in the summer of 1792, the people having incorporated themselves in December, 1791, into a Presbyterian congregation, according to the laws of the state of New York. This meeting-house was not finished for some years, but in the spring of 1793, the flooring being laid, it was used for the ordination of Rev. Thomas Coe. Seats were constructed for the occasion with boards resting on blocks of wood, and a temporary platform erected for the preachers. The high cylindrical pulpit when completed was reached by a narrow flight of winding balustraded steps. The canopy above it was surmounted with the figure of a dove. Arthur James Weise, M.A., tells us in his new work on *Troy* *

* *Troy's One Hundred Years*, 1789–1889. By Arthur James Weise, M.A. Square octavo, pp. 453, with 90 illustrations. The Magazine is indebted to the publisher of this work, William H. Young, Troy, New York, for permission to use some of its historic illustrations.

FIRST MEETING-HOUSE, COURT-HOUSE, AND JAIL IN TROY, 1798.

that " below and in front of the pulpit was the desk of the clerk who lined the psalms and hymns and led the singing." The pews were of the old New England pattern, square and built like boxes, the younger members of the family sitting with their backs to the minister.* There was no way of warming the place of worship in those days; thus in winter hot bricks and quaint foot-stoves filled with live coals were carried by the church-goers. Dr. Wiesse says that " Rev. Jonas Coe often preached in his cloak with knitted gloves on his hands."

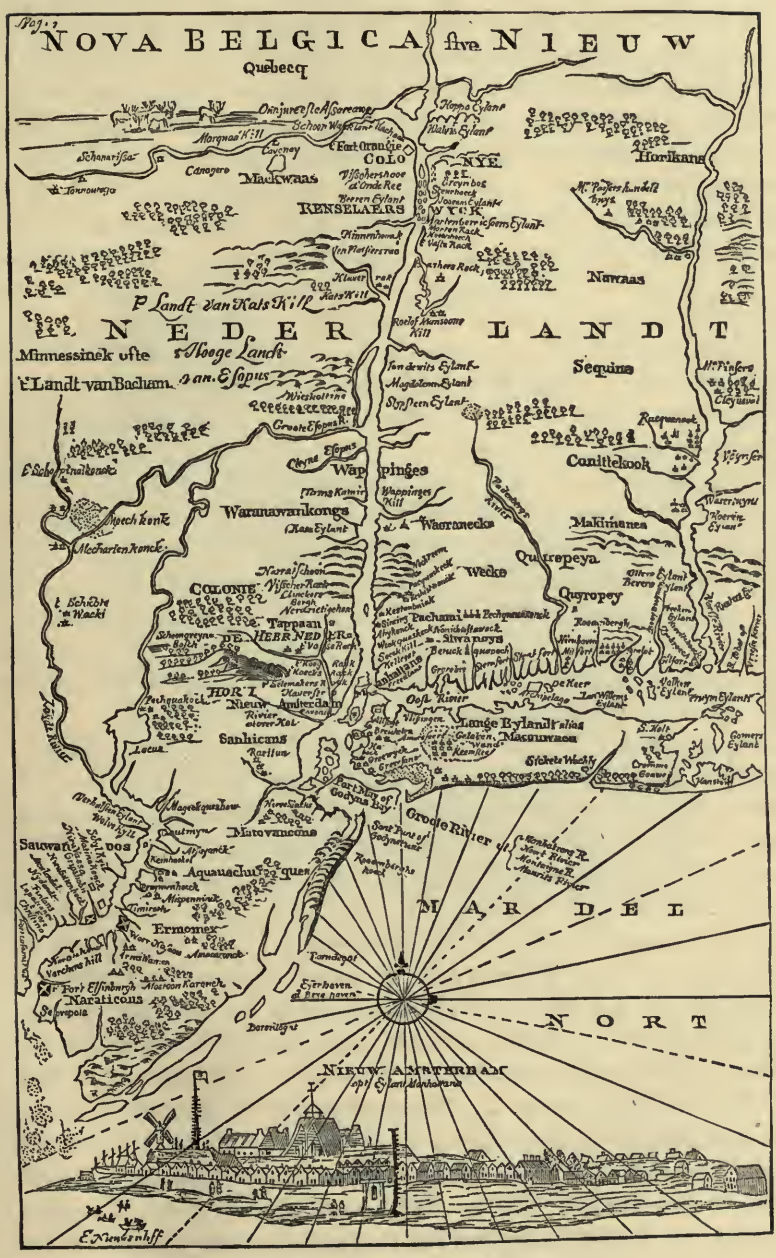
The first court-house and jail in the classically named town was secured

* See picture of interior of an old New England meeting-house, in *Magazine of American History* for December, 1886 [xvi. 511].

from the legislature in January, 1793, at its session in the city of New York, after an animated contest. Lansingburgh being the older settlement was sure of winning, as it was understood that the village which would subscribe the most liberally for the erection of the building would be preferred. Troy, although young and overburdened, subscribed one thousand pounds, to the great astonishment of Lansingburgh, and thus became the county-seat. Jacob D. Van der Heyden presented the site of the buildings. The jail was built in the alley at the rear of the court-house, and a whipping-post and a pair of stocks were placed in the court-house yard.

Troy progressed rapidly from this time forward. The office of the *Northern Budget* was removed from Lansingburgh to Troy in 1798, and in 1799 that paper reported the population of the village as numbering two thousand. In 1800 the first public library was established in Troy, with a small collection of books; the same year the need of a bank began to be discussed with great earnestness, and one was successfully established in 1801. But with all this enlightened progress it was as late as 1804 before a stove could be introduced into the meeting-house for the comfort of Christians on the Sabbath, and then it gave great offense and caused several persons to withdraw altogether from the church services. Carpets were opposed also on the ground of their worldliness, and the good people were scandalized when the bass-viol and other musical instruments were brought into use to support the singing of the choir. The same feelings prevailed as in some parts of New England where they were styled "Satan's ungodly feedles."

The changes in ownership of the estate of the Van der Heydens are shown with precision by Dr. Weise in his new work. The title of the property had been confirmed to them in 1720 by Maria and Hendrick Van Rensselaer, two of the executors of the patroon. The original manor of Rensselaerwyck was forty-eight miles long and twenty-four miles wide, the Hudson river dividing it into two equal parts. It could hardly have been located more advantageously, even with our present knowledge of the physical peculiarities of New York. The courses of the Hudson and the Mohawk, in their wonderful adjustments, were from the first the strength of the state, one angle of which rests on the Atlantic, another on the St. Lawrence, and the third on the great lakes, connected by valleys and streams with the Mississippi, whose tributary the Missouri has its source within a single mile from the headwaters of the Columbia river. Yet this manor was founded at a time in the world's history when the known geography of America extended scarcely beyond its coast-line.

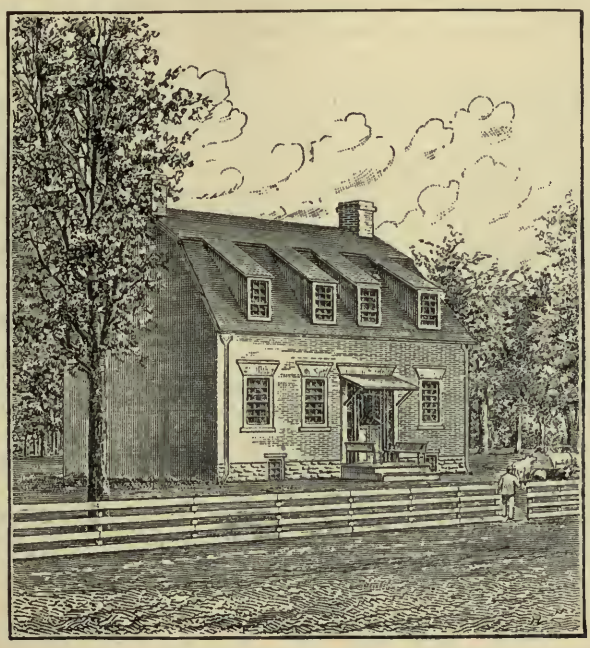


DUTCH MAP OF THE PROVINCE AND CITY OF NEW YORK, 1656.

The land was purchased from the Indians in due form, the larger portions of it during the year 1630. The conveyances were ratified in presence of the governor at Manhattan, and his five counsellors. Their names attached to the deed, which bore the great seal of the Dutch province in red wax, were Peter Minuit the governor, Peter Byvelt, Jacob Ellertsen Missinsk, Jan Jansen Brouwer, Simon Dircksen Pos, Reynert Harmenssen, and the private secretary of the governor, Leonard Kool. The son of Jan Jansen Brouwer married the daughter of the famous Anetje Jans, and their descendants, the Browers of to-day, are among the substantial citizens of the city and state. The quaint Dutch map of New York in 1656 is worthy of close study, showing as it does the confluence of the two rivers, the Mohawk and the Hudson, which has justly been called the key to the whole continent. The Van Rensselaer colony had become in a quarter of a century, at the time this map was made, more notably prosperous than any other part of the province. The fertility of the soil and the facilities for its cultivation had wrought wonders. The principal settlement was then on the west side of the Hudson—the germ of Albany. The little picture also of the germ of New York at the mouth of the "Groote" river, invests the broad and picturesque colonial period, lying back of our national existence, with fresh attractions. The genius of history is certainly abroad in the land just now, and whatever concerns American beginnings and the progressive conditions of its various decades and centuries is sought with an avidity unknown in former times.

In 1794, writes Dr. Weise, "Troy became the temporary home of several distinguished French refugees. The most eminent were Frédéric Séraphin, marquis de la Tour du Pin Gouvernet, and his lovely wife. The marquis had served with distinction as an officer in the French Army, and at the beginning of the Reign of Terror had loyally devoted himself to save Louis XVI. from dethronement. Losing in a single day in April, 1794, by ordered executions, his father, father-in-law, and uncle, and knowing that his own life was in jeopardy, he escaped arrest by concealing himself for six weeks in the city of Bordeaux. Then he secretly succeeded in obtaining passports to America for himself, his children, and their nurse. Disguised as peasants they embarked without detection and had a safe passage to the United States. The young and accomplished marchioness was also successful in securing a passport, dressed as a boy under the name of Charles Lee, whose uncle, it was alleged, had died, leaving him property in the United States. Sailing as they did in different vessels, the marquis and marchioness were some weeks later joyously united in New York City. It is said, the only property they brought with them

was several hundred fine towels contained in two trunks. Bearing letters of introduction to certain wealthy citizens of Albany they arrived in that city in a sloop from New York. Being advised that Troy would afford them a pleasant as well as a secluded residence, the anxious exiles came to the village in the early part of the summer, bringing letters of introduction to Mrs. John Bird, afterward the wife of Colonel Albert Pawling. Her kind offices and sympathy were gratefully accepted and appreciated by the homeless foreigners. Desiring to live in the utmost seclusion pos-



HOUSE OF MATTHIAS VAN DER HEYDEN, 1752.

LEASED BY MR. ASHLEY FOR A TAVERN.

sible, they requested her to refrain from introducing them to her friends, and to shield them as far as practicable from any attentions which as strangers and persons of rank might be shown them by the inhabitants."

The marquis rented the only unoccupied dwelling in the village of Troy, a vacant tavern, and some rough boards were nailed across the front door-way to prevent the intrusion of visitors. The house was scantily furnished, and the nurse was the maid-of-all-work. The sum of $8,000, which the marquis succeeded in bringing with him from France, was placed at interest, and on this small income they tried to subsist. Not succeeding,

the marquis finally purchased a small farm and cultivated it with the assistance of a few slaves, selling his produce in Troy and Albany. A nephew of Rochambeau, of revolutionary fame, found also a temporary refuge in Troy, and took long strolls into the country with the marquis, and occasionally they were visited by Talleyrand. At the close of the French revolution the marquis returned to France with his family, and his confiscated property was restored to him. He was in public service under Napoleon, notably as minister plenipotentiary to the court of the Netherlands, and afterwards to Sardinia. He died in 1837, at Lausanne.

In 1795, the Duke de la Rochefoucault-Liancourt was in Troy, and noted in his journal that the town had fifty or sixty stores or shops, and their number was daily increasing. He said the houses were very neat and numerous, the inns were excellent, vessels were moored near all the keys, tan yards, potash works, rope walks, and mills, were either in full work or building. "The sight of this activity is really charming."

Of the rise of churches of many denominations Dr. Weisse gives interesting particulars. At the same time the educated merchants were constantly alive to the welfare of the young in the matter of schools. Few American towns east of the Alleghenies ever progressed more evenly as well as rapidly. John Lambert, an English traveler, in 1807, wrote of Troy, "It is a well-built town, consisting of one street of handsome brick houses. . . . There are two or three short streets which branch off from the main one: but it is in the latter that all the principal stores warehouses and shops are situated. It also contains several excellent inns and taverns. The houses are all new and lofty, and built with much taste and simplicity, though convenience and accommodation seem to have guided the architect more than ornament. The deep red brick, well pointed, give the buildings an air of neatness and cleanliness seldom met with in old towns. The trade which Troy has opened with the new settlements to the northward, through the states of New York and Vermont, as far as Canada, is very extensive, and in another twenty years it promises to rival the old-established city of Albany. Its prosperity is, indeed, already looked upon with an eye of jealousy by the people of the latter place."

When twenty-seven years old, in 1816, Troy was incorporated into a city, and Albert Pawling was the first mayor. Henceforward it outrivaled all rivals in its industrial strides. The products of its manufactories were distributed over the entire world. Church bells made in Troy, called the people of all lands to prayer and praise; collars, cuffs, and shirts from her manufactories became the necessity of the men and women of every clime; the stoves of the classically named city warmed the homes of all people;

as railroads came into use her steel rails went into every state; and her railroad and street cars conveyed passengers to their destination in both hemispheres. At the centennial celebration in 1889, it was stated that of the manufacturing centres, Utica, Albany, Rochester, Newark, Philadelphia, and Pittsburgh, all remarkable for their large, varied, and long established industries, not one of them had relatively much more than half as many workers as the busy city of Troy.

It was an event of more than passing consequence when Mrs. Emma Willard selected the young city for the establishment of her seminary in 1821, for the higher education of women, the corporation and citizens of

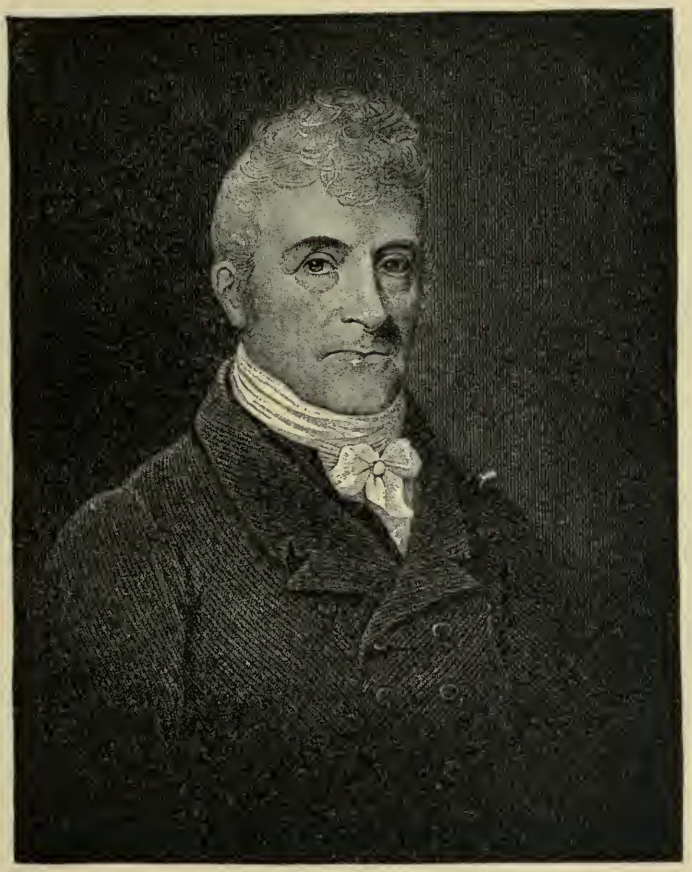
MANSION OF JACOB D. VAN DER HEYDEN, 1794.
SEAT OF THE RENSSELAER POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTE, 1834–1841.

Troy having offered to provide her an appropriate building. This famous school, the first of its kind in America, prospered, and it has enriched the lives of thousands of bright women, and from it an influence has emanated that appears in the rise and development of many women's colleges throughout this country and in other lands.

During the same year the enlightened patroon, Stephen van Rensselaer, born in 1764, the fifth in the direct line and the last of the patroons, then chancellor of the University of New York, and president of the State Agricultural Society, caused a careful and painstaking geological survey to be made along the route of the new Erie canal. Professor Amos Eaton conducted the work under the direction and at the expense of Van Rensselaer. From the data collected in this and other surveys the

need for further technical education became apparent, to supply which Van Rensselaer founded the Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, choosing Troy as its location, and for a long time defrayed half of its current expenses. He fitted up, at his own cost, the Farmer's Bank Building for the use of the school, which was first opened on November 5, 1824. He appointed eight trustees for the institution, Rev. Samuel Blatchford, Elias Parmelee, John Cramer, Guert van Schoonhoven, Simeon de Witt, T. Romeyn Beck, John D. Dickinson, and Jedediah Tracy. Rev. Mr. Blatchford was made president of the school, Amos Eaton senior professor, and Lewis O. Beck junior professor. This school was duly incorporated by an act of the legislature in 1826. In 1834 it was removed to the Van der Heyden mansion (page 9), where it remained until 1841. Van Rensselaer was a Christian, a philanthropist, and a patriot, as well as a thoroughly educated gentleman. He cherished the democratic doctrine that all men are equal; he assumed nothing, offended no one, and his judgment was held in severest respect. Among the early rules for the new institution was this: "When the weather is fair, and the state of the roads permits, it will be the duty of every student to attend divine service at some of the societies of Troy or Lansingburgh. The distance to either of the six places of public worship in Troy is almost one mile and a quarter, and to those at Lansingburgh about one mile and three quarters. When the weather is too unfavorable for attendance at church, sermons or religious lectures will be read in the lecture room at the school, forenoon and afternoon, a professor being present, by the students in turn, and such other religious exercises will be attended to as may be ordered from time to time by the president." Van Rensselaer was a member of congress at the time the school was first opened. He was a man of commanding presence, tall, erect, stately, with dark expressive eyes, and the graceful, dignified, courteous manners of the old school.

The first catalogue of the Troy Female Seminary contained the names of ninety pupils, twenty-nine of whom were daughters of the residents of Troy. The others were from nearly all the different states in the Union. In 1824, when Lafayette visited the city of Troy, Dr. Weisse says: "The marquis went with Colonel Lane in the barouche, attended by his son George Washington Lafayette, his secretary M. Vasseur, his chivalrous friend Colonel Hager, and members of the committee of arrangements, to the Female Seminary. At the entrance of an arbor covered with evergreens and flowers, extending from Congress street to the side doorway of the building, he was welcomed by Mrs. Albert Pawling (wife of Troy's first mayor), of the committee of nine ladies



HON. STEPHEN VAN RENSSELAER.

FOUNDER OF RENSSELAER POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTE IN TROY, 1824.

appointed to meet him there, and to introduce him to Mrs. Emma Willard and her corps of teachers.

Passing under the decorated arch, displaying the motto, 'America commands her daughters to welcome her deliverer, Lafayette,' and through the arbor, the marquis reached the steps on which Mrs. Emma Willard was standing to receive him. Above the doorway which he approached was an arch of evergreens and flowers, and the motto, 'We owe our schools to freedom: freedom to Lafayette.' Having been introduced to Mrs. Emma Willard, the marquis listened to a song of welcome composed by her and sung by the pupils of the school. Having been presented with a printed copy of the song, and a copy of Mrs.

Willard's 'Plan of Female Education,' Lafayette returned through the arbor to the barouche awaiting him."

In her *Personal Reminiscences* of Emma Willard, Miss Harriet A. Dillaye says, "Her visit to a class was an inspiration. Her presence was queenly, made attractive through mingled dignity and courtesy. Her dress in harmony with her character and the occasion, was appropriate, often elegant, always picturesque. She had recently returned from her European travels; her school was in the high tide of success, peerless among the female seminaries, not of our country only, but of the world. She was then in the full enjoyment of the 'youth of age,' with finely developed physique, and her mind distinguished for vigor and versatility. No other woman ever impressed me so deeply. All who saw her in the midst of her pupils, and specially when she met them for her weekly lecture, felt they were in the presence of a true, consecrated priestess. How well I remember the first time I listened to her teachings! She began by saying that she had often wished, in her experience as a teacher, she could find time to write a novel enforcing the necessity of *truthfulness*. Her friend Miss Edgeworth, she added, had written it for her, in her recently published *Helen*, which she advised us to read—a story in which the misfortunes of the heroine were traced to a falsehood that preceded her marriage. She made us know and feel in her talk, that truth in little things as well as great should pervade the entire character; that without it we were resting upon the shifting sand. . . At the age of fifty, in the midst of varied literary and educational labors, Mrs. Willard studied Hebrew and Greek that she might read the Old and the New Testaments in their original languages. She did not talk much *about religion*, but its principles were the controlling power of purpose and action. My first interest and work for foreign missions was the fruit of her enthusiasm for the girls of Greece."

Troy appreciated Mrs. Willard and recognized in her the greatest educator of her day. She was courageous, gentle, and refined, and developed great power in guiding and directing those whom she taught in all elegant and womanly ways. She took an active interest in the common schools of the city, making valuable suggestions for their improvement, and she worked early and late in season and out of season to establish for young women a class of public and permanent institutions of the same grade as existed for young men. She wrote many useful school-books, one of which was an excellent treatise on astronomy, and she revised numerous others. Her publications were translated into many of the languages of Europe and Asia, and had for the times an immense sale. In New

TROY FEMALE SEMINARY, 1830.

England, more than in any other part of the country, and consequently in Troy, education was just then the absorbing social topic. Birthright was by no means ignored, but it counted for little unless divested of all suspicion of ignorance. The standard by which men and women were measured was intelligence; and intellectual effort and achievement were universally commended. It was the period of important beginnings, when authorship took a vigorous start, and the great newspaper system of the country was struggling into life and power. Mrs. Willard formulated plans and methods of teaching by projecting normal schools long before the day of normal schools had come. Her books on history were greatly in advance of any prepared by her contemporaries, and her geographies, charts, atlases, pamphlets, and addresses were better than any that had preceded them. In 1846 she made a journey through the western and southern states, addressing teachers' conventions, and in 1854 she attended the World's Educational Convention in London. She was the author of many poems, the best known of which is "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep."

The Troy Female Seminary was a plain, old-fashioned brick edifice, of the simplest architecture, the interior having been constructed, in the beginning, with rooms and halls according to the plans furnished by Mrs. Willard; and the building was subsequently enlarged from time to time as necessity demanded. How far its influence went toward the founding of other educational institutions in Troy it is difficult to say, but they multiplied with singular rapidity. In 1828, even before a railroad was in successful operation on this side of the Atlantic, and when Troy had only boasted for two years of a steam ferry across the Hudson, the Troy museum was opened to the public, in the upper part of a three-story brick building. Collections of natural and artificial curiosities were creditably

displayed, including stuffed birds, shells, zoöphytes, corallines, petrifactions, reptiles, and not less than seven hundred insects. There were also a number of life-size wax figures of distinguished people, numerous paintings, and a large exhibit of implements of warfare used by savages.

Few places in the United States manifested so much local pride and activity as Troy. The people had successfully competed for the trade of the surrounding country, had generously welcomed all comers to the seat of their thrift and enterprise, and as Dr. Weise says, "were freely giving their money and influence for the furtherance of state and national interests." It was said of Troy that when any project for the benefit of the city was started—and approved generally—there were no bickerings or jealousies or rivalship or long debates, but the people went to work and accomplished it. They not only looked well to their own individual interests, but united as one man in sustaining the interests and advancing the prosperity of Troy. In 1837 the English novelist, Captain Frederick Marryat, visited Troy, and wrote in his *Diary:*

"Troy, like a modern Academy, is classical as well as commercial, having Mount Olympus on one side and Mount Ida in its rear. The panorama from the summit of the latter is splendid. As I surveyed the busy scene below me, the gentleman who accompanied me to the summit of the mountain informed me that forty-three years ago his father was the first settler, and that then there was but one house in the place where now stood the splendid town. We have here a singular proof, not only of the rapidity with which cities rise in America, but also how superior energy will overcome every disadvantage. It would be supposed that Albany could have crushed this city in its birth, but it could not, and Troy is now a beautiful city, with its mayor, its corporation, and a population of twenty thousand souls, and divides the commerce with Albany, from which most of the eastern trade has been ravished. The inhabitants of Albany are termed Albanians; those of Troy, Trojans! In one feature these cities are very similar, being both crowded with lumber and pretty girls."

As early as 1844 there were twenty-four churches in the city of Troy, and the number has increased fabulously, so to speak, in the nearly half century since then. Dr. Weise gives in his excellent volume an account of each church, which will be of immense service to future historians. He has, indeed, gathered into his pages an amount of statistical information on all themes that concern the unfolding of a successful city, which will go down to posterity as a priceless contribution to the sum of human knowledge. Much of the data involved he has secured from sources which no longer exist, and which would have been lost irreparably by the fatalities

VIEW OF TROY IN 1845, FROM THE WEST SIDE OF THE HUDSON RIVER.

of time, without his intervention. The maps and pictures vividly illustrate the growth and appearance of Troy from decade to decade, and are well worthy of preservation in this permanent form. The book contains many personal sketches, notably of the galaxy of illustrious lawyers associated with the Troy bar during its history. Prominent among these we find Hon. William L. Marcy, a graduate from Brown University in 1808, who read law with the eminent William M. Bliss, and subsequently with John Russell in the early days of Troy, and who was admitted to the bar in 1811, and in 1816 became the first recorder of the new city. He was subsequently United States senator, then governor of New York for three consecutive terms, secretary of war under President Polk, and secretary of state under President Pierce.

The life and character of William A. Beach, quoted from the masterly centennial address of Hon. Roswell A. Parmenter, is full of interest. He says: "In the portrayal of Mr. Beach's professional character, extending over half a century, it shall be my aim to hold the scale with a steady hand and with an even poise, not forgetting the great learning and varied accomplishments of other distinguished members of the Troy bar. I recall the fiery zeal of Judge David Buel, the courtly bearing of Judge Hunt, the classic eloquence of Senator Strong, the natural oratory and pungent wit of General Calvin E. Mather, the subtle cunning of Job Pierson, the vehement sarcasm of Abraham B. Olin, the scholarly attainments of George Van Santwood, the uncultured power of Robert A. Lottridge in the trial of criminal causes, the inimitable humor and repartee of Gen. George R. Davis, the polished and attractive argumentation of Gardner Stow, the urbanity and earnestness of Judge John D. Willard, the black-letter law learning of Judge Samuel Huntington, the unerring judgment and sterling common sense of Judge Isaac McConihe, the ready book learning, natural as well as acquired, of Judge George Gould, and the cautious but comprehensive mind of David L. Seymour. Nevertheless, I feel constrained to rank the late William A. Beach as pre-eminently the leader of the Troy bar. In his professional career he survived three epochs. While comparatively a young practitioner he attained the leadership of the Saratoga bar. In his maturer years and better judgment he selected the city of Troy as the theatre of his local practice of the law, where, by common consent, he became the trusted oracle of the Troy bar. Subsequently he removed to the city of New York, and there, in the midst of the giants of the profession, he again took a front rank and maintained it with undimmed lustre for fifteen years. . . .

Possessing quick perception and a retentive memory, he could readily

master every branch of legal science. His professional life was without a blemish. In addition to his mental gifts he was blessed with a physical constitution which enabled him, in any emergency, to successfully encounter and overcome obstacles which to another less resolute would appear insurmountable. He never lagged behind when duty called him to the front—as in the celebrated trial of Theodore Tilton against Henry Ward Beecher, which continued before Chief Justice Neilson and a jury, in Brooklyn, for a period of six months. The trial, however, was really before the reading public of America. On either side the array of eminent counsel was formidable, but their strength and courage had become exhausted, so great had been the labor, strain, and responsibility imposed upon them. One of the number, however, faced the closing ordeal with unparalleled heroism and undaunted resolution. That man was William A. Beach. Tired as he undoubtedly was, he did not falter in the final struggle in behalf of his client. The inspiration of the scene aroused all the latent energy of his soul, which imparted to him courage and determination. On that bright morning in the rosy month of June, the one hundredth day of the trial, he commenced the final argument for the plaintiff. The cause and the tribunal, ambition, pride, and reputation called for the display of all his ingenuity, genius, skill, and power. He was equal to the occasion. Every intonation of his voice, every burst of eloquence, every flash of his eye, and every movement of his body bespoke him as the foremost advocate of the age. His address, in its delivery before the jury, occupied ten consecutive court days. During all that time he employed and brought into requisition every rule of logic, every favorable conclusion deducible from the evidence, every presumption of law and fact, and every flower of rhetoric, arranged and embellished with the choicest language. As a specimen of artistic skill and eloquence, that address, in my judgment, has never been surpassed in ancient or modern times. Over its delivery a crowded auditory hung in breathless suspense day after day, and finally, when the last word had been uttered, all decorum gave way, and the courthouse resounded with the universal acclaim. This great argument, as published, covered over two hundred printed pages, and will live while the English language continues to be read or spoken. In beauty of diction, in fertility of illustration, in loftiness and purity of sentiment, in grandeur of conception, and in power of argumentation, both by way of attack and by way of defence, that speech will successfully challenge comparison with any previous forensic argument, in any country and in any age of the world's history."

The poetical contribution in 1889 to the exercises commemorative of

the one hundredth anniversary of the naming of Troy, by Mr. Benjamin H. Hall, is printed at length in the handsome work of Dr. Weise. Its cleverness in fanciful pleasantries and quaint conceits renders a brief quotation exceptionally fitting in this connection:

"The wise heads all assembled
In seventeen eighty-nine,
Determined that the hamlet
Should have a title fine;
That so throughout the ages,
In peace as well as strife,
Some brilliant designation
Should ever give it life.

And first they took the Bible,
And turned its pages o'er;
Read Numbers and the Chronicles,
Did Joshua explore:
Then thumbed the leaves of Rollin,
Josephus studied through,
And sought in Guthrie's system,
For something that might do.

They copied all the proper
Names, and improper too;
Exhausted combinations
Till every man was blue;
Then spelled each title backward,
In hope at last to find
Some startling appellation
For future fame designed.

Ten hours in fruitless effort
These grand old heroes passed,
Till nature faint, exhausted,
Gave signs she could not last;
The tongue of one was twisted,
Another's neck was wry,
A third was still with lock-jaw,
A fourth desired to die.

Such was the fearful present;
More dark the apparent fate,
That on their mental labors
Seemed threateningly to wait;
When one old classic scholar
On trembling legs arose,
* * *
Thus spoke he: 'I remember,
When I was very young,
The story of a city
In ancient fable sung,
That for ten years resisted
Siege and starvation slow,
And then surrendered only
Through treachery of the foe.

The name of that walled city
Was good in olden days,
But we can use it better
By means of modern ways;
And keep it as a lesson,
That no insiduous foe
Must be allowed to enter
And turn our weal to woe.

For ten hours we have labored,
And not a single name
Has yet been deemed sufficient
To sound our local fame;
To save this noble people,
For grief to give them joy,
Oh, call these dozen dwellings
And five small groceries—TROY.'"

FORT HARRISON IN HISTORY

The Secretary of War recently directed that the new military post at Helena, Montana, should be named "Fort Harrison" in honor of the President. This is the second time in the history of the nation that a United States military station has borne that designation, and revives memories of two famous men whose early life was intimately associated with the original "Fort Harrison" of the old Indiana territory, both of whom in subsequent years received the highest honors within the gift of the nation. These men were William Henry Harrison, grandfather of the President, and Zachary Taylor.

An old well, without curb or cover—long since in disuse and partially filled with the refuse of years—a hundred yards back from the east bank of the Wabash river, three and a half miles north of the city of Terre Haute, Indiana, marks the site of old Fort Harrison, so named in honor of General William Henry Harrison, who was governor of the territory at the time of the fort's erection, and afterwards president of the United States. Around the old well stretch the fertile fields, which, in the march of progress and civilization, have taken the place of the wild forests once the home of the red man. At the foot of the gentle slope on which the fort stood flows the peaceful river, the ripple of its waters telling no tales of the sad tragedies that long ago were enacted on its wooded banks.

In early times Fort Harrison was a place of considerable importance, being for many years the frontier garrison of the West—the old "Indian line" which defined the boundary of the Indian hunting grounds crossing the territory of Indiana just above the fort. The latter was erected during the fall of 1811, by General Harrison, who advanced up the Wabash with a strong force, for the purpose of subduing the Indian leader Tecumseh, and his brother the wily Prophet, members of the Shawnee tribe, whose united appeals had aroused all the tribes in the northwest territory into the formation of a grand confederacy against the whites. The treaty of 1809, known as the "Treaty of Fort Wayne," made by Harrison, and by which the Delaware, Miami, and Pottawatamie tribes ceded to the whites a large tract of land on the Wabash, aroused the ire of Tecumseh, who was absent at the time, and who refused to acknowledge it or abide by its conditions. He threatened with death the chiefs who had signed the treaty, and announced his determination to prevent the lands being

surveyed or settled. It was after this celebrated conference at Vincennes, then the seat of government of the territory, and where Harrison's coolness and self-possession alone saved him from death at the hand of Tecumseh, that the latter began in earnest his war against the whites. Harrison was furnished by President Madison with a force of infantry from Ohio, Kentucky, and Indiana, and in September, 1811, began his march up the Wabash from Vincennes towards the Prophet's town (near the present location of Lafayette), where the hostile tribes had assembled. The necessity of establishing a fort was apparent, and Harrison selected this point on the east bank of the Wabash, some fifty miles above Vincennes, which possessed many natural advantages as a means of defense, little thinking that almost under its very walls would spring into life a city.

The army was quartered here during the months of September and October, and the walls of the fort erected, stalwart trees of the encircling forests furnishing the material. From rare engravings still in existence, it appears to have consisted of a rough stockade of heavy timber, about one hundred and fifty feet square. The northwest and southwest corners facing the river, terminated in blockhouses, two stories in height, pierced on both faces with embrasures in each story, through which to fire upon the enemy. The northeast and southeast corners terminated in bastions, which projected sufficiently to command the outside of the walls in two directions. The soldiers' barracks of rude log-huts were within the fort and formed the western line. The gate opened to the east; north of it was the guard house, to the south the magazine, and near the latter was the well before referred to.

While at the fort General Harrison, under express orders from the president, attempted a reconciliation with the Indians, but his overtures were treated with contempt, and an attack made on his forces. This ended the negotiations for peace, and on the 28th of October Harrison took up his march for the Prophet's town. A week later he was attacked near the latter place by a large force of Indians, who were disastrously defeated and put to flight. The battle is known in history as that of Tippecanoe.

The most important event in the history of Fort Harrison was its defense against the attack of a large body of Indians, by Captain Zachary Taylor—afterward president—in September, 1812. Taylor, then a young man of twenty-eight, exhibited in his defense of the fort the bravery and hardihood which in subsequent campaigns gave him among his soldiers the *sobriquet* of "Old Rough and Ready." He had been in the service but a few years, having spent his life until twenty-four on his father's plantation in Kentucky. His brother Hancock held a lieutenant's com-

mission in the United States army, and upon the death of that officer in 1808 Zachary succeeded to the commission. He was promoted to a captaincy in 1810, and after the declaration of war with Great Britain in 1812 he was placed in command of Fort Harrison.

It was no slight dress-parade duty that fell to the share of the little garrison in the frontier fort. Almost in the midst of an enemy's country, surrounded by a sleepless, savage foe, and kept ever on the alert day and night, to guard against surprise, the brave Taylor and his little body of soldiers were worn out when, in the dusk of a September evening in 1812, the presence of the savages in the neighborhood of the fort became manifest. To add to the other misfortunes, two-thirds of the garrison of fifty men were sick and unfitted for duty with an epidemical fever that scourged the entire Wabash valley that year. These facts coming to the ear of the revengeful Prophet, still smarting under his defeat at Tippecanoe in the previous November, led to the expedition against the fort.

The first signs of the presence of the enemy was the exchange of signals between them, the calls resembling the gobbling of a turkey. The ears of the sentinels, trained to distinguish such signals, detected the presence of the Indians, and the drum soon beat the men to arms. Two members of the garrison, the brothers Doyle, rash and adventurous fellows, volunteered to make a reconnoissance to ascertain, if possible, the strength of the enemy. They ventured forth but never returned, the sound of four shots shortly after telling their fate. The lateness of the hour prevented a search for the young men, but next morning their bodies were found, horribly scalped and mutilated.

Late in the evening of the same day, Thursday, September 4, Lenar, a chief, with some thirty or forty Indians of the Delaware, Pottawatamie, Kickapoo, and Miami tribes, appeared before the fort, bearing a white flag. The chief announced his desire to speak with the captain on the following morning and obtain some provisions. Had Captain Taylor not been familiar with the tactics of this enemy the ruse might have been successful. But he was not thrown off his guard, and that night every precaution was taken against a surprise; the commander himself personally examined each soldier's arms and supplied him with extra rounds of cartridges. He evidently was not over-confident of his ability to hold the fort against an attack, for in one of his official dispatches to General Harrison he said: "From the unhealthiness of my company I had not conceived my force adequate to the defense of this post, should it be vigorously attacked, for some time past."

Circumstances proved that Captain Taylor's precautions were very

timely, for about eleven o'clock that night the garrison was aroused by the sound of firearms, and once again the drum-beat summoned the men to their posts. The commandant, who had just arisen from a sick-bed, where he had been confined by the prevailing fever, immediately sprang up, ready to confront the enemy. It was discovered that the savages had fired the lower blockhouse, which contained the stores of the army contractor. A fire under ordinary circumstances would have been a trying affliction to the little band in the fort; but surrounded as they were by furious enemies eager for their blood, the situation became appalling. Great consternation prevailed, during which two of the best men in the garrison leaped over the pickets, preferring possible death at the hands of the Indians to the terrible fate which seemed certainly to await them. But great as was the peril of the garrison, the brave heart of the commandant was undaunted, and he at once set to work to subdue the fire. The night was so dark that the savages had crept up to the block-house, although it was occupied as an alarm post, and set it on fire in several places. The flames communicated to some whiskey in the stores and were soon apparently beyond control. The scene that ensued must certainly have gladdened the hearts of the savages, and their discordant yells, added to the raging fire and the cries of the women and children, were enough to appal the bravest heart in the garrison.

Captain Taylor, with great presence of mind, ordered men upon the roof of the barracks to tear away the burning portion. The smallness of the number of effective men in the garrison rendered it exceedingly dangerous to detail soldiers to carry water from the well to quench the flames, and the offer of the brave women to perform this duty was gladly accepted. The roof was torn off in the midst of a shower of bullets, with the loss of but one man killed and two wounded; and this with the heroic efforts of the women stayed the progress of the fire and infused fresh courage into the hearts of the despondent soldiers. They set to work to repair the damages, and before daybreak had erected a temporary barricade across the gap in the stockade. It would be difficult to conceive of a more hazardous undertaking than this, the men being subjected to a constant and heavy fire of balls and showers of barbed arrows. Yet the work was done under the personal direction of Captain Taylor, and from the shelter of the barracks the garrison returned the fire of the savages with such effect as to compel them to retire at six o'clock, after a constant assault of seven hours. Unsuccessful in their attempt to capture the fort, the Indians displayed their devilish ingenuity by driving together all the horses and hogs belonging to the garrison and the citizens, and shot them in their sight,

while they drove off all the cattle belonging to the fort, amounting to seventy or more. Disheartened by the failure of their attack, the Indians made no further effort to capture the fort, although they remained in the neighborhood for a day or two, finally retreating toward the White river, committing many depredations along their route.

The loss of the garrison during this attack was but eight killed and wounded. The Indians numbered four hundred and fifty, sufficiently strong to bury their dead or carry them away; for this reason their actual loss was never ascertained, although it must have been very heavy. For many years after the battle it was not an unusual event for bones of the buried warriors to be turned up by the plow, or protrude from the banks of the river, brought to sight by the washing of the waters. The troubles of the garrison did not end, however, with the disappearance of the Indians, as having lost their stores and stock, they were compelled to subsist on green corn. Captain Taylor attempted to send intelligence to Governor Harrison at Vincennes, but the two men he dispatched were intercepted by the Indians and compelled to return. His orderly sergeant and another man were then dispatched through the woods, and finally, after many hardships and narrow escapes, reached the Old Post with intelligence of the critical situation of the garrison at Fort Harrison, which was soon relieved by a large force of Kentucky volunteers.

Taylor was promoted to the rank of brevet-major for his gallant defense of the fort, the first instance in the service of that species of promotion. He continued to rise in the army, and after his distinguished service in the Mexican war was elected to the Presidency. The founder of the fort preceded him in the presidential chair, and thus it may be said that Fort Harrison played a certain part in the making of Presidents.

After Taylor gave up the command of Fort Harrison, Major Sturges of the regulars was in charge of the post until 1816; he was succeeded by Major John Chunn, who had been in command of Fort Knox, at Vincennes. Dr. Benjamin F. Swafford, an old and well-known physician of this city, who spent his boyhood in the neighborhood of the old fort, and who is replete with interesting facts concerning it, has in his possession the original order by which Major Chunn was transferred from Fort Knox to Fort Harrison. It is yellow with the roll of years, a document prized highly by its owner, who will not allow it out of his possession. It reads:

"FIFTH MILITARY DEPARTMENT, Headquarters, Detroit,
10th *May*, 1816

Sir:—Having been informed by Major Morgan that he has marched out of the department by order of General Jackson, and that in conse-

quence Major Morgan thought it his duty to order you to occupy with your command the fort he had left, you will continue to make Fort Harrison your station, and consider yourself commandant thereof. Such of the publick property that without great expense be removed from Fort Knox to Fort Harrison you will cause to be removed and placed in as much security from depredation and from the weather as your stores will admit. If the quantity of small arms is very great you will communicate with the officer of the ordnance department nearest to you to learn if any arrangements have been made by his department for the removal of the arms and supplies of ordnance stores. Take care, however, to have your command as well furnished as possible with the means of defense, and always be on your guard against Indians, never permitting them to take any undue liberties, and punish promptly any insult they may offer—it is the best way to keep on good terms with them. You will at the same time prevent any person from abusing or maltreating the Indians, considering yourself their protector in all that regards their rights and privileges.

You will be pleased to send me sketch of the fort and grounds in the vicinity, stating the number the barracks will contain, the nature of the soil about the fort, and the general quality of the land near you. Also, whether the position is well chosen, whether it be healthy, and the quality of the water. Be pleased, also, to give a statement of the different tribes of Indians in your neighborhood, and the amount of warriors in each tribe. Also the state of the fort as to comfort and defense. And, finally, any information touching the command.

With respectful consideration, I have the honor to be, sir,

ALEX. MACOMB,
Maj. Gen. Com. Fifth Military Dep't.

TO MAJ. CHUNN,
3d Reg't of Infantry, Com. Fort Harrison."

Major Chunn remained in command of the post until 1819, when he was transferred to Detroit. He afterwards returned to the fort, and was in command of it from some time in 1821 until it was dismantled by order of the government in 1822. He lived in the vicinity of Terre Haute until his death, which occurred in 1847. A married daughter and other descendants bearing his name still reside in Vermilion county. He was of the highest standing in the Masonic fraternity, and assisted in the organization of Terre Haute lodge in 1819, one of the oldest lodges in the state, on whose records his name may be found.

Traces of the fortifications existed here as late as the fifties, and the blockhouses were preserved nearly intact until 1849. After these disap-

peared the logs were for a long time to be seen lying about the old site; but for years the only thing that has served to define the location of the fort is the well, now in the last stages of disuse.

"Old Drummer Davis," as he was familiarly known, the rattle of whose drum aroused the garrison when the attack we have described was made, was one of the last survivors of the force, and his stories of the memorable attack found many ready hearers when he chose to relate them. The victims of the conflict were first buried near the fort, and later were reinterred near what is known as the "Durkee's ferry road." When a road was once projected through this burial place, the old drummer was foremost in opposing it as a desecration. He and some of the other soldiers then living declared that they would shoot the first man who attempted to open the road across the graves, and the matter was finally dropped.

One of the girls who melted the bullets used by the soldiers in the defense of the fort, has descendants living in the neighborhood of the fort, as also the two brave young women who carried the water used in quenching the fire in the blockhouse. Among these are numbered some of the most prominent persons in Vigo county, who refer with pardonable pride to the part played by their ancestors in the history of the old landmark. For years after the battle a soldier named Black was celebrated throughout this region as the "crack shot of Fort Harrison." During the memorable engagement an Indian had mounted a tall cottonwood tree that stood on the bank of the river opposite the fort, and from this commanding position would have been enabled to do much damage to the garrison. Black espied him, and calling the attention of a comrade to the Indian, he drew a sight and fired, bringing his man down at the first shot. Years afterward it was a frequent occurrence for the lads in the neighborhood to gather at the old fort, and with their rifles endeavor to chip the bark off the old cottonwood out of which Black had dropped the savage.

It may be of interest to state that only a few summers ago the bones of the Doyle brothers were found at the foot of the old oak-tree where their comrades buried them more than eighty years ago. These brothers were perfect dare-devils, to whom danger was unknown, and when they ventured out of the fort on that September evening they were soon surrounded by their red foes. They were not the kind, however, to die without a struggle, and backing up against the oak-tree they sold their lives dearly, killing many an Indian before they fell.

A. C. Duddleston.

TERRE HAUTE, INDIANA.

PRE-COLUMBIAN LITERATURE OF NORTH AMERICA

This appears to be a propitious time for the discovery of facts relating to that epoch which forms the dividing line between the historic and prehistoric times of our continent. New data are being brought to light and additional light thrown on those already known. Even what seemed to be hopelessly beyond the reach of research is being attained. The mysterious inscriptions found by Stephens and others on the ruined temples and palaces of Central America, and the few strange manuscripts which escaped the ruthless hands of the conquerors, are on the eve of yielding up to our earnest solicitation their secrets. I have the pleasure of announcing to archæologists and others interested, that I have ascertained beyond question the true rendering of a sufficient number of the written characters in the Maya Codices to furnish a key to the interpretation of all the rest. I trust that the pride I take in making this announcement will be considered pardonable, as there was no greater desideratum in regard to American archæology than the interpretation of these manuscripts and inscriptions. From the discoveries of Stephens and Waldeck to the present there has gone forth a hopeless longing for the solution of this riddle, for some means of compelling the American sphinx to give up its secret.

I am as yet but on the threshold of the solution, which will require the long and patient labor of more than one worker, and which cannot be completed until the linguistic material locked up in manuscripts has been published. Nevertheless, I purpose to state briefly the method and nature of the discovery, and what light the little progress so far made throws upon these ancient records.

My study has been confined almost exclusively to the four Maya Codices which have been published, and with which I must take for granted the interested reader is more or less familiar. As illustrations, which are absolutely necessary to a critical exposition, cannot be given here, I can only make general statements.

A notice of these codices and of the data relating thereto has been given by Dr. Brinton in his "Introduction" to my *Study of the Manuscript Troano*, published by the United States Geological Survey, in 1882. In that work, and others by Dr. Förstemann, Dr. Schellhas, Dr. Seler, Rosny, Charencey, and myself, illustrations and general explanations of these

written characters are given. A somewhat thorough and satisfactory explanation of the use and relation of the numerous day and numeral characters found in the Dresden and Troano Codices has been presented, chiefly by Dr. Förstemann and myself, but up to the present no satisfactory interpretation of any of the written characters has been obtained. In fact, it was and still is, so far as known to the reading public, a mooted question whether they are phonetic or mere symbols. Although Bishop Landa in his well-known work, *Las Cosas de Yucatan*, written in the sixteenth century, gives what he claims to be the alphabet ("a, b, c") of the hieroglyphic writing, all efforts at interpretation by means of these up to the present have confessedly failed. Although I now know that he was in part correct, yet my clue was obtained from the symbols for the cardinal points. I was convinced at an early stage of my study, that the symbols for east and west were phonetic characters; but reversing their true positions in my assignment my efforts to apply their phonetic elements in the interpretation of other characters failed. Determining recently to make another earnest effort to solve the problem, after trying in vain all the supposed clues known to me, the thought struck me of reversing the cardinal symbols and trying the new phonetic value this would give them. Without mentioning the details of my progress, it is sufficient to state that this soon led to the satisfactory rendering of several characters in the Troano and Dresden Codices. Of course, the chief aids in determining the correctness of interpretations were the agreement in phonetic value in different combinations and correspondence with the accompanying pictorial representations. These discoveries, of course, convinced me that the writing was to some extent phonetic. It also led to the further conclusion that those figured are chiefly the consonant elements, which vary in form or details according to the vowel elements with which they are combined. I also soon found that some of Landa's letter characters were rude and imperfect attempts to represent these written elements, and have ascertained that the following of his list are substantially correct, requiring certain modifications mentioned.*

His second *B*, which is a circle inclosing four dots, requires an additional dot in the centre. The outer four dots are often found placed against the surrounding circle. His *C* is correct when used in connection with certain vowel elements and without the hooks at the top. His *E* is correct, though frequently found without the inner semicircle. His second *H*, his *I*, *CA*, and *K* are substantially correct. The first *L* should

* Those readers who do not have Landa's work at hand will find an exact copy of his characters on page 141 of my *Study of the Manuscript Troano.*

have two additional dots in the left portion of the character. It was the lack of this knowledge that led him into an error in his explanation of the native method of writing words. With three dots the left portion of the *L* resembles very closely the symbol for *E*, hence he took for granted that in writing the word *LE* "a lasso or snare" they used the *E* twice, thus *ELE*, although he admits they did not sound the first *E*. As this first part of the *L* is often used alone for the letter, it is distinguished from the *E* by having the dots hollow and the one at the left a minute parallelogram touching the margin, while those of the latter are, in most cases, solid or incomplete and drawn in. His second *L* if turned around so that what is the top as given is made the bottom, will be a rude figure of the true character, which is known to students of these codices as the symbol for the Maya day *Ahau*. His *KU* is a poor attempt at drawing the correct character for this sound. His first *X* if turned half around will present a very rude drawing of the symbol for *CH'*. In the codices this is usually a partially closed hand, with a small marginal circle and inverted *T* in it; on the monuments it is an open hand. His second *X* is a combination of two characters; the dotted lines if curved upward and forward so as to connect with a (usually) small circular figure against the forehead are the *X* symbol, the head being the symbol for *N*. His *U* character needs a small circular dot on each side of the middle prominence. His characters for *HA* and *TI* are substantially correct; that for *MA* is of the proper form, but the little circles should have lines across them in one direction. His sign of aspiration is correct, but is usually turned on the side opening toward the character with which it is connected.

In addition to these I have discovered the characters for *N*, *ɔ* (dz), *TH*, *P*, *M*, and *Y*; also another character for *X*, the distinguishing characteristic of which is cross-hatching. The *Z* is a material modification of Landa's symbol for this letter.

It is proper, however, to inform the reader that these symbols are not to be considered letters in the true sense of the term, nor is there any uniform rule, so far as I have yet discovered, by which we can trace the transition of forms or judge of the exact and full extent of their phonetic value. The difficulty to be encountered on this account in deciphering these records is foreshadowed by Landa, who says: "Of these letters I give here but the a, b, c; their *great number* does not allow of more, because they employ a character for *all the aspirations of the letters*, and another for marking the divisions (or parts) and thus they become infinite."

If there was some rule for modifying the consonant characters according to the pronunciation and the vowel additions, the process of decipherment

would be much simplified, but this is found only to a very limited extent. For example, three entirely different characters have been discovered for *L*, while but one has been discovered for *Y*; two bearing no resemblance to one another have been found for *M*, and but one for *N*. The syllable *XUL* has a distinct character, which is substantially the same as Landa's character for the month of this name, omitting the right appendage. What adds to the difficulty is the fact that the parts of compound characters do not always correspond with the syllables of the words they represent, while on the other hand they sometimes contain the elements of more than one word.

The day and month characters are to some extent phonetic, but it is useless to attempt an explanation without figures.

Some of the more important results already obtained or indicated are the following:

1st, That the direction in which the characters are to be taken is as stated in the *Study of the Manuscript Troano*, pp. 136–140. My conclusion in regard to the direction in which the inscription on the Palenque tablet is to be read (same work pp. 200 and 201) proves also to be correct. It is possible and even probable that the order in which the groups in the Dresden Codex are to be taken, varies in different parts as do the numeral series. This I can only surmise, as I have not as yet, except in few instances, deciphered connected series of sufficient length to form sentences. One of these in the Codex Troano relates the vulture's (buzzard's) mode of flight. The others, in the Dresden Codex, relate to storms of wind and rain.

2d, The parts of compound characters so far as determined usually follow each other from left to right and from above downward. A prefix is sometimes placed below.

3d, Although some of the characters are simply conventional symbols, most of them are phonetic, and the writing is of a higher grade—as writing—than was supposed. The subject matter, however, judging from the slight indications we have as yet obtained, is of a very simple character. Pages 48 and 49, Dresden Codex, if I may judge from the few characters thereon I have succeeded in deciphering, relate to a game, apparently the game or dance in which sticks or javelins are thrown and parried.* Pages 71–73, same Codex, relate to tempests of wind, rain, and lightning, to the overturning of houses and the destruction of trees. In one place, if I rightly interpret the characters, there is mention of a sudden change in the temperature from hot to cold. The pictures, so far as I have ascertained, appear, as a general rule, to be attempts to indicate the subject of

* Bancroft, *Native Races*, vol. ii. p. 72.

the context, though the latter is sometimes widely different from the conclusion likely to be drawn from a study of these alone.

4th, Another result is the proof, as above stated, notwithstanding the general supposition to the contrary, that Landa's alphabet is in the main correct. Further study of the codices may show that some of his letter characters not herein mentioned may be correct when amended.

I have ascertained by a careful study of the day, month, and numeral characters on pp. 46–50 of the Dresden Codex, that the year of three hundred and sixty-five days—the five days to complete the number being added at the end of the eighteenth month—is used in the long series which runs through these pages. We also learn from this series that the four-year system, as explained in numerous works, was also used. The proof in this case amounts to a positive demonstration.

Another discovery may be mentioned here, which will be of interest to those engaged in the study of these codices; to wit, that in the series just mentioned, and in some others of this Dresden Codex, the count of days begins with the last day of the preceding month instead of the first of that alluded to. The same method of counting is adopted on the Palenque tablet, as can easily be shown by several examples found thereon.

This brief notice of the progress I have made in deciphering these aboriginal records is given here for the purpose of calling the attention of those working in the same field thereto, that my methods and discoveries may be tested. I will communicate freely with those prepared to judge in regard thereto, as I have no desire to make a claim not well founded.

Cyrus Thomas

WASHINGTON, D. C.

HOW ENGLAND FORCED THE SLAVE UPON AMERICA

THE SUFFRAGE PROBLEM

Less than two decades after the first European settlements were established on this continent it became a slave market. First the native red man became a commodity of barter and sale by his Spanish conqueror, and then the sable African was brought hither as a chattel from his far-distant home. Thus slavery, in its most degrading form, was a distinguishing feature of the new civilization from the very outset, and it so continued for more than three hundred years. Not that property in man was a new thing in the world's history; for, in one form or another, it had existed from time immemorial, and was even then a recognized institution in some of the most civilized nations of the old world. But negro slavery of modern times had been reserved as a sequel to the discovery and resettlement of the Americas.

At first this traffic was without express legal sanction. None was necessary. Moral criterions, like religious forms, never rise higher than the standard of intellectual development; and where conscience fails to condemn, express justification is, of course, superfluous. But there came a time in the progress of civilization when enlightened minds began to question the rightfulness of this traffic in human beings; and then it was that some express legal sanction of the practice began to be necessary to its respectability. And, strange to say, this was brought about through the intervention of a Christian priest, on the principle that one wrong may justify another, provided the second can be shown to be in mitigation of the first.

Bartolomé de las Casas, bishop of Chiapa, was, however, something more than a time-server—something more than a mere conventional Christian. He was a man of humane impulses, and his long and useful life exemplified many of the Christian virtues. He probably saw the evils of slavery, both inherent and incidental, since he was an eye-witness to its cruelties with respect to the Indian. But he was too politic a reformer to attempt the impracticable; too much of a courtier to sacrifice position and influence to private opinion. He was not "the stuff of which martyrs are made." So, in order, as he said, to ameliorate the hard lot of the Indian slave, he proposed the substitution of the more hardy African as a laborer in the mines of Hispaniola, and thus became the apologist and advocate

of the African slave trade. The Spanish government, acting upon his suggestion, gave legal sanction to this trade; and the final outcome was the peopling of the West Indies and the Caribbean coasts with a mongrel population difficult of exact ethnological classification.

In the course of time, these miscegenic communities became independent states, and the slave of three centuries a free citizen. Under the epidemic of democratic theories originating in the disorders of the French Revolution, he soon became a "sovereign" invested with the right to govern. In other words, the Indian and the negro, the mestizo and the zambo, the guachupen and the mulatto, each became a voter under a system which made all government officers elective for short terms by universal suffrage; and this before he had had time to fully realize his changed position, or to form any clear conception of his new and untried relationship to society.

After a long series of experiments, more or less disastrous, he has made some progress in civilization. It would indeed be marvellous if he had not. And if we accept, as we must, the great natural law of progressive development from lower to higher forms, we must conclude that he will ultimately become fitted for the difficult task of self-government. But we know as a fact that the fanciful theories of unrestricted suffrage and "sovereignties within sovereignties" have hitherto worked very disastrously, and that it is precisely where these mischievous political heresies have been partially abandoned that the alternations of anarchy and military despotism have become less frequent.

With us of the United States the race problem, supplemented by a perverted democracy, had a later origin, and is somewhat less complicated in character. Our Anglo-Saxon ancestors sought no religious pretext to enslave the Indian. If the truth must be owned, they cared very little about him anyway. He might have been a legitimate member of the human family or might not; might have had an immortal soul or might not. These were minor considerations with those who considered themselves "the chosen of the Lord," commissioned to "drive out the Philistine" and possess themselves of his lands. Thus denied the privileges of either slave or citizen, with few rights as an alien which the white man felt bound to respect, the Indian was never incorporated into the new civilization, and there was never any appreciable amalgamation of the two races. It was simply an example of "the survival of the fittest"—that is to say, of the strongest—such as we see constantly taking place among the lower animals of different species.

Not so, however, with the exotic negro. Brought hither an unwilling

emigrant, he has been the innocent cause of most of our political troubles, first as a slave, then as a free citizen. Much of this trouble has been and is imaginary, of course; but much of it has been real, and is still of such a character as to very seriously threaten the perpetuity of our political institutions. Let us see how it all came about.

Very early in the seventeenth century, when our great Eastern states were yet in the infancy of colonial life, our good mother England wanted to increase her North American colonial products for home consumption and for re-exportation; and she wanted, besides, to discourage the emigration of her European subjects to the new world, where they were disposed to seek refuge from the oppressions of the restoration. To accomplish these ends, she did not hesitate to violate the spirit of her own ancient common law, by fastening upon us the curse of negro slavery. King Charles II., by public proclamation, called upon his loyal subjects to subscribe to a joint stock company, organized under government auspices, for the declared purpose of "importing African slaves into America." The stock was readily taken, and our Atlantic coasts became dumping grounds of the slaves.

In a few decades the importation had become so great as to excite alarm, and the spirited little colony of Massachusetts began to protest. Her legislature finally grew bold enough to impose a heavy import duty on African slaves, and this was subsequently increased with a view of making it prohibitory. But the law was inoperative by reason of the interposition of the royal council appointed by the crown, and subsequently each of the royal governors was instructed from London to veto all such measures. The colonies of Virginia, Pennsylvania, and New Jersey, each had a similar experience. Every measure looking to the restriction of the traffic was promptly vetoed by the crown, and every petition to that end was received with haughty indifference. Finally, after the colonies had learned the necessity of concerted action, one of the very first measures of the congress of 1774, was a joint resolution providing that, after December of that year, "no more African slaves be imported into any of the colonies," and this was repeated with additional emphasis some eighteen months later. Afterwards, when the controversy had culminated in a settled purpose to throw off British allegiance, this very slavery grievance was alleged as one of the chief reasons therefor. Thus, the original draft of the Declaration of Independence contained, as "one of the counts in the indictment" against the King of Great Britain, a clause charging that he had "steadfastly forbidden all attempts to prohibit, or even to limit, the importation of African slaves into the colonies."

This clause was stricken out, as Mr. Jefferson tells us, "in complaisance to South Carolina," thus affording the first example of the sacrifice of principle to temporary expediency; and like all such sacrifices, it cost the country dearly. It was an entirely new departure on the slavery question. It was something more than that, for it changed the whole legal aspect of the question. As pointed out by Dr. Von Holst, the German historian of our constitution, up to that time the colonial congress, as a *de facto* body, stood committed against slavery; but now when, for the first time, the congress had become a *de jure* body as well, it weakly abandoned the whole question; and, by subsequently relegating it to the particular "states," tacitly legalized it therein. For although, up to the time of the Revolution, slavery was a fact in each of the thirteen colonies, it was a legal institution in none of them. Not one of the original charters under which the colonial governments had been established, contained anything that could be construed into a grant of right to property in man. Slavery was not sanctioned by either the common or statutory law of England; and both classes of laws were still of force in each of the colonies. Nor did the fact that England had forced slavery upon them, contrary to her own laws, and over their repeated protests, alter the legal status of the case.

The fatal consequences of this blunder are seen on nearly every page of our national history. They stand out before us in the annals of the old confederation. We encounter them on almost every page of the reported proceedings of the constitutional convention of 1787. We find them in the curious provisions of Articles I. and IV. of the constitution which the convention finally submitted for ratification. They appear in all the debates preceding final ratification, and in the subsequent amendments to the constitution. And we see them in the long series of legislative "compromises" and temporary expedients which followed; expedients which settled nothing, decided no question, but merely put off the day of trial. Thus for eighty-six years, this slavery question kept us in a constant ferment; and on one notable occasion it compromised our national honor by forcing us into an unjust war with a neighboring power. Finally, all temporary expedients failed; and the issue had to be squarely met. The question was referred to the arbitrament of the sword; and a four years' civil war resulted in the emancipation of the negro slave, and in the complete vanquishment of the Southern states of the Union. The problem then was, how to reconstruct the Union without involving some radical change in our form of government.

Two plans were proposed—one by the President and one by the con-

gress of the Republic. That proposed by the President, contemplated the rehabilitation of the vanquished states without other conditions than the ratification by them of the Emancipation Proclamation, and some formal acknowledgment by them of the paramount authority of the national government. In other words, the abolition of slavery, which the insurrection had sought to prevent, and the integrity of the Union, which it had assailed, were to be placed forever beyond dispute. The plan proposed by congress was not essentially different in principle. It contemplated both the objects named, and also the citizenship of the liberated slave. But whilst citizenship was the logical sequence of emancipation, it did not necessarily imply the right of suffrage. A man could be a citizen of the United States, and of the particular state in which he resided, without being a legal voter. The broad distinction between equality of right before the law, and equality of right to govern, had been consistently maintained by our judicial tribunals from the very foundation of the government. Both plans imposed sweeping disabilities, incurred by what both characterized as "participation in the rebellion." These were removable in the one case at the discretion of the President; in the other, at the discretion of congress; and in both, a formal written petition for pardon was necessary.

In point of fact then, both plans were, as I have said, essentially the same in principle; and it was of no practical consequence to the Southern people which should be adopted. Nor was it a matter of any moment to the Northern people, except in so far as the President (who happened to have been born South) had failed to inspire their confidence. But one had been labelled "Democratic," and the other "Republican"; and this distinction without a difference had to be maintained in the interests of demagogues. Neither party would yield, and finally a compromise was proposed: It came from the more moderate and conservative wing of the dominant party in congress, and made the proposed amendments to the constitution (now known as Articles XIII., and XIV.) the sole basis of reconstruction. The ratification of those amendments by the legal voters (then all white men) of the vanquished states, was the only essential condition to their immediate restoration to the rights and privileges of the union. The *de facto* state governments, set up in the South by the President without the authority of congress, were to be recognized and legalized. The question of extending the right of suffrage to the freedmen, was to be adjourned till after reconstruction should be accomplished. It was then to be referred to the decision of the particular states themselves; but, of course, under the conditions imposed in the XIVth constitutional

amendment. Those conditions were, the apportionment of representation on the basis of qualified electors; not, as hitherto, on the basis of mere number, counting "all free white persons and three-fifths of all other persons." This would have insured fair representation, large or small as the state might choose to make it; and viewed at this distance of time, and in the light of events that followed, the marvel is that the plan was not promptly and unanimously accepted by the Southern leaders.

But madness ruled the hour. In the face of certain defeat, the Democratic leaders, North as well as South, obstinately adhered to the personal fortunes of an accidental President who had alternately betrayed both political parties; and who now in order to reinstate himself with his former political associates South, had raised hopes in them which, in the very nature of the case, could never be realized. Not one of his *de facto* governors submitted this compromise plan to the state assembly; or if he did, it was in such a way, and under such conditions, as to insure its prompt rejection. In nearly every instance it was received with silent contempt and not even considered; while an ignorant and servile partisan press denounced its promoters as "revolutionists," and its Southern apologists as "renegades and traitors."

Of course, this had the effect merely to strengthen the extremists in congress; and then, for the first time during the exciting controversy, the famous Reconstruction Acts of March, 1867, became a possibility. Hitherto it would have been quite impossible to enact such measures, even with the President's concurrence. But now they were readily passed over his veto by the requisite two-thirds majority. They thus became the law of the land, in the form and by the means constitutionally appointed. They provided for the framing of new constitutions for each of the vanquished states, by conventions of delegates to be elected by "the male citizens thereof, twenty-one years of age and upwards, of whatever race, color or previous condition of servitude"; and they further provided that the state constitutions, thus to be framed, should "guarantee the elective franchise to all such persons." Thus the emancipated negro slave was to be made the chief factor in the reëstablishment of local civil government, and a legal voter at subsequent elections. The only alternative was military rule, the end and consequences of which were beyond possible conjecture.

Thus forced to a choice between two alternatives, neither of which could be approved, but one of which must be accepted, many Southern men advocated reconstruction, on the basis of the laws named, as the lesser of two evils. Whether this was an error of judgment, may be a matter of opinion. It may still be a matter of honest difference of opinion as to

which is less calculated to retard the progress of civilization, and therefore which is the more desirable, military rule or universal suffrage. But it will hardly do to say that a man is necessarily a scoundrel because he chooses the one or the other. He might make such a choice even as a matter of principle, without necessarily being either a fool or a knave. It would be still more stupid and irrational so to denounce him for a compulsory choice of either when the only alternative consists in the selection of the other. Nor will it do to say that all Southern men who advocated reconstruction under the ultimatum thus submitted, were obscure nobodies. For we know, as a matter of fact, that many of them had been eminent as jurists, statesmen and scholars before this particular period in their personal history; and it is not quite easy to understand how they should have so suddenly become the reverse by merely differing in opinion with some of their neighbors. It is now known that among those who espoused the cause of reconstruction were men who had filled every position of public trust, from that of county representative to the governorship of the state. Some of them had been justices of the supreme court; others congressmen and presidential electors. Some of them had been, and were still, bankers and men of large business affairs; others were planters with little left but their bare acres, but who had numbered their slaves by scores. Some of them had been successful military leaders, with world-wide reputation; others were men of science who had turned aside from their books and laboratories to aid as far as they might in saving their state from hopeless ruin. And there were not wanting amongst them a few young men of promising talents, scions of some of the oldest and proudest families of the South, who have since risen to eminence in the learned professions, or to national reputation as publicists and legislators.

Of course such men, educated as they had been, and environed as they were, could hardly be expected to endorse the principles of the reconstruction acts. They did not accept the principles of those acts *per se*, and never pretended to. They sustained towards the measure a relation similar to that which Talleyrand sustained towards the French Revolution. They "wanted to resist it; failing in that, they wanted to make the best of it." But their position differed from that of Talleyrand in this, that they had the courage of their convictions, and their efforts to "make the best of it" were consequently more successful. For amid a storm of passion and unreason, unparalleled in the annals of the English-speaking race, they succeeded, in one or two exceptional instances, in giving to their state what is now generally conceded to have been the best constitution it ever had. I say in one or two exceptional instances; for the rule, in most of the

states, was just the reverse. And the reason is obvious. Only in exceptional instances did the white people of the South take any part in the work of reconstruction. They were warned by their political leaders to "have nothing whatever to do with it." Merchants and business men who showed a disposition to disregard this warning were threatened with what was later on styled the "boycott." Young men who might have been disposed to disregard this were threatened with "social ostracism." And where these threats failed, wives were exhorted to divorce their husbands who should "Africanize themselves" by participation in the local elections for delegates to the constitutional convention. The result generally was that the work of constitution-making, and of the succeeding legislation, was abandoned to ignorant negroes, led by a few unscrupulous and irresponsible white adventurers who had no permanent interest in the state.

Such, in brief outline, was the genesis of the suffrage problem in the Southern states. I do not question the motives of those who forced the issue so prematurely upon the country. I do not question the motives of those who, by obstinately opposing all the milder and more rational measures of reconstruction, became the unconscious allies of the advocates of this dangerous experiment. But now that passion has cooled and reason resumed sway, both parties realize the magnitude of their mistake. Unrestricted suffrage, where all officers are elective for short terms, is an expensive experiment in any country. It has been found a bad policy even in homogeneous communities, where the standard of public intelligence and virtue is exceptionally high. But in countries inhabited by mixed and heterogeneous races, and where the standard of popular intelligence and virtue is generally low, it is something more than a mistake. However well intended, experience has shown it to be a blunder little short of a crime against civilization.

It is said that wherever the English common law prevails, there ought to be an adequate legal remedy for every private wrong; and, by a parity of reasoning, wherever the Anglo-Saxon civilization dominates, there ought to be an orderly and pacific remedy for every public wrong. The difficulty in both cases is admitted to be in a judicious application of the remedy. In the case before us every one concedes the natural remedy to be a judicious restriction of the suffrage. The alternate, artificial remedy sometimes suggested is compulsory education at government expense. It is objected to the first that it would be "undemocratic;" to the second that it involves a species of paternalism better suited to an empire than to a republic. The objection to the first will be seen, upon inquiry, to proceed from a false or perverted conception of free government, while,

with respect to the second, if the objection urged were out of the way entirely, others of a graver character would take its place. Intellectual development, or civilization as it is called, may be aided in its growth, but it cannot be suddenly forced into maturity. It must proceed in the natural order, and this requires time. Hot-house civilizations, like hot-house plants, have a very uncertain life tenure. They may look very well on paper or under glass covers, but are generally useless exotics elsewhere. The farmer who should undertake to force the harvest season by means of artificial heat and light would probably be thought a lunatic. But it is doubtful whether he would be less rational than that republic which first converts its vast domain into an asylum, and then undertakes to convert its adopted paupers and vagrants into responsible voters by means of the spelling book and multiplication table.

The suffrage problem is not materially changed by the constitutional amendments, notwithstanding the popular opinion to the contrary. Article XIV. merely changes the basis of representation, leaving the qualification of voters to be fixed and determined by the particular states as before. The only restriction is in Article XV., which provides merely that suffrage shall be impartial. No male citizen, twenty-one years of age and upwards, can be legally excluded from the ballot "on account of race, color or previous condition of servitude." But he may be legally excluded for any other reason, as, for instance, illiteracy, pauperism, vagrancy, crime or other causes, or combination of causes which unfit him to govern. In exceptional cases, this might result in individual hardship; but all general laws are open to the same objection. Perfection in legislation is never possible, and therefore never expected. The most that is possible, and therefore the most that ought to be expected in such cases is the selection of the least objectionable alternative. If the professed object of all government is the general welfare, and not individual advantage, then it is manifestly the duty of a state to restrict the suffrage to those competent to govern without imperiling the welfare of the whole. Those of its citizens who might be thus excluded from active participation in the affairs of government would not be wronged, because suffrage is not a right inherent in citizenship, but a political privilege only. Besides, they would have all the greater incentive to fit themselves to become legal voters; and with ambition supplemented by industry and frugality, they could hardly fail in a country like ours to ultimately attain to the prescribed standard. If they have no such ambition, then no political contrivance, and no amount of class legislation, can ever fit them to govern. Therefore, in neither case could there be any just cause of complaint. Moreover, if we

take a common-sense view of the matter, there is no valid reason why an unfit person should vote merely because he happens not to be a negro.

Of course the reform here indicated, would diminish the state's numerical representation. But aside from mere partisan considerations of a temporary character, in which the welfare of the country is seldom involved, this would be a loss without injury. The senate would not be affected by it; except perhaps, that it would be less easy for inferior men to obtain seats therein, and this would benefit the country. The election of President would still be by states; and with a purified ballot, there would be less danger of disorder in case of a close election. And with respect to the lower house, everyone knows that it is not the number, but the ability and character of its representatives, that give to a state or section consideration and influence in that body. One man of real ability, with the courage of honest convictions, will have more influence, and do more to shape legislation, than any number of fools. Nor would the loss of mere numbers long militate against any one political party. The inconvenience would be shared in turn by all, and therefore permanently injure none. But even were this less probable, every consideration of patriotism would still make the reform desirable; for every honest and patriotic man prizes country above party. He rises above ward politics, where the safety and glory of the republic is involved, and cares little for the personal fortunes of demagogues who thrive best where fair elections are least possible.

William L. Scruggs.

CARACAS, VENEZUELA, S. A.

SWITZERLAND'S MODEL DEMOCRACY

POPULAR GOVERNMENT WITHOUT SPOILS

Less than twenty years ago Switzerland went in search of a model democracy. Very many of her people, and not a few outsiders, feel that she secured what she sought for. In any event, her system is deserving of attention, because it is the system of an educated people, and because, too, it is the system of a people who have practiced democracy in various forms for half a thousand years.

In many senses their constitution is the most remarkable, and the most advanced of any people's charter in the world. It is not a charter of rights wrested from kings, but a bill of privileges granted the Swiss by themselves. "We, in virtue of our sovereign rights, give ourselves this constitution."

To understand fairly how very much the Swiss gave themselves by the constitution of 1874, it would be useful to glance for a moment at the condition of the people in times not far preceding this radical change.

There was need of change, irrespective of a popular conceit that Switzerland had been a republic for many centuries. Its liberty had been a sort of tribal one. Each canton, as it joined the bund, or alliance, reserved the right to do just as it pleased; and not infrequently the hundreds of little subdivisions, or townships, called communes, into which each canton was divided, reserved the right to do as they pleased also. That right has never been fully surrendered to this day by either commune or canton.

From the times of Tell and Winkelried, down to the French Revolution, there had existed a degree of self sovereignty, communal and cantonal sovereignty, that made the general confederacy no better than a mere alliance. The Swiss called it nothing more: "We are a confederation of cantons only, and we rule ourselves," exclaimed one of the cantonal orators. It was only a fancy of the foreigner that styled the Swiss confederation a republic. There was no central or directing authority of any kind. It was simply an alliance of cantons, and back of it all stood their system of communes, old as the people themselves, which exercised all privileges and conceded almost nothing, not even to the cantons, of which the communes were a direct part. The spirit of the commune was

and now is to govern itself. Of course, this spirit has been modified somewhat, else the present national constitution never could have been proposed, much less adopted. No matter what the government is called, it is not a lifetime since the lower town classes possessed almost no privileges at all in Switzerland. Both they and the farmers were as a rule excluded from the polls; they could not have office; the farmer dared not sell his produce to the purchaser offering the highest price; town agents and corporations with exclusive privileges took all profits; the right to manufacture belonged to monopolists, and the peasant was robbed of all that made industry profitable or progress possible. Poverty and distress and anarchy were common to the people, and the real government was the petty tyranny of the communes.

Step by step, and twenty years apart, the situation changed. The first step was the intervention of Napoleon in 1798. He came, he said, "in the name of Providence," to give the people a constitution. Unjustifiable and criminal as his ten years' intervention was, the people advanced more in science, art, manufactures, and government, than they had done in a hundred years before. The people learned something, too, of the advantages of unity and a central government.

In a few years the second step forward was made. In 1830 an epidemic of political reform seized on almost all Europe. It had its origin in the rise to power of Louis Philippe in France. In that year many of the Swiss cantons experienced a small process of political regeneration, though the communal system as usual remained in the pastoral background of dead ages. A species of freedom of the press was granted in some cantons; equality of citizenship, too; the right to petition; and open sessions of the governing body. It seems astounding that the new American republic possessed all these things for seventy years before they were even thought of in the sovereign states of Switzerland, gray with centuries of political existence and self-rule. The effort, made a couple of years later, to revise the general constitution to correspond in a sense with the advanced spirit of a few of the cantons, failed—failed, owing to an exasperating pride in petty cantonal rule, and the born blood-and-bone opposition of all the Catholic and a few Protestant cantons to all ideas of reform. The year 1848 saw another step forward in Swiss politics, but the amended constitution still left the country only in the situation of allied cantons bound as with a rope of sand. Little concentration of power had taken place, and the cantons and communes reserved still more rights than they conceded. Then came the beginning of the end of cobweb government and exclusive cantonal rule in Switzerland. On May-

day, 1874, the Swiss people waked from the sleep of centuries. The revolution was bloodless.

The writer witnessed the contest that ensued over the adoption of the constitution of 1874. It was a contest of the so-called democracy of feudal ages with the democracy of modern times and the spirit of modern government; a contest of tribal or cantonal supremacy, allied with the spirit of feudal times, against all effort at centralization of power; a bitter fight as to whether the many should rule themselves, or whether the few should be deputized to rule for them. Great concessions were made by the individual of his privileges; by the commune and by the canton; but spite of the concessions, pure democracy remained master of the situation. It is not so much what the people surrendered as what they did not surrender that makes their present system of supreme interest. What they did was done to insure the reality of their union, and to strengthen what now, for the first time, could be called the republic. Most people strike to get freedom; the Swiss struck to dispose of a part of what they had. They had too much freedom, only it was not the right kind. The new freedom assured to the Swiss came with the new constitution and the extraordinary rights of the referendum.

Two houses form the national parliament, called the diet. Members of the upper chamber may be elected either by the people or by the cantons, as the different cantons may determine. Members of the lower house are selected as in the United States, and the apportionment of representation is the same. The executive power is a high council of seven members, chosen by the diet from among its members. This council chooses from its number its president, who is also president of the Swiss republic. This council has seats in the diet and participates in its proceedings. The diet also elects members of the supreme court, the attorney-general, and the commander of the troops. No appointments to office are made by the president personally; that power is reserved to the high council and the approval of the diet. The president and the vice-president are chosen for one year, and neither is eligible to immediate re-election. The diet holds biennial sessions, and its members, as well as all officers of the state, are held personally responsible for their official actions. They may be impeached by the state, and prosecuted even by individuals. They, as well as members of the high council, are elected for the term of three years.

The laws that they pass are subject to the scrutiny of the people by virtue of the referendum—that extraordinary privilege possessed by the Swiss as above the citizens of any other nation. It is the check held by

him on all laws passed by the representative whom he has helped to send to parliament. It is not enough that he votes on the man—he must also vote on the work, and if not pleased with them the man and the work are both consigned to political limbo. This is the foremost right of the constitution. Every law passed by the diet must be submitted to the popular vote if asked for by the legislatures of eight cantons, or by the petition of thirty thousand citizens. Against an unpopular law the latter is not difficult to obtain. It is the work of a day, so to speak, to secure out of three millions of people thirty thousand names. Forms are distributed in every town and hamlet, the names signed, the petitions sent to the diet, and the day fixed for the submission of the law to popular will. This day must be within the current year. The fatal day arrives, and the legislative work of a whole winter may get its death-blow in an hour. This is the right of the Swiss people, and in their view it is a born right, a natural, matter-of-course process, and a privilege they never dreamed of surrendering.

In some of the cantons—the more important ones, too, such as Zürich and Berne—the people need not petition for the exercise of this right as to cantonal laws. With them, the cantonal representatives are compelled to submit every law to the popular vote, and that almost as soon as passed by the legislature.

"It makes our legislators a little careful as to what they propose," exclaim the Swiss friends of the referendum; "they can't force unjust laws for political effect as they do in other countries, notably the United States. Our diet is no nest for politicians with axes to grind, and no single locality can secure an advantageous law if it is not good for the whole country. Little canton Zug, with some demagogue of a senator, cannot secure a law to itself that is injurious to the great cantons of Berne and Zürich. Local advantage is nothing any more with us; national good, everything. The candidate who is elected for promises made to his home constituents counts without his host; the people of other districts will bring him to reckoning."

Besides the sovereign rights reserved to the people by the referendum, the plan is a political educator of the private citizen. In Switzerland, every man is a law-maker, and must be educated and intelligent.* This

* Since this article was prepared, the Swiss have adopted a political arrangement known as *The Rights of Initiative.* Under this extremely democratic privilege the people themselves, by petition, may propose legislation to the government. These proposals the government, in its turn, is bound to formulate into laws for submission to the chambers and to the people, to be voted on.

education, the Swiss say, "we compel, for our schools are free, and their attendance is compulsory. Scarcely one in a thousand but can read and write, and yet we are one of the thickest settled countries of the earth. Our system makes us all patriots—first of our communes and cantons, then of our common country. Our communes are cradles of liberty; so long as they are free, Switzerland is free; so long as free, we shall be great." The voice of the great minority—the opponents of the system, the people who voted against the constitution—is not always silent. "This proletariat of ours," said a conservative property-holding Swiss to the writer a year or so ago, "is leading the country a pretty dance, and especially here in democratic Zürich they are compelling all sorts of laws against the tax-payer and in favor of the man who has earned nothing. It is the unjust socialistic spirit of the age. The lower Swiss voters are going crazy. Such great privileges as to national affairs, the half of which they cannot understand, make fools of them. Unfortunately, poverty is in the majority here, and it has no interest except in helping itself at the expense of others. They order expensive roads, knowing they will not help pay for them, costly bridges, great improvements in city and country —in short, they reach into every man's pocket and take what they want. Our laws would permit it; they would permit anything. There is no stretch of outrage on the tax-payer to be imagined that such a system as ours would not authorize." So it is. In the minds of many Swiss, there is scarcely a step between Swiss democracy and extreme socialism. "As in the United States, so we, too, will soon be led by demagogues." Unfortunately a demagogue's privilege and a people's freedom go hand in hand. It is noticed already in Switzerland that excellent national laws, formulated by the Swiss diet after long and wise consideration, have been cast aside at the ballot-box by that outside parliament, whose leaders are liable to be self-seeking demagogues. The new and good laws that have been petitioned for are very few. And yet, under the constitution, every canton has the right to propose laws, and even individuals can by law command a hearing on the part of their legislators.

The plan of legislation, of course, leaves the conclusion wholly in the hands of the individual, trained or untrained. Is it a question whether a mass of untrained voters is as fit to pass on a scheme of political economy as is the practical statesman and legislator? Can a thousand coal heavers and cab drivers pass intelligently on a law regulating education in the higher universities? Yet that is what is done in canton Zürich, for the democratic law compels the submission of the scheme, and fines the voter if he does not vote, whether he has an opinion on the subject or not.

What effect can such law making have on the representative in the diet? Does he enjoy being only a formulator of bills that may, after all his toil, be set aside by men who possibly have no conception of their aim? Does the system tend to make wise law-givers and statesmen? Do able men care to ask position at such an apparent sacrifice? Be the answer what it may, there is not a question but the shrewdest politicians and the best lawyers covet a seat in the Swiss parliament. They are not attracted by the insignificant salary of a couple of dollars a day. The ablest patriot finds duty, honor, and the gratification of ambition in formulating and engineering a good law through the assembly. It is in no sense an easy labor. The members of the diet are apt to be thoroughly educated men, possessed with the knowledge that history teaches, and the conservative practices that belong to intellectual men trained to their trade. All Swiss laws are enforced; hence the representative who initiates a law and sees it adopted by the people has the satisfaction of knowing that it is a law in fact, and not merely the dead proposition, the legal mockery characteristic of so many laws of the United States.

Aside from the remarkable privileges of the referendum, there are other features of the Swiss system almost as important, and certainly as noticeable. Among them is the government monopoly of certain public enterprises. The telegraph and telephone system, for instance, is owned and worked by the general government; and the railroads, though not owned, are wholly controlled by it. The telegraph is in universal use in the country, owing to the low rates. Ten cents will pay for a dispatch of eight words to any point in the country, and yet the government secures a profit of forty thousand dollars a year, while ten times as much may be saved to the people in lower rates. The telephone system is also in part owned and controlled by the government. Schools are free and attendance compulsory. Every man is a soldier, and the militia law is enforced, and of a character that produces a well-equipped, well-trained army of two hundred and fifty thousand men, ready for war at a moment's notice. The country maintains order, its credit is good, its schools models for the world, its armies strong; its citizens intelligent, industrious, and as happy, at least, as any people are in the disturbed and unsettled age in which we live. A few years since the general debt was only six dollars and fifty cents to the poll, while in France it was one hundred and twenty dollars, and in Great Britain one hundred and twenty-two dollars. The head of a Swiss family paid less than four dollars per year for the army. A Russian paid ten dollars for the same thing, a German eight dollars, and a Frenchman fifteen dollars. There was little absolute want or distress in

the land. One Swiss in twenty only asked alms, while in France it was one in nine, and in England, one in eight. The country pretends, virtually at least, to free trade, and, owing to its central location, its people must and do compete with the industries of all Europe. The comparatively prosperous and contented condition of the Swiss goes far to prove that the political system of the country is a good one; good, at least, for that people. "Governments are like shoes," it has been said; "they are suitable for those whom they fit best." The political shoes of Switzerland fit the Swiss people.

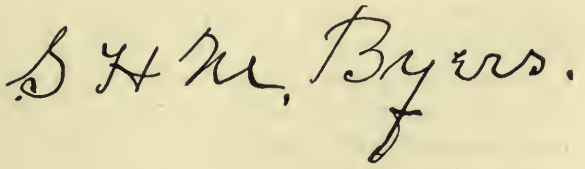
Reference has been made to that still purer type of Swiss democracy practiced in Zürich and a few other cantons. Here *every* law is submitted to the people, and every citizen has the right to enter the legislative hall and argue a public proposition, provided as many as twenty-five deputies are willing to hear him. Twice a year every law proposed by the cantonal council must be printed, and distributed to the voters who will pass on it at the ballot box. Here, as in all Switzerland and at all times, the ballot is free, and the system of voting the same as our own. It is noticeable that all elections are on Sunday, and that the polling urn is usually placed in the church just after the service. The elections are orderly; the voter quietly passes into one door of the church, casts his ballot, passes out an opposite door, and goes quietly home. No loitering and no crowds about the polls are permitted, and no electioneering there. An honorable candidate would consider such work on the part of his friends as contemptible. The Zürich tax law is among the most notable advantages of its system. It is progressive in character, and doubles up in proportion to the increase of fortune. It tends to prevent the accumulation of colossal fortunes in the hands of single men. The citizen who owns but four thousand dollars' worth of property pays taxes only on the half; the owner of twenty-five thousand dollars' worth pays taxes on eight-tenths; and the holder of one hundred thousand dollars' worth pays taxes on the whole. The income tax is managed on a similar plan; the result is, the burden of taxation falls on the rich man's shoulders. Of course the rich man complains, but that would be anticipated.

In Zürich all office holders are made answerable to the citizen as well as to the state for any abuse of power, and no two persons of near blood relation are permitted to hold place in the same judicial or legislative body. Nepotism is unknown. There is no removal from office except for cause. Criminals and alms-takers lose their votes, and even bankrupts are frequently disenfranchised.

The pastoral government of the little cantons of Glarus, Schwytz,

Unterwalden, Appenzell, and Uri, are more curious than useful as a study. "Nobody would think of asking their advice about anything," said Napoleon once, on hearing that they all objected to a constitution or to federal government. There was a time when the tallest man in the crowd was chosen for ruler, just as the one-eyed man became king in the country where all were blind. The pastoral systems of these five cantons are almost as primitive. Every May-day the citizens of each of these cantons meet, and march to some near meadow, and there pass laws and elect officers for the coming year. It is the work of a day. Some of their laws have been on their statute books for centuries. No change is needed. Their customs, habits, all are of another age. They never heard the wheels of progress in their lives, and do not want to. The tallest man would still suit them, were it not that there is such a sameness and antiquity of life, habit, and appearance among them all, that no tallest man is to be found. Their tribal form of government answers them. Their political shoes are fitted to their political feet. They want no other.

The real national democracy of Switzerland is still on trial. If it can stand the shocks of the socialistic storms of to-day, it can stand anything; so far, it has stood them. Its tendency has been to check legislation rather than to hurry it; and if the people keep cool, the referendum will grow to be a conservative, not a radical power. So far the Swiss system, revolutionary as it has been, has not proved a failure. In any future event it will remain favorable to popular rights because, while consenting to be governed in part by the few of their choice, the best and real rights of the people remain in their own hands. It may be the system will prove the forerunner of similar systems, for certainly there is a tendency, the world over, on the part of the people to take the sovereign power back into their own keeping. The signs are in the air; universal education has made them a certain augury. The ignorant must be governed; the intelligent will govern themselves, and their voice will be, as ever, the voice of God.



ST. GALL, SWITZERLAND.

THE MAKING OF A STATE

DISCOVERY AND SETTLEMENT OF KENTUCKY

The recent celebration in Louisville of the one-hundredth anniversary of the admission of Kentucky into the union of states, by the famous Filson Club, of which Colonel R. T. Durrett is president, has brought into fresh light an epoch full of action. The Kentucky colony had its origin at a time of storm and stress, while the quarrel between England and her American possessions was ripening into insurrection and war. It is instructive to trace the influences which forced over the mountain barriers the pioneer hosts, and the effects of that movement upon the history of the western part of our continent. The drift of population was the natural effect of that unrest which followed the termination of the French and Indian wars by the treaty of 1763. Canada having become a British possession, England no longer needed her American colonies as a buffer to French aggression, and entered upon an attempt to saddle upon them the burdens under which her people were groaning at home. The colonies, on the other hand, no longer needing British protection against an enemy on their border, were in no humor to submit to the caprices of the mother country, which had afforded them but tardy and indifferent protection in time of need. The permanent settlement of Kentucky was contemporaneous with the outbreak of that struggle which led to the establishment of the greatest republic of the world.

In his brilliant address on the commemorative occasion, Colonel Durrett said: "For one hundred and eighty-five years after the first settlement at Jamestown, Kentucky was a part of Virginia, and during four-fifths of this long period was an unknown land. The Virginians along the Atlantic slope showed no early disposition to settle beyond the mountains that walled them in on the west. They erected their manor houses and built their tobacco barns on the rich lands near rivers that flowed from the mountains to the sea, and were content. What they had to sell the ocean would bear to foreign marts, and what they wanted to buy the same ocean would bring to their doors. There were no known inducements in the unknown country beyond the mountains to entice them to the dangers and the hardships of a wilderness filled with wild animals and still wilder savages. But whether the Virginians would go to the discovery of Kentucky or

not, the region was so located that to remain unknown was impossible. The great Mississippi and the beautiful Ohio were upon its border for hundreds of miles, while their tributaries penetrated thousands of miles within. Upon these rivers hunters and traders and adventurers were to paddle their canoes in spite of dangers, and the fair land of Kentucky could not indefinitely escape their eyes.

Two explorers of different nationalities, but in pursuit of the same wild hope of a waterway across the continent to the Pacific ocean, discovered Kentucky almost at the same time. They were Captain Thomas Batts, a Virginian of whom nothing but this discovery is known, and Robert Cavalier de la Salle, a distinguished Frenchman, whose explorations in America made him known in both hemispheres. The latter was born in the old French city of Rouen in 1643, and at the age of twenty-three came to America to devote his great intellect and indomitable energy to the solution of the problem of a transcontinental river running toward China. Columbus had crossed the Atlantic a century and three-quarters before, with the belief that he had found India, and when this delusion had faded before the light of actual discovery, the continent of North America was still believed to contain a great river running across to the Pacific Ocean. La Salle had dreamed of finding this river, and in 1669 some Iroquois Indians hastened his plans by assuring him that there was a river which rose in their country and wound its way southward and westward to the distant sea. This was evidently blending the Allegheny, the Ohio, and the Mississippi into one grand river, and it so fired the imagination of La Salle that he at once began preparations to explore it. He entered the Allegheny by a tributary near its source, and followed it and the Ohio through the wild forests along their banks until he reached the falls where Louisville now stands. In making this long journey he was the discoverer of Kentucky from the Big Sandy to the rapids of the Ohio, and was the first white man whose eyes looked eastward from the beautiful river to the blue-grass land which forms the garden spot of the state. He had not reached China, nor sailed upon a river that would lead thereto, but he had discovered a country whose fame in after years would extend even to the Celestial Empire. He had made a discovery upon which France would found a claim to the valley of the Mississippi and contend for it against England in a mighty war that would not only involve America, but Europe as well.

Other discoveries followed those of La Salle and Batts, but they added nothing to the knowledge of the country until towards the middle of the eighteenth century. France and England at this time seem to have

simultaneously resolved to make a supreme struggle for the sovereignty of their discoveries in the Mississippi valley. Both of these great powers claimed that their titles were perfect, but neither paid the least regard to the claim of the other."

Colonel Durrett touched upon the slow but picturesque and varied process of settlement, telling in a few terse, well-chosen words how "the first inhabitants of Kentucky, on account of the hostility of the Indians, lived in what were called forts. These structures had little in common with those massive piles of stone and earth from which thunder missiles of destruction in modern times. They were simply rows of the conventional log cabins of the day, built on the four sides of the square or parallelogram, which remained as a court or open space between them. This open space served as a play-ground, a muster-field, a corral for the domestic animals, and a storehouse for implements. The cabins which formed the fort's walls were the dwelling houses of the people, and contained the rudest conveniences of life. The bedstead consisted of forks driven in the dirt floor through the prongs of which poles extended to cracks in the wall, and over which buffalo skins were spread for a mattress and bear skins for covering. The dining table was a broad puncheon, hewed smooth with the adze, and set on four legs made of sticks inserted in auger holes at the corners. The chairs were three-legged stools made in the same way, and the table furniture consisted of wooden plates, trays, noggins, bowls, and trenchers, usually turned out of buckeye. A few tin cups and pewter plates and delf cups and saucers and two-pronged iron forks and pewter spoons were luxuries brought from the old country, and not used on ordinary occasions. The fireplace occupied nearly one whole side of the house; the window was a hole covered with paper saturated with bear's grease, and the door an opening over which hung a buffalo skin. Near the door hung the long-barrel flint-lock rifle on the prongs of a buck's horns pinned to the wall, and from which place it was never absent except when in use."

Of the sufferings and bravery of the settlers when attacked by the savages, Colonel Durrett has related many thrilling incidents; as, for instance:

"When the daughters of Boone and Calloway were captured and taken into their canoes on the river near Boonesborough they fought the Indians with the paddles until overcome, and while proceeding as captives they strewed their way with pieces of their clothing that their trail might be followed by those they knew would speedily pursue for their rescue. On being ordered to quit this, and threatened with the tomahawk if they persisted, they defied death and kept on marking their course by dropping

bits of their clothing and by bending and breaking twigs along their route. The Indians, knowing that a live captive was far more valuable than a scalp, and thinking themselves too far in advance to be overtaken, permitted the girls to thus mark their course rather than kill them. It was this marking of their track which enabled Boone and his party to follow the route so rapidly as to overtake the Indians within forty miles of Boonesborough."

All along the years of the century of statehood Colonel Durrett drew graphic pictures of progress, and made forcible allusions to the statesmen, orators, jurists, poets, and journalists of Kentucky birth whose names fame had borne to every portion of the civilized world. He closed with a suggestion furnished by the data he had reviewed:

"With half a dozen millions of inhabitants farming upon our blue-grass plains, and mining in our mountains, and raising stock upon our hills, and manufacturing in our cities, and cultivating the arts and the sciences everywhere, Kentuckians of the century to come may rejoice in the blessings of a country as far in advance of ours as the one we enjoy is beyond that of the pioneers. When that glorious time shall come the centenarians of to-day will not be forgotten, but will be remembered as the golden link in the chain that binds the Kentucky of 1792 to the Kentucky of 1992."

From the centennial ballad of Major Henry T. Stanton, we clip the following beautiful lines:

"A hundred years ago, this rich June day,
Kentucky left her glowing, girlhood way,
And under boughs of fresh-appearing green
Put off the Princess and took on the Queen;
And on this ground, and to the world unknown,
She reared the splendor of her golden throne;
From blood-stained leaves that strewed her forests great
She wove and wore her purple robes of state,
And from her vale-ways, under mountain brown,
She brought the laurels that became her crown.

A hundred years ago, in that past noon,
When this Queen rosebud burst upon the June,
When from the wild, in native splendor drest,
Uprose the first proud mistress of the west."

DR. LEWIS F. LINN, OF MISSOURI

HIS LETTER TO GENERAL HENRY DODGE

During the first third of this century there was not a more interesting character in the west than Dr. Lewis Fields Linn, of Missouri. Not as prominent as Thomas H. Benton or General Henry Dodge, he was yet a very strong and able man, highly cultured, very handsome in person, and possessed of the finest social qualities. He naturally won the unbounded confidence of the people of his state, and was respected and beloved by all who enjoyed his acquaintance. He was the half-brother of General Henry Dodge, who cared for him when he was left an orphan at the age of eleven years. The warmest affection existed between these half-brothers to the end of their lives. It is a curious fact that they were both chosen to the United States senate—Linn from Missouri, and Dodge from Wisconsin. General A. C. Dodge, a son of the latter, was also a senator from the state of Iowa during several of the years of his father's service in that body. This, I believe, is the only instance in which a father and son have held seats in the senate at the same time.

The writer very well remembers seeing them from the gallery of the senate, during the short session immediately after the inauguration of President Pierce. General Jackson had a high opinion of the military genius, courage, judgment, energy, determination, and fertility of resource, of General Henry Dodge. He is reported to have threatened to appoint him United States marshal for the state of South Carolina at the time Calhoun and his followers threatened "nullification." General Dodge was fresh from his triumphs in the Black Hawk war, and, whether that was justifiable on the part of the whites or not, he was the hero of the hour. Happily, the necessity of sending him to South Carolina did not arise. It is to these facts Dr. Linn alludes in the second paragraph of his interesting letter to General Henry Dodge, which is here given to the readers of the magazine:

"ST. GENEVIEVE, *February* 15, 1833.

Dear Brother: I had written you a few days before the reception of your letter announcing your arrival at Washington. It is needless for me to say how much I was gratified at the friendly and distinguished manner of your reception by our honorable and truly great President, so every

way qualified to judge of the relative merits of men. How contemptible his revilers must feel, on seeing him every moment growing in greatness and increasing in the confidence and affection of the American people. Time, you know, is an indolent old fellow, not fond of heavy burthens, and as he drifts along the stream into the ocean of Eternity, freighted with the reputations of men, is ever and anon engaged in selecting from his overloaded bark such as do not deserve immortality, and casting them into the waters of oblivion. Among the retained will ever be found the name of Andrew Jackson.

Your chivalrous conduct during the late Indian Black Hawk war has truly placed you on elevated ground, from whence you will be enabled to catch a glimpse of coming events and turn them to your advantage and to that of our common country. It would be a sincere source of regret to find in our domestic troubles that you might be compelled to shed American blood; but if stern necessity requires it, I know your valor will be tempered with humanity. In a government like ours, made by the people and for the people, where the public will is the supreme arbiter, when the great mass of the community seldom err in judgment, every friend to his country, nay, every friend to liberty throughout the world, may still entertain a reasonable hope that the difficulty with South Carolina will yet be arranged without a resort to force; but should it be otherwise, I entertain no fear for the result, and none that you will not conduct yourself (if engaged) in such a way as to benefit your country and add to your well-earned reputation.

In accordance with your wish I will write Colonel Buckner, happy if any little influence I may possess could be of any service to you; but I doubt much if he has much weight at Washington. You know the President, and knowing him, you can judge whether his wavering career heretofore is likely to gain him the esteem of General Jackson, whose judgment is so unerring as regards men; in fact, his election was the result of a singular combination of circumstances, most of which Colonel Buckner is acquainted with. I might have been in his place if I had not disdained to be elected by my political opponents: even I was considered of sufficient importance to be bid for. I had to choose between him and Wells, and I preferred Buckner, knowing that the southern part of the state had in some manner been overlooked heretofore. I must say he has shown every disposition to befriend me since. His subsequent opposition to Colonel Benton is, I presume, part of the price he had to pay the Clay men for their support. In this I was completely deceived, or he would not have received my vote.

I am aware of the many virtues of General Ashley, of his sterling good sense, and of his sincere, unfeigned friendship for you, but, my dear brother, Colonel Benton is the only man Missouri ever had in congress whose splendid talent, unwavering purpose of soul, and expanded brain entitle him to the character of a great man. It would not surprise me to see him President; at present, I believe Richard M. Johnson is the only man that stands between him and Vice-President. In support of him last summer patriotism and personal regard were combined to induce me to contribute my mite toward his success. He ever to me manifested a sincere friendship for you; and for myself I owe him many acts of kindness.

My constitution is much worn out by sickness and an harassing profession, my head is tolerably well sprinkled with gray hairs, great muscular debility from palpitation of the heart, though I weigh what my father did when he died—180 lbs. I endeavor to fulfil my duties to my profession, country, friends, and family, and will try to live without fear and die without reproach. After my time as commissioner expires I would be pleased to get some appointment for which I might be qualified, that would release me from this important profession of mine; to be looking always on man as an object of affection and sorrow, to be compelled to examine him by piecemeal, every tendon, muscle, bone, nerve, and organ, to analyze his passions and trace them to their source, and then view them in their naked deformity—my soul yearns after getting rid of this. I have at present three fine children, one boy, two girls; lost two girls dead born in twelve months. My wife's health very bad; our old friend Scott is much under the weather; he appears to delight in your brightening prospects; sister is as usual happy and cheerful—nothing can crush her fortitude. Mc. as usual improving—our town and section of the country looking up.

That your visit to Washington may be one of pleasure and profit, is the sincere wish of your brother,

L. F. LINN."

The above letter was recently presented to "the Aldrich Collection," in the Iowa State Library, by Rev. Dr. William Salter, of Burlington, the well-known biographer of Governor James W. Grimes and Generals Henry and Augustus C. Dodge.

Charles Aldrich

DES MOINES, IOWA.

WHAT CONSTITUTES GOOD CITIZENSHIP

In a republic or free government the following may be enunciated as a maxim: "Every citizen must be able to take care of himself, as well as the government"; that is, he must be fully equipped to take up the struggle for existence as well as to take active part in public life. In this dual capacity we have duties more important and serious than many of us seem to realize. Again, the maxim, "No one will help you if you do not help yourself," will hold equally true under all forms of government and all kinds of social organism, yet there is no government or social organism under which this maxim finds a more extensive application than under our form of government. It shows itself here in its highest development: we are not only burdened with the duties we owe to ourselves and toward others in the various relations and affairs of life, but we are burdened with a higher and more sacred responsibility in the affairs of state.

Under a government like ours, in which the primary political principles and forces stand diametrically opposite each other, and where the tendency at times of the one or the other is to assert itself more forcibly than the other, it is not only essential but absolutely necessary that every citizen should have a thorough knowledge of the history, formation, development, and principles of the government. He ought to reason and consider all questions that appertain to politics the same as he reasons about his private affairs. He should be able to reduce all issues to principles, and view them in the light of party policy. He should, through proper reasoning, arrive at conclusions upon which to act. Independent, in its purest and noblest sense, he must be.

James A. Garfield truly said: "In the old world, under the despotism of Europe, the masses of ignorant men, mere inert masses, are moved upon and controlled by the intelligent and cultivated aristocracy. But in this republic, where the government rests upon the will of the people, every man has an active power for good and evil, and the great question is, will he think rightly or wrongly?" This implies some standard of thinking, as in all matters of conduct or action some standard must be given from which we are to determine the accuracy or correctness of an act to be done. The standards by which we are to determine the justness of an act are the political principles that form the framework of our government and are embodied in the constitution. Therefore, it is essential that

every citizen ought to be able to reason upon all political questions himself and form his own convictions, as well as understand thoroughly and clearly the scope and nature of the legislation admitted by the principles of the government. Extraneous circumstances, such as relationship, business relations, social position, ancestral prejudices, and the influence of bossism, should not divert him from the path of principle.

A nation or a people may be subdivided into various groups. These may be classified in a most diversified manner, such as the various religious denominations, secret societies, social and labor organizations, the different social circles; the multifarious vocations, corporations, combinations, and trusts of business; the national parties, and the numerous political parties with local issues. They all stand in different relations to each other: some fraternize though they have distinct interests, others are rivals, and still others are antagonists, though they all form one nation or people. Not infrequently they seek to further personal interest at the expense of that of the people, and it is here where every citizen should first consider the interest of his country before that of himself or the organization of which he is a member. All interests, of whatever nature, must be subservient to the best interests of the government. No fears need be entertained that the limits are too circumscribed, for the framework of our government is such that it gives a wide range for action of an intelligent and reasonable kind.

Patriotism is the tie that holds these groups together. It is the foundation of good citizenship. It inspires one to noble ends. It is like the first-born of feelings. It must be tenderly nursed. It must not degenerate into self-emulation. It must not become synonymous with braggardism. People who parade their patriotism on the outside are least patriotic. They, like the men who boast of their honesty, their truthfulness, and their fairness, are least to be trusted. To avoid any tendency to patriotism of this kind, it is essential in a republic that a high moral sentiment pervade the people, and to insure this, every good citizen should think, reason, and act for himself upon political questions and issues; be honest in sentiment, firm in opinion, and just in patriotism.

Franklin A. Becher

MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN.

VIRGINIA'S STATESMEN IN 1788

Virginia had assembled in her convention of 1788, a remarkable body of men, the flower of her statesmen, sages, patriots. It may fairly be affirmed that no other commonwealth on the continent could have called together as great an array of abilities. And yet Virginia had not exhausted her resources; Washington, Jefferson, Richard Henry Lee, were not included in this famous convention. William Wirt, in his rhetorical manner, has given a characterization of the most conspicuous members. There were, among the younger generation, Madison, Marshall, Monroe; there were those sages of other days, Pendleton and Wythe; there was seen displayed the Spartan vigor and compactness of George Nicholas; and there shone the radiant genius and sensibility of Grayson; the Roman energy and the Attic wit of George Mason was there, the classic taste and harmony of Edward Randolph, "the splendid conflagration" of the high-minded Innes, and the matchless eloquence of the immortal Henry.

On the one side were ranged Madison, Marshall, Pendleton, George Nicholas, Innes, and Edmund Randolph; on the other, George Mason, Patrick Henry, William Grayson, James Monroe, Benjamin Harrison, and John Tyler. "Conspicuous among those who opposed the ratification of the constitution," writes Flanders, "were Patrick Henry, George Mason, and William Grayson; a combination of eloquence, vigor, and genius, not often surpassed, and seldom equalled."

The convention met in Richmond on the 2nd of June, at the old capitol, and Edmund Pendleton was elected president. A committee of privileges and elections being appointed, Benjamin Harrison was named chairman, and George Mason came second on the list of members. After some preliminary business, Colonel Mason moved an adjournment, the convention to meet the next day at the "New Academy." Here it held its sessions after the first day, its meetings open to the public, visitors coming from all parts of the state. The assemblage was a most imposing one, numerically. "It was," says Grisby, "more than four times greater than the convention which framed the federal constitution when that body was full, as it exceeded it, as it ordinarily was, more than six times." It consisted, as this writer adds, "of the public men of three generations."

—KATE MASON ROWLAND'S *Life of George Mason*, 1725–1792.

ONE OF WASHINGTON'S LETTERS

While the history of a letter is perhaps as difficult to trace as the history of a penny, some few facts in regard to the one here presented will be of interest. Until quite recently and for several years this original treasure, yellow with age, has been in the possession of Mr. James S. Lyle, the superintendent of the poor of Tompkins County, New York, who upon being interrogated in regard to it, wrote as follows: "I know comparatively nothing in regard to the Mt. Vernon letter. It came into the possession of my mother, through my grandmother whose maiden name was Meeker, and whose family were among the early settlers of New Jersey. My grandmother died in 1870. Previous to this I never heard anything in regard to the letter. After her death my mother spoke of an ancient letter on several occasions, but I never saw it until a later date. I do not know by what means it came to them, but it seemed from the impressions I received from my mother, that it was a veritable heir-loom, and something that was very highly prized in the family. I think and am quite confident that my mother had the whole of the letter, but in the clearing-up of things after her mother's death, the closing portion was destroyed. I regret very much that I cannot give you more of its history, for I became quite anxious to know who was its author."

(THE LETTER.)

MOUNT VERNON, *May* 16, 1785.

Dear Sir:

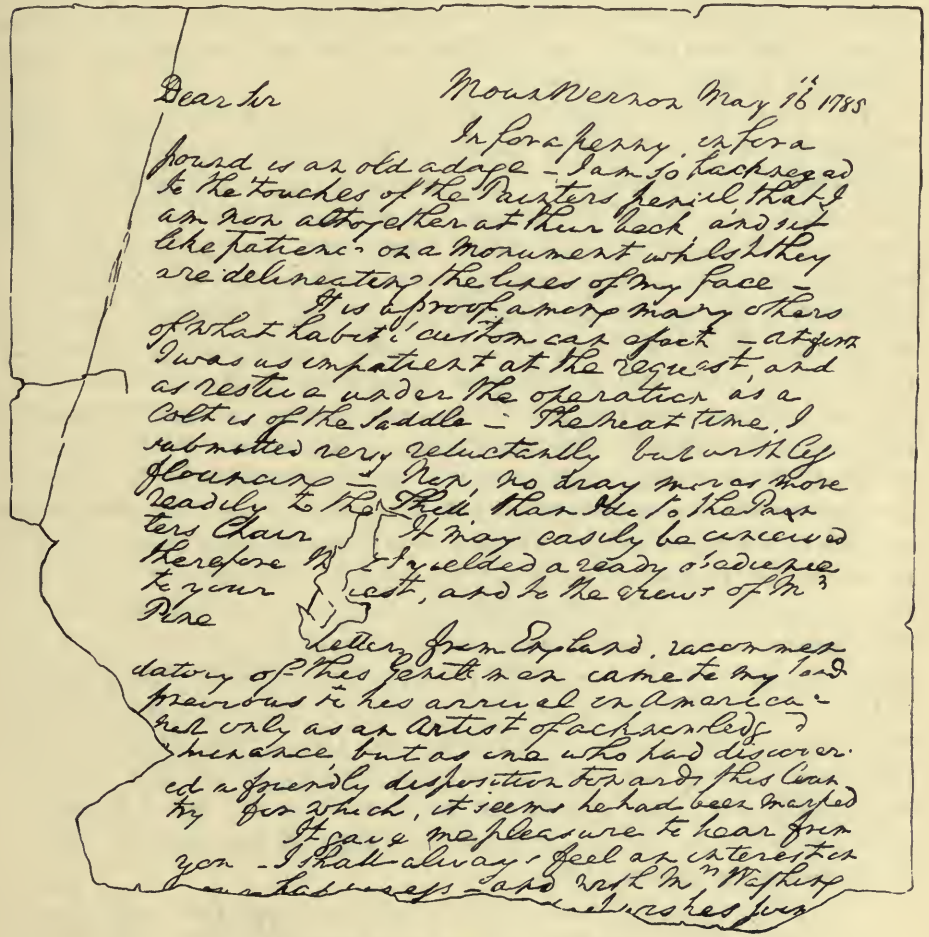
In for a penny, in for a pound is an old adage. I am so hackneyed to the touches of the Painters pencil, that I am now altogether at their beck and sit like patience on a monument while they are delineating the lines of my face.

It is a proof among many others of what habit and custom can effect. At first I was as impatient at the request, and as restive under the operation, as a colt is of the saddle. The next time I submitted very reluctantly, but with less flouncing. Now, no dray moves more readily to the Thill than I to the Painters Chair. It may easily be perceived, therefore, that I yielded a ready obedience to your request and to the views of Mr. Pine. Letters from England recommendatory of this gentleman, came to my hand previous to his arrival in America, not only as an Artist of acknowl-

edged eminence, but as one who had discovered a friendly disposition towards this country—for which, it seems, he had been marked.

It gave me pleasure to hear from you—I shall always feel an interest in your happiness—and with Mrs. Washing-

——— ——— ——— wishes join ———



FAC-SIMILE OF THE LETTER AS IT NOW EXISTS.

Any one familiar with Washington's chirography would at once recognize it as belonging to him, and while the letter does not contain matter of great importance, it is interesting as emanating from the pen of a man who played a conspicuous part in the history of our country, and because

it is written in one of his most characteristic veins. Great playfulness and vivacity of style are manifest throughout, and it is especially interesting to note the contrast between the work actually accomplished by our first President and the Presidents of a later period. Even to a public official oppressed with many duties and obligations, time was apparently forthcoming in which to dispatch innumerable letters to mere acquaintances on other than governmental topics, and they were always written by the President's own hand, such modern devices as typewriters being unheard-of in those early days.

The whole letter was published in *The Writings of Washington*, with a life, notes, and illustrations, by Jared Sparks, Vol. IX., and the parts which are missing in the original, as it now exists, are substituted by Sparks. It is addressed to Francis Hopkinson. A portion of the letter, the part beginning "It is a proof" and ending "Painters Chair," appears in Washington Irving's *Life of Washington*. A word will not be amiss in regard to the painting referred to by Washington. In the *Republican Court* it is stated that "Robert E. Pine, an English artist, a pupil of Reynolds, came to America in 1783, and in 1785 spent three weeks at Mount Vernon, and painted a picture which is one of the least pleasing of the well-studied portraits of Washington, the head being, as Rembrandt Peale said, 'too small and badly drawn.' The picture is now in Independence Hall, having been left to the city of Philadelphia by Benjamin Moran. Other accounts say that it is not now known, though it is supposed to have been in the possession of the Hopkinson family in Philadelphia. Pine painted at the same time a duplicate for himself, and this was bought in 1817 in Montreal by Henry Brevoort and now belongs to the estate of his son, the late James Carson Brevoort of Brooklyn. This is said to have been retouched from life in 1787." It is interesting to note the date of the letter, May 16, 1785. What does it not suggest! It was after the close of the Revolution and three years before the states of America became united into a nation. Washington was living quietly and contentedly in the home he was so deeply attached to, and, to use a favorite image of his own, was "gliding gently down the stream of life."

J. G. Tyler

ITHACA, NEW YORK.

THE UNITED STATES IN PARAGRAPHS

[*Continued from page* 471]

ALABAMA, *Concluded.*

1865, April 8. Selma captured by federals.

1865, April 9. Capture of Fort Blakely by federals.

April 11. Fort Tracy evacuated by confederates.

Fort Huger evacuated. Confederate earthwork, mouth of Tensaw river.

April 12. Mobile surrenders to Major-General E. R. S. Canby, U.S.A.

April 12. Montgomery captured by federals; the confederates, under Gen. Wirt Adams, retreat without a fight.

April 30. The different federal raiding columns leave Alabama to meet at Macon, Ga., leaving desolation and ruin behind them, also a general desire for peace at any price.

May 4. Major-General E. R. S. Canby receives the surrender of Lieutenant-General Richard Taylor, C.S.A., and Rear-Admiral Thacher, as Farragut's representative, receives the surrender of the confederate naval force in the Tombigbee river.

May 29. Amnesty proclamation of the President.

June 21. Louis E. Parsons appointed provisional governor by the President.

July 20. Proclamation of provisional governor restoring civil code, except as regards slavery.

September 10. State convention at Montgomery to restore civil organization. Robert Miller Patton of Lauderdale chosen governor till 1868. Lewis E. Parsons and George S. Houston chosen senators of United States.

1866. Right to testify in courts extended to the colored race. Population by state census: whites, 522,799; colored, 423,445; total, 946,244.

Destitution throughout the state. Federal government issued army rations to about 22,000 persons a month, two-thirds of them being whites. Nearly four million rations were issued during year.

1867, March 2. Congress passed first "reconstruction act." Meeting of union men at Montgomery, Huntsville, and elsewhere to endorse.

April 2. Major-general Wager Swayne, U. S. A., assumes command of military district of Alabama.

May 14. Reconstruction meeting in Mobile.

September 4. Conservative state convention at Montgomery.

October 1, 2, 3. Election under military authority to choose delegates to a state convention, with a view to civil reorganization.

November. Meeting of state constitutional convention at Montgomery. A new constitution and various ordinances adopted, designed to adjust affairs to the new conditions.

December 28. General Julius Hayden succeeds in command of Alabama, by order of the President.

1868, February 17. Meeting of new legislature at Montgomery.

June 20. Alabama readmitted to Union by a vote of both Houses of Congress.

July 9. Ratification of the fourteenth amendment to the Constitution of the United States, and of the resolutions abolishing slavery.

July 14. Reorganization of the state officially recognized by General Meade.

1869. Legislature meets November 15, and ratifies the fifteenth amendment to the United States Constitution.

Alaska

Formerly known as Russian America. Area, 580,107 square miles; latitude, 54° 40′–72° north; longitude, 130°–190° west. Nickname "Seward's Folly." Cause of discovery, a conviction in the mind of Peter the Great of Russia that land existed to the eastward of Siberia.

1706. Russian Cossacks under Colonel Atlass reach the shores of Bering sea, and hear from the natives of a "great land to the eastward."

1710. Orders issued to commanders of Russian outposts to investigate these rumors.

1711, January. A party of Cossacks sent by Matveï Strebykhin, commander of the Russian outpost at Anadirsk, obtains more definite information. Their report is dated September 2, 1711.

1712. Two unsuccessful attempts made to cross the Bering sea.

1714, May 23. A company of ship carpenters reach Okhotsk, and lay the keel of a sea-going vessel.

1715. According to Müller, a Kamchatkan is found, who gives a somewhat detailed account of "Tontoli," the supposed "Great Land," which he had personally visited in a *baidare*, or skin boat.

1716, June. The vessel begun at Okhotsk in 1714, is finished and sails, but only reaches Kamchatka.

1717, May. The expedition of 1716 returns to Okhotsk. From this time on, intercourse becomes frequent by sea between Okhotsk and Kamchatka.

1719. The Tsar sends two surveyors, Ivan Yeoreinof and Fedor Lushin, to explore the Kooril islands.

1721. Yeoreinof returns to Moscow and makes his report to the Tsar, with a map of the Kooril islands as far as explored.

1724, November 3. A mass of Cossacks set out across the frozen sea, with sledges, and reach a large island with abandoned huts. (His second attempt.)

1727, August 21. An expedition under Captain Vitus Bering, a Dane in the Russian service, sails from Okhotsk and passes through Bering straits, near the Asiatic coast.

1740, July 15. Land sighted in latitude 55° 21′.

July 16. Bering discovers land in latitude 58° 14′, near Mt. St. Elias, lands, and collects some specimens of native work.

July 17. Dementief, mate of the *St. Paul*, effects a landing with a boat's crew in latitude 57° 15′, but is never again heard of.

July 21. He sets sail on his return voyage.

July 23. Another boat's crew lands, but never comes back.

September 8. After vexatious delays a fleet of four vessels sails from Okhotsk with Bering in command. Two of them were soon disabled. The others, *St. Peter* and *St. Paul*, respectively under command of Bering and Alexei Ilich Chirikof, accidentally separated June 16, Chirikof steering eastward.

1743–1749. Emilian Bassof, a sergeant in the Russian service, inaugurates fur hunting along the Alaskan coast, but makes no discoveries of importance on land.

1745, September 24. Firearms used in Alaska for the first time, by a boat's crew led by one Nevodchik. An attack of natives is repulsed.

1748, February. First imperial ukase issued, granting a charter to an organized company to hunt seals.

1750–1760. Many monopolies granted to hunt furs in different islands, the native being compelled to pay tribute.

1760, September 27. First expedition under special imperial ukase, Andreï Tolstykh, commander.

1762–1765. Voyage of Stephen Glottof. He discovers Kadiak, and after fighting the natives, trades with them.

1764–1779. Explorations resumed under imperial orders, by government officers, but no progress toward permanent colonization results.

1773–1779. Spain and England send vessels to dispute the right of discovery with Russia.

1775. A Spanish expedition under Lieutenant Juan Francesco de Bodegay Cuadra, sails from San Blas March 16. *Santiago* flagship, *Sonora* tender. The last named vessel, alone, makes Alaskan discoveries as far north as 56° 30′, claiming the land for Spain.

1778, September and October. Captain Cook's visit to the Alaskan islands. The American traveler John Ledyard was on one of the ships as a corporal of marines, and rendered valuable service.

1783, August 16. Gregor Ivanovich Shelikof sails from Okhotsk with 192 men, and attempts permanent settlement at Kadiak.

1785, August. La Pérouse sails from Brest, France, with two frigates, *Astrolabe* and *Boussole*, to explore on behalf of France.

August 8. The empress appoints Captain Joseph Billings, an Englishman who had voyaged with Cook, to command a completely equipped "Secret Astronomical and Geographical Expedition, for navigating the Frozen Sea." Shipbuilding at Okhotsk and other preparations occupied five years.

1786. Discovery by Gerassim Prybylof, a naval officer, of the islands that now bear his name—the breeding place of the fur seals.

June 23. La Pérouse sights Mt. St. Elias.

August 2. Port des Français discovered. Native name, Ltua.

1787–1788. Russia, Portugal, England, Spain, and France claim different points along the coast.

1788. Confirmation by imperial ukase of the Shelikof company, practically granting it a monopoly for fur hunting.

1790, May 1. Billings sets sail, visits the Russian settlements, and collects valuable information.

August 18. Shelikof takes Alexander Andreivich Baranof into partnership, a man destined to exert great influence in the development of the country.

1791. After wintering, Billings with additional men and ships sails on his second expedition July 8, and winters in Iliulink bay. Almost the sole benefit arising from these two voyages was the exposure of the abuses practiced by traders upon the native.

Baranof lays the keel of the first ship built in Alaska.

1793. George Vancouver with the *Discovery* flagship, and *Chatham* tender, discovers "Duke of York island."

Ukase by the empress of Russia, making Alaska a penal colony, and authorizing missions.

1794. Vancouver, after wintering at Hawaii, claims the land as far north as Cape Spencer for the English crown.

May. Arrival of Shelikof with two overseers, eleven monks, and 190 convicts. Joseph, an Augustine friar, installed as superintendent.

August. Baranof's ship is launched, and named the *Phœnix*. She was built of spruce, and measured 79 feet over all, with 23 feet beam, 13½ feet draft, and 100 tons capacity. An Englishman, Shields by name, superintended the building, and finally sailed her to Okhotsk, where she was welcomed with salutes of artillery and the celebration of highmass.

1795. Reported conversion of 1,200 natives.

1796. Father Joseph made bishop by imperial decree. Russo-Greek church built at Kadiak. Murder of Father Juvenal by natives.

Threatened extermination of the seals by reckless hunters.

1798–1801. Frequent massacres by natives, invariably provoked by aggressions on the part of settlers.

1799. Arrival of American ship *Caroline*, Captain Cleveland, from Boston.

Bishop Joseph with his clergy lost at sea while on his way to the new diocese.

May 29. Sitka, the capital of Alaska, founded by Baranof.

August 11. The Russian American Company chartered by ukase of Paul the First, granting a fur hunting monopoly to all parts of the territory claimed by Russia. Baranof remains manager.

1800, April 24. Arrival of the American ship *Enterprise* from New York, John Jacob Astor, owner. She was followed by others who soon absorbed the trade.

1802, about June 24. Sitka destroyed and most of the Europeans killed by the Kolosh natives.

1804, October 1. Baranof and Lieutenant Lisiansky attack the fort at Sitka, and are repulsed, but bombard and recapture it on October 2.

Chas. Ledyard Norton.

(To be continued)

MINOR TOPICS

PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S PORTRAIT

The face of President Lincoln told the story of his life—a life of sorrow and struggle, of deep-seated sadness, of ceaseless endeavor. It would have taken no Lavater to interpret the rugged energy stamped on that uncomely plebeian countenance, with its great crag-like brows and bones, or to read there the deep melancholy that overshadowed every feature of it. Even as President of the United States, at a period when the nation's peril invested the holder of the office with almost despotic power, there seems to have been in Lincoln's nature a modesty and lack of desire to rule which nothing could lessen or efface. Wielding the power of king, he retained the modesty of a commoner.

Those who follow his life must be impressed with the serenity of Lincoln's temper in moments of the darkest adversity as in the hours of his greatest triumphs. I was struck with the remark of a great captain when, in returning some compliment about America, I referred to the feats of the armies under his command. "I accept your praise of our victories," he rejoined, "but what our armies would have been in defeat I cannot say." Lincoln's character was weighed in both balances, and it was not found wanting. He was melancholy without being morbid, a characteristic of men of genuine humor. It was his sense of humor that enabled him to seek relief in the most trying situations by recalling some parallel incident of a humorous character.

General Sherman, who, like Cæsar, in this as in other respects, enjoyed a joke even at his own expense, relates a story that illustrates this peculiarity. Soon after the battle of Shiloh the President promoted two officers to major-generalships, and it created much dissatisfaction. Among others who criticised the President was General Sherman himself, who telegraphed to Washington that if such ill-advised promotions continued, the best chance for officers would be to be transferred from the front to the rear. This telegram was shown to the President, who immediately replied by telegraph to the general that, in the matter of appointments, he was necessarily guided by officers whose opinions and knowledge he valued and respected. "The two appointments," he added, "referred to in your dispatch to a gentleman in Washington, were made at the suggestion of two men whose advice and character I prize most highly: I refer to Generals Grant and Sherman."

The oddity of Lincoln's reply is characteristic. General Sherman had forgotten the fact, in the flush of victory, that General Grant and himself had both recommended these particular promotions. Lincoln subsequently sent to General Sherman the right to promote, at his own choice, eight colonels under his command.—Rice's *Reminiscences of Abraham Lincoln.*

THE VILLAGE OF DEERFIELD, 1704

In his recently published work on *France and England in North America*, the eminent historian, Francis Parkman, furnishes a graphic description of the attack upon Deerfield, Massachusetts, by the French and Indians on the 28th of February, 1704. He says :

"Deerfield stood on a plateau above the river meadows, and the houses—forty-one in all—were chiefly along the road towards the villages of Hadley and Hatfield, a few miles distant. In the middle of the place, on a rising ground called Meeting-house Hill, was a small square meeting-house. This, with about fifteen private houses, besides barns and sheds, was enclosed by a fence of palisades eight feet high, flanked by 'mounts,' or block-houses, at two or more of the corners. The four sides of this palisaded enclosure, which was called the fort, measured in all no less than two hundred and two rods, and within it lived some of the principal inhabitants of the village, of which it formed the centre or citadel. Chief among its inmates was John Williams, the minister, a man of character and education, who, after graduating at Harvard, had come to Deerfield when it was still suffering under the ruinous effects of King Philip's war, and entered on his ministry with a salary of sixty pounds in depreciated New England currency, payable not in money, but in wheat, Indian corn, and pork. His parishioners built him a house, he married, and had now eight children, one of whom was absent with friends at Hadley. His next neighbor was Benoni Stebbins, sergeant in the county militia, who lived a few rods from the meeting-house. About fifty yards distant, and near the northwest angle of the enclosure, stood the house of Ensign John Sheldon, a framed building, one of the largest in the village, and, like that of Stebbins, made bullet-proof by a layer of bricks between the outer and inner sheathing, while its small windows and its projecting upper story also helped to make it defensible.

The space enclosed by the palisade, though much too large for effective defense, served in time of alarm as an asylum for the inhabitants outside, whose houses were scattered, some on the north, towards the hidden enemy, and some on the south, towards Hadley and Hatfield. Among those on the south side was that of the militia captain, Jonathan Wells, which had a palisade of its own, and, like the so-called fort, served as an asylum for the neighbors.

On the night when Rouville and his band lay hidden among the pines, there were in all the settlement a little less than three hundred souls, of whom two hundred and sixty-eight were inhabitants, twenty were yeomen soldiers of the garrison, two were visitors from Hatfield, and three were negro slaves. They were of all ages—from the widow Allison, in her eighty-fifth year, to the infant son of Deacon French, aged four weeks.

Heavy snows had lately fallen and buried the clearings, the meadow, and the frozen river to the depth of full three feet. . . . Deerfield kept early hours, and

it is likely that by nine o'clock all were in their beds. There was a patrol inside the palisade, but they grew careless as the frosty night went on ; and it is said that towards morning they, like the villagers, betook themselves to their beds. Rouville and his men, savage with hunger, lay shivering under the pines until about two hours before dawn ; then leaving their packs and their snow-shoes behind, they moved cautiously towards their prey. There was a crust on the snow strong enough to bear their weight, though not to prevent a rustling noise as it crunched under the feet of so many men. It is said that from time to time Rouville commanded a halt in order that the sentinels, if such there were, might mistake the distant sound for rising and falling gusts of wind.

In any case, no alarm was given until they had mounted the palisade and dropped silently into the unconscious village. Then with one accord they screeched the war-whoop and assailed the doors of the houses with axes and hatchets. The hideous din started the minister, Williams, from his sleep. Half wakened, he sprang out of bed, and saw dimly a crowd of savages bursting through the shattered door. He shouted to two soldiers who were lodged in the house ; and then, with more valor than discretion, snatched a pistol that hung at the head of the bed, cocked it, and snapped it at the breast of the foremost Indian, who proved to be a Caughnawaga chief. It missed fire, or Williams would no doubt have been killed on the spot. Amid the screams of his terrified children, three of the party seized him and bound him fast, for they came well provided with cords, since prisoners had a market value. Nevertheless, in the first fury of their attack they dragged to the door and murdered two of the children and a negro woman called Parthena, who was probably their nurse. In an upper room lodged a young man named Stoddard, who had time to snatch a cloak, throw himself out of the window, climb the palisades, and escape in the darkness. Half naked as he was, he made his way over the snow to Hatfield, binding his bare feet with strips torn from the cloak.

They kept Williams shivering in his shirt for an hour, while a frightful uproar of yells, shrieks, and gunshots sounded from without. At length they permitted him, his wife and five remaining children to dress themselves. Meanwhile the Indians and their allies burst into most of the houses, killed such of the men as resisted, butchered some of the women and children, and seized and bound the rest. Some of the villagers escaped in the confusion, like Stoddard, and either fled half-dead with cold towards Hatfield, or sought refuge in the fortified house of Jonathan Wells.

The house of Stebbins, the minister's next neighbor, had not been attacked as soon as the rest, and the inmates had a little time for preparation. They consisted of Stebbins himself, with his wife and five children ; David Hoyt, Joseph Catlin, Benjamin Church, a namesake of the old fighter of Philip's war, and three other men—probably refugees who had brought their wives and families within the enclosure for safety. Thus the house contained seven men, four or five women, and a considerable number of children. Though the walls were bullet-

proof, it was not built for defense. The men, however, were well supplied with guns, powder, and lead, and they seem to have found some means of barricading the windows. When the enemy tried to break in they drove them back with loss. On this the French and Indians gathered in great numbers before the house, showered bullets upon it, and tried to set it on fire. They were again repulsed with the loss of several killed and wounded. Still the firing continued. The women in the house behaved with great courage, and molded bullets which the men shot at the enemy. Stebbins was killed, and Church was wounded, as was also the wife of David Hoyt. At length most of the French and Indians, disgusted with the obstinacy of the defence, turned their attention to other quarters.

The Indians had some difficulty in mastering the house of Ensign John Sheldon, for the door being of thick oak plank, studded with nails of wrought-iron and well barred, they could not break it open. After a time, however, they hacked a hole in it, through which they fired and killed Mrs. Sheldon, as she sat on the edge of a bed in a lower room. Her husband, a man of great resolution, seems to have been absent. Their son John, with Hannah his wife, jumped from an upper chamber window. The young woman sprained her ankle in the fall and lay helpless, but begged her husband to run to Hatfield for aid, which he did, while she remained a prisoner. The Indians soon got in at the back door, seized Mercy Sheldon, a little girl of two years, and dashed out her brains on the door-stone. Her two brothers and her sister Mary, a girl of sixteen, were captured. The house was a short time used as a depot for prisoners, and here also was brought the French officer wounded in the attack on the Stebbins house.

The sun was scarcely an hour high when the miserable drove of captives were conducted across the river to the foot of a mountain or high hill. Williams and his family were soon compelled to follow, and his house was set on fire. As they led him off he saw that other houses within the palisade were burning, and that all were in the power of the enemy except that of his neighbor Stebbins, where the gallant defenders still kept their assailants at bay. . . . Early in the attack, and while it was yet dark, the light of burning houses reflected from the fields of snow had been seen at Hatfield, Hadley, and Northampton. The alarm was sounded, and parties of men, mounted on farm-horses, hastened to the rescue. When the sun was about two hours high, between thirty and forty of them were gathered at the fortified house of Jonathan Wells, at the southern end of the village. The houses of this neighborhood were still standing, and seem not to have been attacked, the stubborn defence of the Stebbins house having apparently prevented the enemy from pushing much beyond the palisaded enclosure. The house of Wells was full of refugee families. A few Deerfield men here joined the horsemen from the lower towns, as also did four or five of the yeomen soldiers who had escaped the fate of most of their comrades. The horsemen left their horses within Wells's fence ; he himself took the lead, and the whole party rushed in together at the southern gate of the palisaded enclosure, drove out the plunderers, and retook

the plunder. Wells and his men drove the flying enemy more than a mile across the river meadows. . . .

The number of English carried off prisoners was one hundred and eleven. The house of Sheldon was hastily set on fire by the French and Indians when their rear was driven out of the village by Wells and his men; but the fire was extinguished, and "the old Indian house," as it was called, stood till the year 1849. Its door, deeply scarred with hatchets, and with a hole cut in the middle, is still preserved in the Memorial Hall at Deerfield. . . .

We have seen that the minister with his wife and family were led from their burning house across the river to the foot of the mountain, where the crowd of terrified and disconsolate captives—friends, neighbors, and relatives—were already gathered. Here they presently saw the fight in the meadow, and were told that if their countrymen attempted a rescue, they should all be put to death. . . . The prisoners were the property of those who had taken them. Williams had two masters; his principal owner was a surly fellow who would not let him speak to the other prisoners; but as he was presently chosen to guard the rear, the minister was left in the hands of the other master, who allowed him to walk beside his wife and help her on her way. . . . Their intercourse was short. The Indian who had gone to the rear of the train soon returned, separated them, and ordered Williams to the front. . . . They soon came to Green River, a stream then about knee-deep, and so swift that the water had not frozen. After wading it with difficulty, they climbed a snow-covered hill beyond. The minister, with strength almost spent, was permitted to rest a few moments at the top; and as the other prisoners passed by in turn, he questioned each for news of his wife. He was not left long in suspense. She had fallen from weakness in fording the stream, but gained her feet again, and drenched in the icy current, struggled to the further bank, when the savage who owned her, finding that she could not climb the hill, killed her with one stroke of the hatchet."

ASSOCIATION OF AMERICAN AUTHORS

A number of well-known authors met at the Berkley Lyceum in New York on the 18th of May, to form an association of American authors. Colonel Thomas W. Higginson presided. The objects of the association, as stated in the constitution, are to promote a professional spirit among authors; to establish better business methods between authors and publishers; to endeavor to settle disputes between authors and publishers by arbitration or by an appeal to the courts; to maintain, define, and defend literary property; and, in general, to advance the interests of American authors and literature.

The officers elected at the meeting were: president, Colonel Thomas W. Higginson; vice-presidents, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, Moncure D. Conway, and Maurice Thompson; treasurer, General James Grant Wilson; secretary, Charles Burr Todd.

The constitution creates a board of managers, with powers strictly defined, to control the affairs of the society in the interval between the meetings. Those elected on Wednesday were Charles Dudley Warner, Professor Moses Coit Tyler, William Dean Howells, Louise Chandler Moulton, Dr. Titus Munson Coan, William Henry Smith, Horace White, Cynthia Eloise Cleveland, William C. Hudson, and George W. Cable. The association numbers some ninety members as incorporators, among them many of the best and strongest men and women in contemporary American letters.

Among those not mentioned above are Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, Thomas Bailey Aldrich, Edward F. de Lancy, Julian Hawthorne, Hon. John Bigelow, Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, John Albee, Edward Bellamy, James T. Bixby, Marshall H. Bright, A. J. Conant, Berthold Fernow, James Lane Allen, Henry T. Finck, Robert Grant, Mrs. Celia Thaxter, George W. Cable, Benjamin Hathaway, William F. Hornaday, George Parsons Lathrop, Eugene Lawrence, Mary C. Lockwood, Nora Perry, Hezekiah Butterworth, General T. F. Rodenbaugh, of the United States army; Rev. M. J. Savage, Professor N. S. Shaler, Dr. Henry R. Stiles, Mary E. Wilkins, Rev. Joseph Cook, Edward W. Bok, Rev. Edward Everett Hale, James Jeffrey Roche, William J. Rolfe, Ada J. Todd, Colonel A. K. McClure, Dr. N. P. Gilman, General H. V. Boynton, Professor Henry Coppee, President D. C. Gilman, of Johns Hopkins University; Professor Eben V. Horsford, Mrs. Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward, Brooks Adams, and Thomas W. Knox. The constitution provides that all persons engaged in recognized literary pursuits may become members. The initiation fee and first year's dues are five dollars; yearly dues, three dollars. Persons may become life members on payment of fifty dollars, and any individual giving five hundred dollars or over is to be enrolled as a patron of the society. Persons not authors who have performed some signal service to literature may be elected honorary members. All surplus money in the treasury, whether accruing from bequests, gifts, initiation fees, or dues, is to be invested and held as a fund, the interest of which is to be expended in aiding sick, aged, or infirm members when necessary, and in paying funeral expenses of deceased indigent members.

The leaders in the movement consider that the establishment of the pension fund, and the plan to secure just returns of sales from publishers, are the most important objects of the new association. A second meeting was held at the Lyceum on June 3d, at which the organization was perfected and a number of candidates were proposed for membership. At this meeting Senator Orville H. Platt and ex-Representative William E. Simonds, of Connecticut, were elected honorary members for "signal service to literature" in securing the passage through Congress of the international copyright act.

NOTES

SOME HISTORICAL PAPERS—The first territorial governor of Kansas was Governor Reeder, and General John A. Halderman was his private secretary. When Governor Reeder fled from the territory he assigned to General Halderman all his private property, which included many legal documents and papers to which afterward attached more or less historical value. In making researches into this somewhat musty and age-begrimed collection a short time since, General Halderman collected many of these old papers, and sent them to the Kansas Historical Society, of which he is a life member.

In the collection thus donated were autograph letters from General John W. Whitfield, the first delegate in congress from the Kansas territory, and who was afterward killed while making a gallant fight in the confederate army; from General Powell Clayton, once city engineer of Leavenworth and later governor of Arkansas; from General Nathaniel Lyon, who was killed in a battle at Springfield, Missouri, during the late war, and on whose staff General Halderman served; also interesting letters from Dr. William A. Hammond, surgeon-general of the army of the United States, who now lives quietly at Washington, D. C. There were also certificates of stock held by Governor Reeder in the town of Pawnee; an original deed of the town association of Leavenworth to Governor Reeder for a number of lots; with divers other papers and receipts executed before the days of statehood for Kansas.

THE MICHIGAN CIRCUIT RIDER — There are some amusing anecdotes told by Rev. R. C. Crawford in his "Reminiscences of the Pioneer Ministers of Michigan," published in the seventeenth volume of the *Michigan Historical Collections*, one of which, concerning an early circuit rider, is as follows: "Mr. Gilruth was a man of fine physical proportions, and possessed great strength, a fact known only to a few of his intimate friends. He was called to testify in a suit where the defendant was charged with having knocked the complainant off his feet, doing him bodily harm. On cross examination by defendant's counsel, he was subjected to some annoyance. The question was finally asked: 'Mr. Gilruth, in your direct examination you said you saw my client, the defendant in this suit, knock the complainant down. Will you please tell me how he knocked him down?' Mr. Gilruth replied, 'He struck him a hard blow with his fist, and he fell to the ground.' 'But,' said the lawyer, 'I insist that you must tell *how* he did it.' Mr. Gilruth turning to the Court, inquired if he must tell the counsel how it was done, and on being assured he must do so, crooked his elbow, and, in straightening it, suddenly brought his fist in contact with the lawyer's cranium, stretching him at full length on the floor, saying, 'That is just the way he did it, as near as I can recollect.'"

THE SORROWS OF A DISCOVERER—According to an American humorist, "it

would have been money in Christopher Columbus's pocket never to have discovered America." The same failure would also have been much for the benefit of his reputation, if, unlike the client of a Scotch lawyer, he was fortunate enough to possess any reputation at all. The unlucky Columbus is about to have a fourth centenary, and he might just as wisely have started as a candidate for the presidency. There is nothing to his discredit that is not said about a person now so prominent. Some may explain this by the theory that the Americans cannot forgive Christopher for not having been an American. Mr. Justin Windsor [*sic*] has written a book about Columbus, and another author, in one of the magazines, writes an essay about his "mystery." He is charged with the most disagreeable offences. Where did he come from; had he respectable relations? Nobody seems to know, and this in itself is suspicious. There were pirates called Columbo [*sic*], and why may he not have been connected with those bold bad men? * * * * If there are any more continents, or even natural forces, to be discovered, people will be shy about seeking for them. The reward is only labor, disappointment, ill-treatment, poverty, chains, and finally, after four hundred years, a flood of critical obloquy. Indeed, it does not pay to discover new worlds, it only tempts critics to discover disagreeable things about the discoverer. Once let it be granted that America was discovered by an American, and it may be trusted that American historians will cease to rake up so many disagreeable charges about the hero who "could not tell a lie," and who may gradually get mixed up with Washington and General Jackson in the popular memory. This seems the best chance for Columbus. Otherwise his reputation is of the most dubious and least enviable.— *Andrew Lang, in London Daily News.*

GEORGE R. GRAHAM, whose name was once known wherever books were read in America, and whose intimate relations with American literature seemed "too intense t' unloose," has quite outlived the memories of his countrymen. Few are aware that the generous and able publisher who gave employment to young James Russell Lowell, who awarded the prize for the "Gold Bug" to Edgar Allan Poe, and who was almost the first to pay American authors for their work, is still living in Orange, New Jersey. He has outlived health and fortune as well as fame. And now, rich only in memory, and the precious store of reminiscences of nearly fourscore years, he lies in the Memorial Hospital at Orange contentedly awaiting the end, neither anxious to go nor eager to remain. His few personal wants and the necessary comforts of his age are fully provided by Mr. George W. Childs, whose liberal hand, prompted by his generous heart, never wearies in doing deeds of generosity.—*Philadelphia Magazines in the Nineteenth Century and their Contributors.* By ABERT H. SMYTH.

DR. LYMAN ABBOTT—Dr. Lyman Abbott has won such favor in Boston by reason of his series of lectures on the

evolution of Christianity, that a New York correspondent of *The Transcript* is impelled to mention this bit of testimony regarding his efficiency at home, derived from an old member of his church: "When Mr. Beecher died many of us believed that Plymouth Church, liable at best to weakness, as Brooklyn grows steadily away and leaves it further and further downtown, and identified as it has been with a single man, would decline both in numbers and working force. But Dr. Abbott has proved himself the very man for the place. As Mr. Beecher had the qualities that made him a great preacher in the days of the anti-slavery agitation and of the civil war, so Dr. Abbott has the qualities that make him the efficient head of our church in a liberalizing and organizing time. His sermons help our daily lives and clarify our own feeble theological speculations, and he has a masterly faculty for encouraging our laymen and societies to do their very best work. And as for numbers, the church, big as it is, has been crowded many a Sunday this winter, and at the beginning of May fifty new members were added."—*New York Tribune.*

QUERIES

THE TUB OF DIOGENES—*Editor Magazine of American History:* Will you, or some of your readers, explain through the magazine what sort of a tub the famous Greek philosopher, Diogenes, lived in, or is the story a myth?

M. K. SINCLAIR

PITTSFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS.

ORIGIN OF THE NAME CUBA—What is the origin of the name Cuba? It is said that Columbus first called it Juana, in honor of Prince John, son of Ferdinand and Isabella.

MILTON WARE

CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA.

REPLIES

GREAT WALL IN CHINA [xxvii, 476]—The query by Webster McCauley can be answered in a few words. The Chinese emperor, Chi-hoang-ti, who reigned about two centuries before Christ, wished to stop the incursions of the Tartars into his dominions, and built the great wall, fifteen hundred miles long, on the northern frontier. The building of the wall occupied ten years and it was utterly useless when completed. The building of the Erie canal occupied a period of eight and one-third years, and has proved the source of great wealth.

P. C. WILBERFORCE

ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI.

SOCIETIES

NEW YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY—The stated meeting for June was held on Tuesday evening, the 7th instant. Hon. John A. King presided. The society accepted an invitation from the Sons of the Revolution to attend the one hundred and sixteenth celebration of the adoption of the Declaration of Independence by the provincial congress of New York, at White Plains, July 9, 1776. A medallion in marble by Verhagen of the late Fordyce Barker, M.D., was presented by his son Fordyce D. Barker.

The president, on behalf of the Executive Committee, presented the following resolutions on the death of George Henry Moore, LL.D.:

Resolved, That in the death of George H. Moore, Doctor of Laws, the society laments one who for half a century had been a cherished and faithful member and officer. Upon the executive committee for forty-three years he had most prominently and ably assisted in the administration of its affairs. Chosen assistant librarian in 1841, he was in 1849 advanced to be librarian. After twenty-seven years of eminent work he, in 1876, asked to be relieved, having been called elsewhere to duties of peculiar and high responsibility. The society, reluctantly acquiescing in his request, elected him to be the foreign corresponding secretary. As a member of the committees on library and publications his services were very valuable.

Resolved, That the society recognizes its own great loss and that of the community generally in this sudden and unexpected withdrawal from our midst of one who was a patient investigator of history, an untiring student, a lover of art and literature, possessing great and critical knowledge of books and their contents, of one who was a ripe scholar, and a careful and learned author.

Resolved, That the society, in remembrance of Dr. Moore's long continued and arduous labors in its behalf, during its years of difficulties equally with those of prosperity, and in heartfelt appreciation of his scrupulous fidelity in the discharge of the many honorable trusts which, during a busy and most useful life, had been confided to him, desires to enter upon its records this minute of their deep sorrow and regret.

Resolved, That the society sincerely sympathizes with the family of our departed friend in their great bereavement, and orders a copy of these resolutions to be duly communicated to them.

The librarian, Mr. Charles Isham, read the paper of the evening on "The Diplomacy of France in Relation to her Treaty of 1778 with the United States of America." The society then adjourned, to meet on the first Tuesday of October next.

THE TRINITY COLLEGE HISTORICAL SOCIETY, North Carolina, at its regular meeting in May, listened to papers presented by Mr. E. T. Bynum on "The Culpeper Rebellion," and by Mr. S. J. Durham on "The Fundamental Constitutions of John Locke." Mr. Bynum analyzed the causes of the rebellion which broke out in Albemarle in De-

cember, 1677, due in part to the attempt to enforce the fundamental constitutions, and the general dissatisfaction which this attempt produced ; to the bad administration of the local officers, and also to the attempted enforcement of the navigation acts; from this reason it may be called a prototype of the American Revolution. Mr. Bynum criticised the view of this struggle given by Dr. Hawks and other historians of the state, and showed that many of these errors and misconceptions came from the account of George Chalmers, who warped, perverted, and garbled his materials.

Mr. Durham sketched the early constitutional life of the colony of Albemarle as it is to be gathered from the charters of 1629, 1663, and 1665. He showed that under these charters there was not the constitutional freedom which is usually claimed. He examined also the effects of the constitutions on the life of the colony.

The society is intended to do the work of a practice course in connection with the work of the historical department of the college.

MARYLAND HISTORICAL SOCIETY—At its meeting, May 9th, were exhibited the two bronze plates which are to be placed upon the sides of the Guilford battlefield monument to the Revolutionary soldiers of the Maryland line. One plate bears the coat-of-arms of Maryland in relief; the other contains the inscription: "Maryland's tribute to her heroic dead. Erected by members of the Maryland Historical Society, in memory of the soldiers of the Maryland line, 1781–1892. *Non omnis moriar.*" Professor Edward Graham Daves, chairman of committee, reported that the monument to be erected on Guilford battleground, North Carolina, in honor of Maryland's revolutionary heroes, would be completed next month ; but, in consequence of the heat at that time of the year, the committee thought that it would be preferable to postpone the dedication till about October.

ROCHESTER HISTORICAL SOCIETY—The May meeting was held at the chamber of commerce and was largely attended. President Fitch made an interesting address, full of suggestions as to lines of future work. The treasurer made a plea for a future fund, and a committee was appointed to devise means for securing the same. The paper of the evening was by Howard L. Osgood, "The Struggle for Monroe County," giving a history of the agitation which, in 1821, resulted in the county of Monroe.

BOOK NOTICES

A HALF CENTURY OF CONFLICT. By FRANCIS PARKMAN. In two volumes. 12mo, pp. 333 and 395. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1892.

These new volumes of Mr. Parkman render the series entitled "France and England in North America" a continuous narrative of the efforts of France to occupy and control the American continent. The period extends from 1694 to 1750, which forms the theme of this work, and it consists of a series of vivid pictures, showing the course of the conflict between the English and the French in various parts of the contested territory and frontiers during the half-century illustrated, from the war of the Spanish succession to the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle. The age was one in which nearly all the advantages seemed to lie with the French. The English colonies were unfitted to cope with an adversary who had a clear purpose, united power, harmony of action, and a powerful ecclesiastical alliance on his side. The eminent historian tells us that the mission of France in America was an attempt of feudalism, monarchy, and Rome to master a continent. Yet what the French soldiers and priests conquered proved to be a gain for civilization and not for France. This ambitious and long sustained effort, backed by a warlike population, was a disappointment to its projectors. Mr. Parkman says: "The French dominion is a memory of the past; and when we evoke its departed shades, they arise upon us from their graves in strange, romantic guise. Again their ghostly camp-fires seem to burn, and the fitful light is cast around on lord and vassal and black-robed priest, mingled with wild forms of savage warriors knit in close fellowship on the same stern errand. A boundless vision grows upon us; an untamed continent; vast wastes of forest verdure; mountains silent in primeval sleep; river, lake, and glimmering pool; wilderness oceans mingling with the sky—such was the domain which France conquered for civilization."

Mr. Parkman fortifies himself with original documents, and harnesses himself to indisputable facts; and with his mind filled with the truth of history, he tells the story in a style peculiarly his own—masterly, graceful, picturesque, without any over-abundance of words, brilliant and fascinating. His readers are legion, and every one who reads is instructed. He introduces just enough of anecdote and descriptive episode to invest with life the scenes he attempts to portray, with condensed portraiture of leading characters in those days of many perils and robust adventure. The manuscript material collected for the preparation of the series now complete forms about seventy volumes, most of them in folios. This collection was begun forty-five years ago, and is now in the library of the Massachusetts Historical Society.

FREELAND: A Social Anticipation. By Dr. THEODOR HERTZKA. Translated by ARTHUR RANSOM. 12mo, pp. 443. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1891. $1.

With Mr. Bellamy's remarkable study of social problems in mind, it is interesting to read an essay somewhat on the same lines, emanating from the modern German school. The original title, *Freiland; ein Sociales Zukunftsbild*, is well translated in the English title. The author, Dr. Hertzka, is a Viennese, a profound student of modern economical problems, and fully alive to the necessity of presenting his solutions thereof in a picturesque form. To this end he creates a well-organized party of colonists, provided with ample funds, and leads them into the interior of Africa, where all go to work with admirable unanimity and singleness of purpose to found a virgin empire in the heart of the "dark continent." Three editions were called for as rapidly as they could be prepared for publication, and an abridged form, published under the author's supervision, had an equally enthusiastic welcome. As was the case with *Looking Backward*, the general reading of the book was followed by the organization of *bona fide* Friedland societies all over Germany and Austria, and these were presently united under a central union. A large tract of land in British East Africa was actually secured last year in a provisional way, and it is hoped that the plan may be proved by the only practical test. To the average reader its success may seem somewhat problematical, in view of the unquestionable fact that it is the unexpected that always happens. Dr. Hertzka's theories in regard to currency, labor, and even the tender passion itself, have been elaborated after the exhaustive German method, and if they fail of realization it will be human nature, not the German school of philosophy, that is at fault.

THE STORY OF THE DISCOVERY OF THE NEW WORLD BY COLUMBUS. By FREDERICK SAUNDERS. 12mo, pp. 145. New York: Thomas Whittaker. 1892.

This handsome little volume is an outline sketch of the great discoverer, intended for the use of busy people who desire the general facts without arguments or details. It briefly sketches anti-Columbian explorers, gives the early life of Columbus, his several voyages, the

close of his career, and estimates of his character. Mr. Saunders says: "Las Casas had a much more intimate knowledge of Columbus than any modern historian can ever hope to acquire, and he always speaks of him with warm admiration and respect. But how would Las Casas ever have respected the feeble, mean-spirited driveller whose portrait Mr. Winsor asks us to accept as that of the discoverer of America?" The author further says: "Until Columbus had solved the mystery of the dark sea, nothing of great importance had been discovered in nautical affairs that resulted in any practical value to the world." The book is pleasantly written, and contains a number of fine illustrations, among them a portrait of Columbus, Columbus at the convent gate, his vessels on their course, his first sight of land, his landing at San Salvador, and his monument at Genoa.

POLITICAL AND JUDICIAL DIVISIONS OF THE COMMONWEALTH OF GEORGIA. By CHARLES EDGEWORTH JONES. 8vo, pp. 37. Pamphlet. Atlanta, Ga.: Franklin Publishing House. 1892.

This small publication represents a vast amount of careful research, and seems to be remarkably free from errors. The earliest division of the province of Georgia was in April, 1741, into two counties—Savannah and Frederica. Georgia at present consists of one hundred and thirty-seven counties, and these are all given in alphabetical order, with the date of the establishment of each, and much other useful information. The congressional districts, the state senatorial districts, and the judicial circuits, are treated in a similar manner. It is a handbook of knowledge that will be highly prized.

OLD WINE: NEW BOTTLES. Some Elementary Doctrines in Modern Form. By AMORY H. BRADFORD, D.D. New York: Fords, Howard & Hulbert. 1892.

The learned author of this little work does not insist on the old bottles of formulation which are being rent by the new spirit of inquiry, but rather prefers to conserve what he thinks to be the beliefs necessary to Christian thought and life as found in the Scriptures, by putting them into the forms compelled by modern thought and the experience of mankind. The four discourses of which the volume consists, "The Living God," "The Holy Trinity," "What is Left of the Bible," "The Immortal Life," were delivered during Lent and on Easter Sunday, 1892, the topics selected as being essential —or, as Dr. Bradford phrases it, elemental— in Christianity. These sermons are distinguished for good sense, sound morality, and lofty spiritual teachings, presented in vigorous and attractive style.

THE COLONIAL ERA. [The American History Series.] By GEORGE PARKER FISHER, D.D., LL.D. With maps. 12mo, pp. 348. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1892.

This work is the first of a series of four, designed to furnish in a brief form a connected history of the United States from the discovery of the continent to the present time. These volumes are to be distinct in authorship, and each complete in itself. The colonial period is the theme of the present volume, in which Professor Fisher has carefully treated the colonies one by one as they moved forward to the goal of political unity. He writes with great clearness and vigor, and the book is readable throughout. These colonies in the early period were predominately distinct communities; but the English revolution of 1688 and its effect on the colonies was so important a landmark, that the author has wisely broken his narrative into two parts With the year 1756 his volume ends, leaving the decisive struggle of France and England for dominion in America, and the war of the Revolution, for the second volume, which is being prepared by Professor William M. Sloane of Princeton. Professor Fisher's account of the Carolinas is admirable; and following that of Georgia from its settlement to 1756 is a short chapter on "Literature in the Colonies," in which he says: "In the colonial period prior to the middle of the last century, there were only two authors who rise above a merely provincial rank—Benjamin Franklin and Jonathan Edwards. They illustrate respectively the two sides of New England character; the one its strong understanding and thrift, the other its profound religious spirit and the deep interest felt in the problems and truths of religion. Franklin was bent on improving the condition of society on the material side. His ethical maxims were prudential. He wrote in a simple and engaging style. His essays on scientific matters were lauded for their clearness and precision. Edwards delighted in exploring the most abstruse questions in philosophy and theology. He was a most acute disputant, and he discoursed from his own enraptured experience on the reality of spiritual light. Perhaps no other man has so strongly affected American religious life."

LIFE OF PAUL REVERE. By ELBRIDGE HENRY GOSS. With many portraits and other illustrations. Two volumes. pp. 689. Boston: Joseph George Cupples. 1891.

Paul Revere was an expert in many trades

long before Mr. Longfellow made him famous through the description of his midnight ride in charming verse. He was trained in the business of a goldsmith, practiced copper-plate engraving, learned the process of making gunpowder prior to the outbreak of the Revolution, was one of the prime movers of the "tea party" in Boston harbor, and after the war erected a foundry for casting church bells and bronze cannon. He was the first in the country to smelt copper ore and to refine and roll copper into bolts and sheets, and built in 1801 large works at Canton, Massachusetts, which are still in operation by the Revere Copper Co. As grand master of the Masonic fraternity he laid the corner-stone of the Boston state house in 1795. The long and varied life of such a man has suggested and given opportunity for these excellent biographical volumes, and Mr. Goss has performed his task with ability and marked success. Revere was of Huguenot origin, the name in France being Rivoire. The change of name was made by the father of the subject of this work, because of the difficulties arising from pronouncing "his ancestral family name in the English tongue." He was a gold and silversmith, and taught his son Paul the trade, who exhibited early great skill in design. To illustrate this feature of Paul Revere's career, Mr. Goss has given numerous facsimiles of his handiwork in engraving and caricature, which adds immensely to the interest of the work. There are one hundred and thirty pictures in the two volumes. The ride to Lexington is described in Revere's own language; the facsimile, indeed, of his written account of it appears, and many picturesque items of general history are introduced all through the chapters. As a whole, this biographical work is one of unusual value, and we heartily commend it to the attention of our readers.

TROY'S ONE HUNDRED YEARS, 1789–1889. By ARTHUR JAMES WEISE, A.M. Square octavo, pp. 453. Troy, New York: William H. Young. 1891.

The growth and development of an industrial city forms a record worthy of closest scrutiny and permanent treasure. Troy's early mercantile life was replete with intelligent forethought. The men who were in the front line of progress were unselfish and united in their efforts for the public good. Churches and schools multiplied in direct ratio with places of business and flourishing manufactures. This ably prepared work chronicles the various steps through which the city reached its present proud position, and is illustrated profusely. An article in another part of the Magazine treats of the historic features of the enterprising city. An excellent index closes the handsome volume, which should go into every library in the land.

INSCRIPTIONS ON TOMBSTONES in the Burying Ground of the First Presbyterian Church and St. John's Church, at Elizabeth, New Jersey, 1664, 1892. Illustrated by maps of both burying grounds, views of the Church and many headstones and tablets. Prepared by EDMUND D. HALSEY and WILLIAM O. WHEELER. 8vo, pp. 325. Levant cloth. Privately printed. For sale by Charles L. Woodward, New York. Price, $4.

There is so much historic material in this work that it deserves a high place in the New Jersey archives. Many of the forefathers of the state, and of the country, indeed, have found their resting place here, notably the eminent ancestors of the Ogden family, Hon. Elias Boudinot, Rev. James Caldwell, Shepard Kollock, and numerous others whose names will be quickly recognized in glancing over these pages. The first little meeting-house was of wood, built soon after the town was settled in 1664; the second edifice was built in 1724, and was burned by the British in 1780; the third was constructed between the years 1784 and 1789. St. John's Church is nearly as ancient as the First Presbyterian, it having been projected in 1706. The careful copies of the inscriptions on the tombstones which the authors of this work have had made will be of the greatest service to historians and genealogists. The printing is in clear type, the paper is excellent, and an elaborate index adds greatly to the value of the volume.

DARIUS HEALD, SON OF CAPTAIN NATHAN HEALD.

[*With some Relics from the Chicago Massacre*, 1812.]

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THE HISTORIC TEA-PARTY OF EDENTON, 1774

INCIDENT IN NORTH CAROLINA CONNECTED WITH TAXATION

TACITUS, appreciating the great value of history to mankind, wrote nearly twenty centuries ago that its chief object was "to rescue virtuous actions from the oblivion to which the want of records would consign them."

Even in this practical, speculative age there seems to be a tendency all over our country to exhume from oblivion the events and traditions of our past. This growing reverence for American history is an evidence of increasing national intelligence, pride, and dignity. Unfortunately for North Carolina, many of her most beautiful traditions have been allowed to pass unnoticed, and her glorious deeds regarded as mere ephemera to perish with the actors. The establishment of a chair of history at the state university and the organization of the historical society will do much to develop and preserve our vast and valuable historic material. We must confess, with mortification and chagrin, that in order to study any subject connected with state history intelligently, we have been obliged in the past to refer not only to the historical societies of other states, but even to the libraries of Europe.

It is the object of this paper to bring into the light an exceptionally interesting and patriotic incident in North Carolina, hitherto but casually noticed by one state historian. A stranger coming to Edenton twenty-five years ago was shown an old-fashioned, long wooden house fronting directly on the beautiful court-house green; this historic house has since yielded to the ruthless hand of modern vandalism. It was the residence of Mrs. Elizabeth King, and under its roof fifty-one patriotic ladies (and not fifty-four as stated erroneously by Wheeler) met October 25, 1774, and passed resolutions commending the action of the provincial congress. They also declared they would not conform "to that Pernicious Custom of Drinking Tea, or that the aforesaid Ladys would not promote ye wear of any manufacture from England" until the tax was repealed. Wheeler, in alluding to this incident and to the stormy days closely preceding the

Revolution, in his second volume says, "The patriotism of the men was even exceeded by that of the women. By some strange freak of circumstance, many years ago, there was found at Gibraltar a beautiful picture done in skillful style, enameled on glass, of a 'meeting of the ladies of Edenton destroying the tea' (their favorite beverage) when it was taxed by the English parliament. This picture was procured by some of the officers of our navy and was sent to Edenton, where I saw it in 1830."

This is not only erroneous, but Mr. Wheeler has also misquoted the reference to the meeting in the *American Archives*, and there has been considerable other misinformation afloat regarding it, all of which I shall endeavor to set aright. The following is the correct notice copied directly from the *American Archives*, and occupies but twelve lines: "Association Signed by Ladies of Edenton, North Carolina, October 25, 1744. 'As we cannot be indifferent on any occasion that appears to affect the peace and happiness of our country; and as it has been thought necessary for the publick good to enter into several particular resolves, by meeting of Members of Deputies from the whole province, it is a duty that we owe not only to our near and dear relations and connections, but to ourselves, who are essentially interested in their welfare, to do everything as far as lies in our power to testify our sincere adherence to the same, and we do therefore accordingly subscribe this paper, as a witness of our fixed intention and solemn determination to do so.' Signed by fifty-one ladies." *

Women have always been important factors in all great moral and political reformations. The draughting of such resolutions, so directly antagonistic to royal authority, required a calmer, far more enviable courage than that developed by the fanatic heroism of the crusades or the feverish bravery of martial music. The tax upon tea was a direct insult to their household gods; it poisoned every cup of their tea, it affected every hearthstone in the province. In looking back upon our past it should be a matter of pride to know that such women helped to form the preface of our history—characters which should be held up to our children as worthy of emulation.

> "These are deeds which should not pass away,
> And names that must not wither, though the earth
> Forgets her empires with a just decay."

The account of this tea-party found its way into the London papers of that day, and the effect it had there may be noted in the following old letter, strongly tinctured with sarcasm. It was written by Arthur Iredell

* *American Archives*, fourth series, vol. i. 891.

MRS. PENELOPE BARKER.

PRESIDENT OF THE EDENTON TEA-PARTY OF 1774.

[From a portrait in possession of her descendants.]

of London to his brother James Iredell, a distinguished patriot of this place, who married Miss Hannah Johnston, a sister of one of the signers of the noted document.*

"LONDON, QUEEN SQUARE, January 31, 1775.

Dear Brother: I see by the newspapers the Edenton ladies have signalized themselves by their protest against tea drinking. The name of Johnston I see among others; are any of my sister's relations patriotic heroines? Is there a female congress at Edenton too? I hope not, for we Englishmen are afraid of the male congress, but if the ladies, who have ever since the Amazonian era been esteemed the most formidable enemies, if they, I say, should attack us, the most fatal consequence is to be dreaded. So dexterous in the handling of a dart, each wound they give is mortal; whilst we, so unhappily formed by nature, the more we strive to conquer them, the more we are conquered. The Edenton ladies, conscious, I suppose, of this superiority on their side, by a former experience, are willing, I imagine, to crush us into atoms by their omnipotency; the only security on our side, to prevent the impending ruin, that I can perceive, is the probability that there are but few places in America which possess so much female artillery as Edenton.

Pray let me know all the particulars when you favor me with a letter. . . .

Your most affectionate friend and brother,

ARTHUR IREDELL."

The society of Edenton at this period was charming in its refinement and culture; it was at one time the colonial capital, and the social rival of Williamsburg, Virginia. Its galaxy of distinguished patriots, both men and women, would shine resplendent in any country or in any age. The tea-party then as now was one of the most fashionable modes of entertaining. The English were essentially a tea-drinking nation, and consequently tea became the almost universal drink of the colonies. Dr. Johnson declared that "with tea he amused the evening, with tea solaced the midnight, and with tea welcomed the morning." Coffee was not introduced in Europe until much later, the first cup having been drunk by Louis XIV. of France at a cost of twenty-nine dollars per pound.

The principal variety of tea used by the colonies was the Bohea, or black tea, and came from India. It was of the purest quality, the art of sophistication and adulteration being unknown at that day. The feeling of ease and comfort inspired by an elegant cup of tea, as well as the

* *Life and Correspondence of James Iredell*, vol. i. p. 230.

exhilaration of the mental faculties which it produced, made it a necessary assistant to break the stiffness of those old-fashioned parties. It contains an active principle, theine, which when taken in considerable quantity produces a species of intoxication. Foreigners who visit China, where tea is served upon almost every occasion, become frequently tea-drunk. The method of preparing tea by our ancestors was essentially that of the wealthy class in China. The tea was brought upon the table in decorated china tea-caddies, some of which are still in existence, along with an urn of boiling water. The tea-leaves were then placed in the cup of every guest, the cup filled with hot water, and the saucer inverted over it for a few minutes to retain the aroma. The tea-pot was only used then by the rather *bourgeoisie*.

The incidents connected with this particular tea-party are especially interesting, as they come to us through the blue mist of a century. We can easily imagine how they sat around in their low-necked, short-waisted gowns, and after they had gossiped sufficiently, "it was resoived that those who could spin ought to be employed in that way, and those who could not should reel. When the time arrived for drinking tea, Bohea and Hyperion were provided, and every one of the ladies judiciously rejected the poisonous Bohea, and unanimously, to their very great honor, preferred the balsamic Hyperion," which was nothing more than the dried leaves of the raspberry vine, a drink, in the writer's opinion, more vile even than the much vaunted Yeopon.

The picture of this patriotic party, incorrectly alluded to by Wheeler, has a strange and unique history, and I give it as I have received it from the lady into whose possession the picture has now fallen. Lieutenant William T. Muse, a United States naval officer who became conspicuous during the late war, and whose mother was a Miss Blount of Edenton, while on a cruise in the Mediterranean stopped at Port Mahon on the island of Minorca, and accidentally saw hanging in a barber's shop there a picture representing the Edenton tea-party of 1774. It was purchased and brought by him to Edenton in 1830. I have this date from an old Bible bearing the date of his return from the cruise. It was first placed on exhibition in the court-house, and the representation of the characters was so distinct that many of the ladies were easily recognized. It then found a resting-place in the old tailor shop of Joseph Manning, an ancestor of the late Chief-justice Manning of Louisiana, and finally, in a cracked condition, was intrusted to the care of the Collins family, a member of which has it still. During the confusion of refugeeing during the civil war, it was broken in three pieces.

A very patriotic gentleman is making a praiseworthy effort to have this picture reproduced on canvas, to be exhibited at the Columbian exposition at Chicago. It is a painting upon glass, twelve by fifteen inches. Upon one of the pieces is the declaration set forth by the ladies, that they would drink no tea nor wear any stuffs of British manufacture. Upon another is the picture of the lady who presided upon that occasion. She is seated at a table with a pen in her hand, her maid Amelia standing behind her chair. This maid lived for many years after this incident, and is still remembered by some of the oldest citizens. By a singular coincidence her granddaughter is still living upon the very same lot where the tea-party was held. Upon the third fragment of this picture in plain letters is written, "The Town of Edenton." It is not known how a picture of this party was obtained, or how it found its way to Port Mahon or even into the barber shop. The printer's name in the corner of the picture is said to have been the same one who printed the celebrated letters of Junius in the reign of George III.

Pictures have immortalized many events in history, and it is very probable that but for this one the pleasing little incident would have been lost or forgotten. "Porte Crayon" (General Strother), in his interesting article on Edenton and the surroundings, written for *Harper's Magazine* in 1857, says, "It is to be regretted that Porte Crayon did not get a sight of this painting, that the world might have heard more of it, and that the patriotism of the ladies of Edenton might have been blazoned beside that of the men of Boston, who have figured in so many bad woodcuts." None of the names of the fifty-one ladies present at this party have been preserved in history, but I have succeeded in rescuing five of their names from the local traditions. Mrs. Penelope Barker, whose picture appears here, was the president of this party. She was no advocate of celibacy, having been married first to a Mr. Hodgson, then to a Mr. Craven, and lastly to Mr. Barker, whom she survived.

At a casual glance one might easily mistake her portrait for that of Lady Washington. She was one of those lofty, intrepid, high-born women peculiarly fitted by nature to lead; fear formed no part of her composition. Her face bears the expression of sternness without harshness, which a cheap novelist would describe as hauteur. She was a brilliant conversationalist and a society leader of her day.

Mr. Thomas Barker, her husband, was a gifted Scotch lawyer, and had for his pupil at one time the distinguished governor, Samuel Johnston. The attachment of Governor Johnston for Mr. Barker was so great that in after years he had him and his more illustrious wife interred in his

private graveyard on his beautiful estate Hayes, where a mossy slab marks their last resting-place. Mr. Barker was detained for some time in London during the Revolution, and while there his wife was called upon to show some of that pluck and courage she had evinced at the tea-party. Being informed by a servant that some British soldiers were taking her carriage horses from her stables, she snatched her husband's sword from the wall, went out, and with a single blow severed the reins in the officer's hands, and drove her horses back into the stables. The British officer declared that for such exhibition of bravery she should be allowed to keep her horses, and she was never afterward molested.

Mrs. Sarah Valentine was one of the signers, and her portrait is in the possession of her descendants, and her house is still standing on the lower end of Main street. Mrs. Elizabeth King was another signer, and it was at her house, as before mentioned, that the party was held. She was the wife of Thomas King, a prominent merchant of the town. The Miss Johnston referred to in the Iredell letter was undoubtedly Miss Isabella, a sister of Governor Johnston. She was engaged to Joseph Hewes, a signer of the Declaration of Independence from North Carolina, and died just before her marriage was consummated. Hewes, who was a man of great wealth and refinement, soon followed her broken-hearted to the grave.

Mrs. Mary Hoskins, another signer, lived in the country near Edenton, and was the wife of Richard Hoskins, one of the signers of the St. Paul's Declaration of Independence, antedating the national by two weeks, and of which we are justly proud. From the Napoleonic standpoint she was the greatest of them all, having given eight sons and eight daughters to her country. I extract the following from the first volume (1877) of the *Magazine of American History:*

" Revolutionary Caricature. I send a description of a caricature that may interest collectors. It is a mezzotint, fourteen by ten inches, entitled *A Society of Patriotic Ladies, at Edenton, in North Carolina. London. Printed for R. Sayer & J. Bennett, No.* 53 *in Fleet Street, as the Act directs* 25 *March*, 1775, Plate V. A group of fifteen figures are around or near a table in a room. A female at the table with a gavel is evidently a man, probably meant for Lord North. A lady, with pen in hand, is being kissed by a gentleman. Another lady, standing, is writing on a large circular, which can be read, ' We the Ladys of Edenton do hereby solemnly engage not to Conform to that Pernicious Custom of Drinking Tea, or that we the aforesaid Ladys will not promote ye wear of any manufacture from England, untill such time that all Acts which tend to enslave this our Native Country shall be repealed.' The other figures are not close

around the table, and are emptying tea-caddies or looking on. A child and dog are under the table. Compare *Bancroft's United States*, vol. vii. p. 282. J. C. B."

This is evidently a caricature of the original picture, probably made by some tory of that time. The description of it given above was written fifteen years ago, and I have been unable to find any clue to the writer or the whereabouts of this caricature.

It will be remembered that Lord North, referred to in the description, was prime minister of England at that time, and the Stamp Act, which included a great many articles, had been relieved upon everything except tea; this made him especially odious to the ladies of the colonies. A writer in alluding to the activity and zeal of the women of the Revolution says, "In the lives of those high-mettled dames of the olden time, the daughters, wives, and mothers of men, the earnest inquirer might find much to elucidate that befogged question of the present day, what are the rights of women?"

And now my task is ended, let history distill in her great alembic whatever is valuable from these pages for posterity.

> "The torch shall be extinguished which hath lit
> My midnight lamp, and what is writ is writ—
> Would it were worthier!"

Richard Dillard

EDENTON, NORTH CAROLINA.

MASCOUTIN

A REMINISCENCE OF THE NATION OF FIRE

Mascoutin, or Muscatine as the spelling and pronunciation now are, is the one town of this name in the United States of America. It is situated in the state of Iowa, on the Mississippi river, at the vertex of the great bend into the state which a glance at the map will show that the river makes. High and picturesque bluffs overhang the river, and on these the town of Muscatine is built. Southwest of the town is a low, flat, sandy

WEST SHORE OF MUSCATINE ISLAND, SHOWING BLUFF.

tract containing nearly forty thousand acres—an island by natural formation, being separated from the Illinois shore on the east by the river, and from the Iowa shore on the west by a narrow, winding slough. The name of this island is also Muscatine; and it is worthy of remark that it bore this name long before the town of Muscatine was founded, and indeed from a period altogether remote and indeterminate.

It has ever been a question of interest for local antiquarians, whence the derivation of this name Mascoutin, or Muscatine, and what its meaning? That it is Indian nobody has doubted; but as to what it means,

and as to the tribe or band who first applied it to the island under consideration, opinions have differed; indeed, but scant information has existed at any time on which to found an intelligent opinion of the question. In 1852 the editor of one of the daily papers printed in Muscatine wrote to Antoine le Claire, at Davenport, Iowa, for a definition of the word Muscatine. Le Claire was of French-Indian extraction, and in pioneer days had been the official interpreter for the United States government in its dealings with the Indians of eastern Iowa, chiefly the Sac and Fox tribes; he was therefore deemed competent to define this word. His reply to the question asked was that Muscatine "is a sort of combination of an Indian and French word: *mus-quo-ta*, the Indian word, means 'prairie;' the French added the termination *tine* to *mus-quo-ta*, and the compound word *musquo*, or *musqui-tine*, means 'little prairie.' The Indian word *menis* means 'island,' *ashcota* means 'fire,' *musquaw* means 'red.' The Indians used to call the island Mus-quo-ta-menis, which means 'prairie island.'"

Le Claire's definition never has been entirely satisfactory to Muscatine antiquarians. They have objected to it on poetic grounds among others. For years after, as doubtless during an untold period before, the town of Muscatine was founded (an event which took place in 1839), immense fires would sweep over Muscatine island in the autumn, denuding it of the tall grass—grass as tall as a mounted man—with which its soil was covered. Now, what more fitting, have contended these antiquarians, than that the name Muscatine should signify burning or fire island? What more likely, furthermore, than that the Indians, impressed with the magnificent and terrible spectacle of the writhing, sweeping flames, should call the spot where these flames were as regularly recurrent as the seasons by some name significant of them? Finally, in addition to all else, say the antiquarians, Antoine le Claire himself, although defining the word Musquotamenis as "prairie island," states the meaning of the Indian word *ashcota* to be "fire," and of the word *musquaw* to be "red." A philological support is therefore suggested even by Le Claire for the argument we make in favor of the meaning, burning or fire island. One can but be impressed with the force of the reasoning.

But there is a way by which more nearly to reach this problem of the meaning of the word Mascoutin, or Muscatine; and not only so, but the no less difficul tquestion as to what tribe or band of Indians gave this name originally to the island. In the year 1669 Father Claude Allouez, a Jesuit priest, came to Green Bay, in what is now the state of Wisconsin, for the purpose of establishing a mission. While there he ascended the

MAP SHOWING MUSCATINE ISLAND AND ADJACENT TERRITORY.

Fox river, passing through the territory occupied by the Sacs and Foxes, and came at length to an Indian town at the west of Lake Winnebago * containing a population of some three thousand souls. This town was Mascoutin (aboriginal Muscatine), or the village of the Mascoutins—a distinct Indian tribe. It was situated, we are told, "on the crown of a hill,

* In what is now Green Lake county, Wisconsin.—Butterfield's *Nicolet*, p. 66.

while all around the prairie stretched beyond the sight, interspersed with groves and belts of tall forest." It was, moreover, a palisaded town ; that is to say, a town encircled by a row of posts set close together in the ground, against which, on the inner side, heavy sheets of bark had been fastened. As early as 1615 the tribe of the Mascoutins were inhabitants of the country west and southwest of Lake Huron, now southern Michigan, where they had some thirty towns. But from this region they were driven in 1642 or 1643, by the Neutral Nation so called, their immediate neighbors on the east, and thereafter were to be found in the Fox river region. "Last summer," says the *Relation des Hurons* of 1643, in allusion to the expulsion of the Mascoutins from the Lake Huron country, "two thousand warriors of the Neutral Nation attacked a town of the Nation of Fire, well fortified with a palisade, and defended by nine hundred warriors. They took it after a siege of ten days; killed many on the spot, and made eight hundred prisoners, men, women, and children. After burning seventy of the best warriors, they put out the eyes of the old men, and cut away their lips, and then left them to drag out a miserable existence." The village of the Mascoutins on Fox river (aboriginal Muscatine) was, it may also be remarked, a point of note and importance. Hither came Jean Nicolet in 1634, and here he learned from the Mascoutins of the existence of "the great water," the Mississippi, which, however, it is pretty well established, he did not see.* Hither also came the travelers Radisson and Groseilliers in 1659; and concerning the Mascoutins Radisson wrote in his journal: "We made acquaintance with another nation called *Escotecke* (Mascoutins), w^{ch} signified fire, a faire, proper nation; they are tall and big and very strong. We came there in the spring. When we arrived there were extraordinary banquetts. There they never had seen men wth beards, because they pull their haires as soone as it comes out ; but much more astonished when they saw our arms, especially our guns, w^{ch} they worshiped by blowing smoke of tobacco instead of sacrifice."

Further on, and at a later date, he gives an account of an expedition made by himself and his companion to and down a stream which, it seems fairly inferable, was the Mississippi. His exact words are: "We weare 4 moneths in our voyage wthout doeing anything but goe from river to river. We mett several sorts of people. . . . By the persuasion of some of them we went into ye great river that divides itself in 2. . . . It is so called because it has two branches, the one towards the west, the other towards the south, w^{ch} we beleive runns towards Mexico, by the

* *Jesuit Rel.* 1640, p. 36 ; 1654, p. 30 ; 1670, pp. 99–100.

FRANQUELIN'S MAP, SHOWING LOCATION OF THE MUSCATINS IN 1684.

tokens they gave us." The "branch" spoken of by Radisson as "towards the west" is conjectured by the editor of Radisson's journal, as published in the *Wisconsin Historical Collection*, to be the Iowa river. If so, then Radisson and Groseilliers at least passed by the site of the present town of Muscatine—and this, moreover, as a direct result of information derived from the Mascoutin Indians—for the Iowa river enters the Mississippi eighteen miles below Muscatine as now located.

Now it will be observed—coming to one of the main points of our investigation—that the name Mascoutin, as applied to the Indian tribe of which I have been speaking, is defined by the *Relation des Huron* of 1634 and by Radisson's journal of 1659 as *fire* nation. To this it may be added that the map of La Salle's colony, finished in 1684 by Jean Baptiste Franquelin, fixes the location of the Mascoutins as on Fox river, and at the same time designates them as Mascoutins, *Nation du Feu.* But Charlevoix says that the true name of the Mascoutins was Mascoutenec, signifying an open country. He explains the name Mascoutin as a mispronunciation of Mascoutenec by the Pottawottamies, which was taken up and perpetuated by the French. That there was a word Mascoutin, or something very like it, which meant fire in the Pottawottamie tongue, Charlevoix, however, admits.

So here arises again the old dispute. On the one side, contending for the meaning fire nation, we have the early discoverers Radisson, Allouez, Marquette,* and La Salle, together with Sagard and Champlain; while on the other we are confronted by Dablon,† Charlevoix, Schoolcraft, and (doubtfully) Parkman.‡ And what, by a sort of amusing perversity, is more perplexing still, the name Mascoutin, as applied to the island in the Mississippi below the present town of Muscatine, is equally pertinent and apropos, be the meaning thereof fire island or prairie island; for, besides being the flattest and nakedest of prairies, it was wont in Indian times to be swept yearly by fierce conflagrations.

But what connection is there (coming now to the other leading point of our investigation) between the Mascoutin tribe of Indians on Fox river in what is now the state of Wisconsin, and Mascoutin, or Muscatine, island in the state of Iowa? How is it even known that Muscatine island was originally Mascoutin island? Answering the last question first, let me

* *Jes. Rel.* 1670–71. Marquette: "We entered into the river which leads to the Machkoutenech (Mascoutins), called Fire Nation. This is a very beautiful river, without rapids or portages; it flows to the southwest. Along this river are numerous nations: Oumami (Miami), Kikabou (Kickapoo), Machkouteng (Mascoutins), &c. These people are established in a very fine place, where we see beautiful plains, and level country as far as the eye reaches. Their river leads into a great river called Mississippi."

† Dablon: "It is beyond this great river that are placed the Illinois, of whom we speak, and from whom are detached those who dwell here with the Fire Nation—Mascoutins. The Fire Nation bears this name erroneously (?) calling themselves Machkoutenech, which signifies 'a land bare of trees' (Muscutah—prairie), such as that which this people inhabit; but because by the change of a few letters (namely scuta, which means fire) from thence it has come that they are called the Fire Nation."

‡ *Wisconsin Historical Collection*, vol. iii. pp. 131–132. Parkman's *Jes. in North America*, p. 436, note.

quote from the diary of Major Thomas Forsyth of the United States army, kept by him while on a voyage up the Mississippi from St. Louis to the Falls of St. Anthony, made in the year 1819:

"Sunday, June 20th. Weather still very warm; had the sail up and down several times. Met Mr. Davenport's men returning home to St. Louis. Met the Black Thunder and some followers, all Foxes, going down to St. Louis in their canoes; they immediately returned when they met me. Encamped a little above the Iowa river; eighteen miles was this day's progress. Monday, 21st. We were off by time this morning; three Saukies overtook us on their way from hunting, bound up to their village on Rocky river; current strong to-day, made only twenty-four miles; encamped at upper end of Grand Mascoutin." On the day following he reached Fort Armstrong on Rock island, having come, he tells us, "twenty-seven miles" from his last stop. Now, the fact is, that the distance from the mouth of the Iowa river to the town of Muscatine, Iowa, is by river at least twenty miles—very near what Major Forsyth guessed to be the distance therefrom to the upper end of the Grand Mascoutin; and, furthermore, the fact is, that from Muscatine to Rock island is by river twenty-eight miles—just one mile farther than Major Forsyth guessed it to be. It seems plain, therefore, that Muscatine island was known by the name Mascoutin as early at least as 1819.

In answer to the first question regarding the connection between the Mascoutin Indians and Mascoutin island, the following may be said: The Sac and Fox (or, more correctly, the Sauk and Nusquakie) Indians, as is well known, had inhabited what is now eastern Iowa and western Illinois, near the mouth of Rock river, from seventy to one hundred years before the Black Hawk war of 1832–33. It is furthermore known that early in the eighteenth century the Sac and Fox tribes were denizens of the Fox river region, where were also at that time the Mascoutins. From this region they (the Sacs and Foxes) had migrated to the Rock river region. Is it probable that the Mascoutins, or some of the Mascoutins, migrated with them? I think it is. To begin with, the accomplished Indian historian John Gilmary Shea makes the suggestion that the name *Musquakie*, by which the Fox Indians called themselves, means red land and may be a corruption of Mashkooteaki—fire land. If so, Shea thinks that the Foxes comprised the remnant and bore the name of the Mascoutins. That the Foxes, or Sacs and Foxes, by the time of their migration to the Rock river region, had absorbed the Mascoutins—not then a numerous people—I think is highly probable. That they comprised them—were in fact the remnant of them, I think highly improbable. The Foxes were

a distinct tribe and had borne the name of Musquakie long prior to their hegira southward. But they could readily have absorbed the Mascoutins: for, first, they were more numerous; second, they spoke the same tongue;* third, they had always had the Mascoutins for close neighbors and allies;† and, fourth, the Mascoutins dropped entirely out of history in the fore part of the eighteenth century.‡ Assuming, then, that some of the Mascoutin tribe accompanied the Sacs and Foxes to the mouth of Rock river, they would have been within twenty-eight miles of the island called Grand Mascoutin by Major Forsyth in 1819, and to-day called Muscatine by everybody. That this island, so near to the new abiding-place of the Mascoutins, should in some way, by more or less permanent occupation, perhaps have derived its name from them is a reasonable supposition. But whether Mascoutin means fire nation or prairie nation, it is now impossible absolutely to determine. A feather's weight is thrown into the balances in favor of the meaning fire nation or fire land by Shea's statement that Mashkooteaki means fire land; for it will be remembered that Radisson in his journal gives the name Mascoutin as *Escotecke*—a very successful phonetic reproduction of Mashkooteaki.§

The spot on Iowa soil now occupied by the town of Muscatine is not, it may fittingly be remarked in conclusion, without other historic associations than such as arise from the probable connection therewith of some remnant of the Mascoutin tribe.

Here was the favorite hunting-ground of the great Sac chief Makataimishekiakiak, or Black (sparrow) Hawk. Here doubtless on many occasions has he stood upon the commanding heights overlooking Mascoutin island and the Mississippi river, and gazed with awe upon the magnificent and extended prospect; for Black Hawk was an admirer of bold

* Parkman's *Jes. in North Am.*, p. 436, note.

† Memoir concerning the peace made by Monsieur de Signery with the chiefs of the Foxes, etc., June 7, 1726. *Wis. Hist. Col.*, vol. iii. p. 149.

‡ Parkman's *Jes. in North Am.*, p. 436, note. Shea says that the Mascoutins disappeared from the Fox river region about 1720. *Wis. Hist. Col.*, vol. iii. p. 131; see also *Wis. Col.*, vol. iii. p. 106. Parkman says in his *La Salle*, p. 36, "The Mascoutins, Fire Nation, or Nation of the Prairie, are extinct or *merged in other tribes*."

§ The following is suggested as the possible derivation of the word Mascoutin: (1) Escotecke (Radisson) or Mashkooteaki (Shea) or Mashkootenki (Allouez and Marquette, by prefixing the article *'M*, and affixing the ending *enk*, to the word *skoote* or *ashkoote;* this word meaning, by definition of all, fire land or fire nation). (2) Machkouteng (*Jes. Rel.* 1669–70). (3) Machkoutens (*Jes. Rel.* 1670–1). (4) Maskoutens or Mascoutins (Charlevoix). The meaning "prairie nation," to which later writers have inclined, is obtained, according to Shea, by deriving the word Mascoutin from Muskortenec or Muscutah—"prairie."

scenery, as he has been careful to tell us in his *Autobiography* when describing the position of and view from Black Hawk's Watch Tower on Rock river. Here also used to hunt and dwell the eloquent and wily Keokuk, also a Sac chief, the name Keokuk lake still serving to designate an expansion at one point of the waters of Muscatine slough. At Muscatine island stopped Lieutenant Zebulon M. Pike, from whom was afterward named Pike's Peak, Colorado, on his voyage of exploration up the "great water" (*missi*, Algonquin for great; *sepe*, Algonquin for water) in 1805. Up past Muscatine island sailed the expedition sent out in 1814 by Governor William Clark of Missouri to seize and fortify Prairie du Chien. Down past this island, likewise in 1814, swept the disabled boats of Lieutenants Rector and Riggs, after the bloody repulse at Rock island by the Indians under Black Hawk, of Captain John Campbell's expedition for the relief of the post at Prairie du Chien—then beleaguered by the British. Down past this island the next year came—in retreat but not in disorder—the large boats in which Major Zachary Taylor had in vain, after some fierce cannonading, attempted to dislodge the British and Indians from their Rock island stronghold. And finally, in 1816, up past Muscatine island and the future site of the town of Muscatine, sailed General Thomas A. Smith of the American army, on his way to establish the military trading post, Fort Armstrong, on the lower end of Rock island, and the similar post, Fort Snelling, near the Falls of St. Anthony. No scene of blood has, so far as known, ever been enacted on the immediate spot where Muscatine stands. The most thrilling picture possible for the imagination to paint, in intimate connection therewith, is that of a billowy mass of flames sweeping for miles the surface of a low, level island and bringing into sharp relief against the sky the form of some Indian watcher upon the lonely hills.

Irving B. Richman.

MUSCATINE, IOWA.

THE ENDS OF THE CENTURY

HOW THEY DIFFER AND HOW THEY BLEND

" Grandma told me all about it,
Told me so I couldn't doubt it,
How she danced—my grandma danced,
Long ago."

How long "long ago" seems depends upon one's standpoint. Half a century appears endless at the age "when the years are all summers," but the lady who had reached nearly fourscore said of a contemporary: "She isn't very old, she isn't more than eighty!" In sympathy with our century, which, following the habit of man, in its ripe age fondly contemplates its youth, we too look back to its "yesterday;" and the grandfather's clocks and grandmother's china, having been brought out of attic chambers and dark closets, are with infinite pride set in goodly array in prominent places. We build our houses on "colonial" lines and furnish them with antiques; or, if not so fortunate in our possessions, with "reproductions" which are, as the salesman in *Punch* said of the sofa, "Not exactly Chippendale, madam, but there's a great deal of Chippendale *feeling* in it."

We delight in old models in silver, talk learnedly of hall-marks, and are rapturous over "sprig" china and willow pattern. Again tooters mount the tally-ho, and sunbeams light up furnishings, and costumes in "old blue" and "old pink" and the intense greens considered "impossible" a decade ago are welcomed. Electric lights gleam on the beauties of to-day in Gainsborough hats, Directoire gowns, and leg-of-mutton sleeves, and what seemed the fantasies of the past have become the realities of the present. It is a pure case of atavism, and the century is completing its cycle—the ends are being brought together.

The "letter" and the "spirit" may differ. We may have one as in the old days, and not the other. The "small clothes" of the past find their reproduction in the letter, but a gentleman of the old school who believed with Emerson, "Life is not so short but that there is always time for courtesy," would fail to recognize his nether garments on a bicycle whose warning bell bids all to "clear the way," irrespective of age or sex. None the less might he find his young representative true to the

"spirit" in another way. The old watches had double cases, the outer one—one-half of it being merely a wide rim that edged the crystal—always being removed for the daily winding with a key. The watchmakers and menders were wont to put in the back of the outside case sundry round papers bearing their names and addresses, their advertising cards in fact, to prevent the rubbing of the inner case on the outer; and it was also the wont of young ladies to paint flowery and sentimental designs on small rounds of paper to be put over or under those of the watchmaker. To paint a watch paper for a young man meant as much—or as little—as it does now for a girl to give him her photograph, which depends upon the girl; but before the camera had made it possible for a youth to carry in his watch the likeness of—one may quote Browning—"my own best girl," the watch paper did duty.

How "Lucy Locket lost her pocket" puzzled many a middle century child who could conceive of a "pocket" only as one firmly sewed in a garment. But let a woman's frock of the 'teens and twenties be held up before the mind's eye, and the impossibility of a pocket being any part of the short-waisted, skimpy-skirted thing is at once evident. Like the chatelaine bag of to-day, an outside pocket was worn, being tied about the waist by a tape that the wide belt-ribbon covered. This old-time pocket of most generous dimensions, often nearly half a yard deep, was called a "housewife," contracted generally to "huzzif" or "huzzy," which name was also applied to a workbag.

The pocket-handkerchief of the day was three-quarters of a yard square; among elderly people a snuff-box still found favor, and a little box of horn or metal, or a flat round cushion for pins had a place in the "huzzif." Strange contents they would be in our silver-mounted monogramed bags. For street costume this house-pocket gave place to a bag, hanging from the wrist, of silk or satin or velvet, until the bead-bags, the pride of our grandmothers' hearts, were evolved, and they have swung into fashion again.

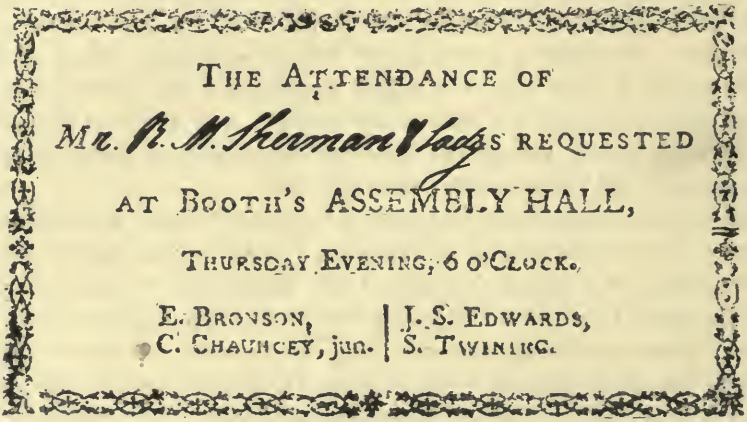
We are much given to preening our literary plumage, and surely have believed that book and reading clubs are a development of late generations. But it was quite common in the last century, in small towns, for several persons to unite in purchasing a set of books—sermons largely—and thus having common right in them, dividing them later by lot or choice. Before 1810, in a quiet Connecticut village, eight young women just out of boarding-schools formed a reading club whose "articles" have come down to us:

"We the undersigned do agree to form ourselves into a society for the

purpose of doing ourselves and each other good. We do each of us agree to observe and abide by the rules and regulations that upon consideration shall be adopted."

(Here follow the names.)

"Rule 1. To meet every Tuesday evening. 2. Each contribute a cent every evening, and if absent bring it next time. 3. Begin the meeting



YALE COLLEGE COMMENCEMENT BALL, 1797.

[*Facsimile of invitation, in possession of the author.*]

with prayer, read a chapter in the Bible, as many chapters in the *Spectator* as there are members present, then proceed to any well-chosen book. The meeting to close with prayer. 4. Where a mistake is observed in reading, any one of the members may correct it. 5. No one shall join the club unless she agrees to the above."

We learn also that the real civilities of life change but little, though the art of the stationer has developed many "effects." An invitation to the commencement ball of Yale college in 1797 is very unique; and nearly twenty years later, a ticket for a ball in 1815 is scarcely less interesting. But there was a charm about the old word "compliments" that we lose in its relinquishing. "Mrs. C's compliments to Mr. and Mrs. D, and requests the favor of their company at tea this evening." Or "Miss Susan: With my compliments I send you an invitation to take a sleigh-ride this afternoon," etc.

Such notes were written on small pieces of paper, parts of large sheets, as note-paper proper did not come in till the century was near its first quarter. It is difficult to say when visiting cards were first used, but as in the seventeenth century playing cards cut into quarters and indorsed

by the proper officials served for paper currency in Canada, so they did double duty in social life; and it is hardly fifty years since, that on removing a marble chimney-piece in the drawing-room of a house in Dean street, Soho, four or five visiting-cards were found, one with the name of Isaac Newton on it. The cards were common playing-cards with the names written on the back. In one of the scenes in Hogarth's *Marriage à la Mode*, several are lying on the floor in a corner, and one is inscribed: "Count Basset begs to no how Lade Squander sleapt last nite."

Very early in our century, at least something better was realized, and they have come to our hands. Small, white and tinted, plain and enameled, often with an embossed border, the name written by pen or pencil. Engraved cards and envelopes appeared during the thirties. The first envelopes for social use were very small, white-leaded, with silver or gilt borders, and fanciful bow-knots to serve for seals, a seal or a wafer being sometimes counted out of place. One may wonder how many students in the art schools have a realizing sense of what Turner did when wishing to try the effect for a setting sun of a certain blending of red and yellow, he placed a large wafer on the canvas, and was so much pleased with the result that he left it there. To the young people of to-day, a "wafer" means only something edible.

Even the most economical householder who has a periodical "difference" regarding his gas bill would not, it is supposed, be willing to avoid the *désagrément* by returning to "the light of other days," the dips and snuffers and smoking lamps; and he who has come to consider a Turkish bath more than a luxury—a necessity—would accept that modern cruciform inscription known as a plumber's bill without a shudder rather than resign himself to the limited conveniences New York offered in 1819.

FACSIMILE OF BATH TICKET IN 1819.

Electricity, our most powerful and mysterious motor, is rapidly making its way in domestic life. Ere long to "press the button" may produce almost any result, but one can imagine that the heavy brass lion-head knocker of the past would look upon the diminutive bit of ivory with as much scorn as Dr. Johnson would upon a modern "literary trifler," or the "heroic" dose upon the "infinitesimal." Before the century had passed its first score, door-bells had come into use in cities, but rural towns kept

to the old ways much longer, and the sounding-brass announced a guest. Again we give the old knockers fitting and honorable place on the doors of our summer homes, and hail with delight the classic "double-knock."

A New Yorker going to Paris in 1830 would stop on the boulevard and look at the throng of people, wondering where they all came from. New York, in ordinary life, had then no throng, and a ferry worked by two horses, "tread-power," sufficed between it and the opposite shores. Statistics are unsatisfactory in accounting for the great increase in two generations. Since 1801 the population of the world has multiplied four and one-half times, but that fact is utterly inadequate as an explanation of the crowds in all directions. One may sympathize with the old darkey from the country who said, after a recent visit to the metropolis: "Noo Yawk's too smart a place fur me. Yer don' wan' ter stop an' ar*gue* wid any one, yer jes' wan' er go right erlong." The unrest is all-pervading. It seems impossible to find a place removed from the madding crowd. In the deepest recesses of caves, on the loftiest heights of mountains, at the remotest shores of the ocean, "where'er the foot of man hath trod," the surging waves of humanity sweep ceaselessly.

The busy thoroughfares seem immeasurably removed from primitive life, whether that of the pilgrim or the Indian. But the average man of the year 1800 was much nearer that life than his great-grandson. Not merely a hundred years nearer, but nearer in thought, in habit, in feeling. One hundred years back of *him* wampum had hardly gone out of use as legal tender, and though he might realize that this young nation was well out of swaddling clothes and able to stand on its feet, still the red man's tradition remained, especially with those who lived close to nature. It was he who taught the New England colonist to put a fish in each corn-hill at planting as a fertilizer, and well into our century came this saying among others: "When the pappoose puts out its fingers it is time to plant corn;" which being interpreted is: When the compound leaf of the hickory, neatly plaited in the leaf-bud, bursts the sheath, and the five divisions spread themselves to sun and air, it suggests a baby's hand. To-day one reads the weather report and scientific prognostications of an early or a late season. It is the thermometer-bulb *versus* the imaginative Indian. "The weather report!" What could it mean to those men of the year 1800? They could imagine it as referring only to what had been—a report of yesterday, not for to-morrow. The latter would have savored of sacrilege.

Whether Mother Shipton's prophecy was the product of the eighteenth

century, or of one earlier, matters little when considered in regard to imagination or prediction; and its most remarkable lines—

"Round the world thought shall fly
In the twinkling of an eye,"

have more than met their fulfillment. Speech, ever slower than thought, has taken on the magic of the period, and there seems no limit to the

BALL.

IN COMMEMORATION OF THE RETURN OF PEACE AND COMMERCE.

Miss S. Hanley's

Company is requested at the Assembly-Room, on Wednesday, March 1st, at 6 o'clock, P. M.

MANAGERS.

G. PECK,	W. M'CRACKAN,
S. P. STAPLES,	C. K. SHIPMAN,
J. H. JACOCKS,	J. DAGGETT,
J. H. LYNDE,	R. S. BALDWIN.

New-Haven, February, 1815.

FACSIMILE OF INVITATION TO THE BALL, IN POSSESSION OF THE AUTHOR.

reach of the long distance telephone. It adds another labor-saving wheel to the machine that we call "life," and not only business methods, but our private affairs, social and domestic, profit by it. "Hello" may prelude an informal invitation to dinner, or the daily order to butcher and baker and candlestick-maker.

Although the conundrum assures us that the nation which produces the most marriages is fasci—nation, still the "why" and the "how" of a marriage never lose interest. "Would that I could read the story of the loves of my ancestors!" says one. Humanity bears the same likeness through all the ages, and many a mother of sons to-day echoes from her heart the plaint of Rebekah: "I am weary of my life because of the daughters of Heth." But every age has its habits of expression, and the gush and slang of to-day are far removed from the extreme formality that still obtained in the first years of the century. The reserve of the early colonial days had not then worn away, and a young wife considered that she made known the fullness of her joy when she wrote: "If you would

know what true happiness is, follow the example of your friend." Love-letters did not then abound in superlatives, and the note—" the sweet, sentimental note of the early, innocent, Victorian age "—had not been struck; but the old signature, " Your friend and lover," has the ring of true metal. Human expression, like human nature, runs up and down the gamut; it is always the same tune " with variations."

Three stories of courtship will prove that even in those old days there were marriages in which the little blind god seemed to play as small a part as in some others. A shy youth frequently visited a house where there were several young sisters. He was badly hit by an arrow from Cupid's quiver, but his shyness prevented any expression of preference, save that on leaving he always said: " Good-night, all; good-night, Miss Becky." Becky thought she could " read the weather signs of love," and was not entirely unresponsive; but as time went on and the youth made no further effort as a wooer, she, concluding that it was taking too much to herself, permitted a more venturesome swain to win the day. The shy one was cut to the heart, and disclosed his grief to one of her sympathetic sisters, who endeavored to make him understand that he had never given Becky cause to realize his aspirations: " But *I did*," he replied; "*I always said*, '*good-night, Miss Becky.*'" Alas for the *via media!* Too little—or too much—either may be a losing quantity.

Infinitely more assurance had a certain parson who, desiring to bring his term of widowerhood to a close, cast about mentally for a fitting consort, and, having decided, mounted his horse and went to court. The " fair one," being fond of her garden, was often busy in it, and as the intending wooer approached her house he saw her there; so with slight ceremony he turned his horse's head to the fence, and without dismounting addressed her, and blandly stated his errand. She did not exactly decline, but hesitated how best to word her refusal to such a dignitary, which he prevented by saying, " Think of it, think of it," and whipped up his horse and rode on. About a month later finding her again in the garden, over the fence and from the throne of his saddle he once more asked her to unite her life to his own. Again confused by the abruptness of the proposal she hesitated in forming her respectful refusal, and again he prevented the decisive negative by saying, " Think of it, think of it," and whipped up his horse and rode on. A third time the scene opened with the persistent wooer in the saddle and the lady beyond the fence. But the *finale* changed. " Thinking of it " had done its work, and this time consent was obtained. The moral is easily read: Persistence *versus* hesitation leaves little doubt as to the result.

A stranger story of the fruit of second thought is of another parson, a man advanced in years and in the odor of sanctity. He had known a certain woman when the wife of one of his brethren of the cloth, and knew also that after a term of widowhood she had become the wife of a godly deacon; he, too, had gone the way of all flesh, and she, alone and childless, having gone to live with a married sister, was a member of the flock of a certain dear brother in the faith, the Rev. Dr. ——. Desiring to marry again, the memory of this good woman, still fresh "in the middle stage of middle age," was pleasant to him. But she was a long day's journey by horse from him, and his children, of mature years, but possibly indiscreet in their inquisitiveness, must not know anything—yet. So he addressed a letter to the Rev. Dr. ——, telling him of his desire to marry and his admiration for this certain woman, but, as the distance was great and he did not wish his children to guess his intention while the result was uncertain, would his dear and reverend brother "be so kind as to call upon the lady, state the case to her, and report her reply? But," he added, "as my children sometimes open my letters, in your reply please refer to the matter *as a book;* tell me that the book may or may not be obtained." The Rev. Dr. ——, nothing loth to exert himself to procure for his friend so worthy a wife, and for the lady so estimable a husband, made the proposed visit, and did all that lay in his power for his friend's cause. But the lady quite decidedly said she did not intend to marry again, and the good doctor wrote his friend: "The book is not in the market." Then practical second thought asserted itself, and the widow, taking advantage of woman's prerogative, changed her mind. So she called upon the reverend doctor one "Sabbath," after "meeting," and told him she "had been thinking that matter over, *and thought better of it.*" Whereupon the doctor wrote his friend: "I think the book is now to be had, but if you want it you must draw it quickly." And at the wedding the doctor told the story.

In the early colonial days in New England a minister was not allowed to perform the rite of marriage, only the magistrate could do so; and possibly that was the reason why, in more recent times, in the smaller country towns, a justice of the peace was as often sought to tie the knot as the parson. These justices were not always fluent of tongue, and if unwilling to use the prayer-book service might find it embarrassing. On one occasion the justice, waiting with the assembled guests for the bridal couple, found himself when they stood before him rather unequal to the occasion; but with a mighty effort he gathered his few wits, and said: "Mr. Brideman, take the bride by the right hand. I pronounce you man and wife."

It was legal at least, and it is hoped the following would stand a test of court. Two couples went to a minister to be married. They were somewhat shy, and he was very arbitrary, insisting on placing them in accordance with his own ideas, nor would he admit of any intervention from them. It may be presumed that the service did not require an audible exchange of vows, as he gave no one any liberty of speech, but when it was finished the bridegrooms told him he had married them to the wrong women. He replied: "You are all married. *Sort* yourselves *to suit* yourselves."

Parsons and justices both received odd fees, and history repeats itself more frequently in the story of marriage than in any other. A man with whom dollars were few, agreed to lay two rods of stone wall for the justice in lieu of money; but a year had not passed ere he offered to lay *four* rods of wall if the justice would undo the marriage.

Early in the century the range of vehicles was limited. Coaches, public and private, "shays," and farm-wagons about complete the list, and the Darby and Joan effect was still seen in the country as saddle and pillion were slowly relinquished. That the old-time equipment even of a coach was not exactly ours is realized by this advertisement from *Galignani's Messenger* of March 30, 1831: "Elegant new coach to be sold, painted fashionable blue, lined with crimson silk, has a barouche driving-seat, and hind rumble-tumble on cee-springs, and has only performed the journey from London to Paris."

Life offers no greater enigma than the human conscience. Whether we regard the individual or the epoch, the puzzle continually confronts us. It is like an india-rubber ball, sometimes so filled with the air of self-complacency that no outside force makes any impression; again it yields to the lightest touch. In the "former years" New England followed the lead of Old England in the slave-trade (after landing the Pilgrim Fathers the *Mayflower's* next voyage was to take a cargo of slaves from Africa to the West Indies), and it was not considered "out of the way" for any individual, no matter what his or her standing, to "adventure" something in the traffic. It is recorded in Mr. Weedon's *Social and Economic History of New England*, that a "respectable elder," who sent ventures to the coast with uniform success, always returned thanks on the Sunday after a "slaver" arrived in Newport, "that an over-ruling Providence had been pleased to bring to this land of freedom another cargo of benighted heathen to enjoy the blessing of a gospel dispensation." That was in the last century; but well into this the trade was followed by vessels from our eastern coast, though their cargoes were discharged at the West Indies, it

being no longer lawful to bring them to this "land of freedom." The slaves were allowed to be on deck during the day, and as they outnumbered officers and crew there was sometimes fear of mutiny. One captain, at least, used this precaution: When the slaves were on deck a man was always in the rigging with a supply of heavy-headed, sharp-pointed tacks, and if difficulty arose he had but to let them fall on the deck, the large heavy heads insuring their falling with the points up, and so forming an impassable barrier to the bare black feet.

It is useless to question if the men of those generations were better than we. There is sin enough in every age, and we must believe all have their measure of virtue; but what would that "respectable elder" have thought of our "religious newspapers," with their prominent advertisements of soaps and baking-powders and mortgage bonds? We can hardly imagine his horror at the Sunday editions of the "dailies," and their alluring columns on finance, and the state of trade, and every subject of "secular" interest. There is no greater change in this century than in the thought and habit about Sunday. The Puritans built up a column of blue laws, whose shadow fell far into the future, and the feeling that a Sunday walk can only be taken to a "grave-yard" may not be wholly extinct. The letter of the law was with them most strictly observed, and we are a "Sunday-keeping" nation still, as the closed business houses prove; but there are doubtless always many who merit the denunciation of the prophet Amos, and cry, "When will the new moon be gone that we may sell corn? and the Sabbath that we may set forth wheat, making the ephah small, and the shekel great, and falsifying the balances by deceit?"

As the eighteenth century was the first period when "trade was gradually supplanting plunder," when "commerce and its dependent industries shaped the destinies of mankind," so the nineteenth has been the one when the hand of man has given place to the tool of iron, the machine-made gradually supplanting the hand-made, and it in its turn "shaped the destinies of mankind." Those important "trifles"—friction matches—were first made in 1829, but there is no better example of the change than in the manufacture of pins. In 1830 a young physician of New York, Dr. John Ireland Howe, was visiting surgeon at the almshouse. There he found children making pins by hand. Having great mechanical genius he conceived the idea of making them by a machine, in place of the slow process of holding each pin against a grindstone to make the point, and the still slower one of sticking them in rows on the papers with no power beyond that in the ball of the thumb. He invented a machine that would greatly lessen the labor, although the head of the pin was still not "solid,"

but a fine wire wound on. With this he went to England to Mr. Kirby, the chief of the great establishment there, then making them by hand, and desired to sell him the machine. After looking it over Mr. Kirby said: "It would make a pretty plaything for my children, and I will give you a guinea for it," having no faith in its practicality. The young inventor, however, had faith, and the result was his beginning the manufacture of pins by machinery, and inventing machine after machine, thus entirely revolutionizing the industry.

Scientists compute with great accuracy the impetus gained on a down grade, or lost by the resistance of the atmosphere, but the centuries rolling through time develop their power so irregularly that it passes the measure of any scale of man's invention. To what force the impetus is due cannot be told, but the fact remains that this century surpasses all others in the speed of its material progress. There is said to be more difference between Napoleon's day and ours than between Napoleon's and Julius Cæsar's. One century against eighteen! When Napoleon went down into Egypt, he found the stony records of past ages still holding their majesty, but he could not have imagined that it would be given to men of almost the next generation to look upon the faces of Pharaoh and all his host. Much less would he have dreamed it possible in this near future that that intangible thing, the *voice* of man, might be imprisoned on a little cylinder, to be reproduced at the will of his successors. The Rosetta stone sinks into insignificance when one realizes that a tri-lingual record, with the *sounds* it represents, can be safely placed in the hermetically sealed case, that marks the modern, for the ages when the modern shall have become the ancient. It is bidding defiance to the silence of the grave.

Victor Hugo said: "This is the woman's century," and when women like Dorothea Dix and Amelia B. Edwards lead, no one need hesitate to fall into line. It is also that in which all countries "that call themselves Christian" have abolished slavery, and in nearly all these countries the Jew has been admitted to civil rights. Although it is the century of unparalleled worship at the shrine of mammon, when "if money lies before, all ways do lie open," it is also that of large benevolence, of missions, of innumerable and wide-spread charities.

It is the century of mechanical progress, when the factors of steam and electricity have almost annihilated time and space; and of scientific research regarding all things "in the heaven above, or in the earth beneath, or in the waters under the earth;" of all things near or remote in point of space or of time. And not only is it the century when in response to the

labor of man the rocks and the soil have yielded immeasurable wealth, but also when the past has begun to open to the present its treasures. Across the millenniums its voices call to us and tell us from their lips of clay and stone that they were such manner of men as ourselves. We rebuild their houses and their temples; we read their laws, their creeds, and their poems; we replace their gods on their pedestals, and we even trifle with their children's toys.

This is the century of outward expression, in all lines of art, with tool and brush and pen; of all phases of thought when every opinion, belief, or theory has its "organ;" even of all the feelings that dwell in the human heart; for the public press not only delights to voice "good-will to men," and "to give honor where honor is due," but also—and "pity 'tis 'tis true" —to lend itself to "envy, hatred, and malice, and all uncharitableness."

It is the century of fiction, and also the century not of the mystical, but of the material. It has gathered to itself so much that is new, so much that is old, and the forces of the seen and the unseen; the extraordinary has become the ordinary; the marvelous, the common-place; and we are so accustomed to surprising developments that we heed not a query of "What next?"

One might think the century would be weary with its weight of years and labors and honors, but not only is age "a matter of feeling," but "old age" is entirely out of fashion. Only those who can prove beyond question that they were members of George Washington's household indulge in the pride of a long-ago nativity, and the "patriarch" is no more seen on our streets. "Four-score," with close-cut hair and beard, buttons up his overcoat and dons the hat of the season with the air of his grandson; then, swinging a light stick, steps off to his club as briskly as though he counted his decades on the fingers of one hand. But it was not so when the century "sailed into longitude 50°." A certain old lady of that period, who had been important in social circles, and was still fond of the vanities of life, was remonstrated with for wearing bright colors as not being in accordance with her years. She, anticipating the spirit of this generation, replied: "As long as apple-trees bear pink blossoms, I shall wear pink ribbons in my caps." And this famous old century of ours spreads itself with an air of youth to the beneficent influences of sun and shower, and, as the breezes sweep, it sends us a whisper that it has both a rain-maker and a "flying machine" nestled in the top branches, waiting for their wings to grow, and that next spring it will put forth a finer show of blossoms than ever has been seen, even the great World's Fair of 1893.

Verily the century grows younger as it grows older. It has learned a

lesson from that elderly person who, when asked why the years left so few traces, replied: "I learn a new language every ten years." And the century has been learning the a-b-c of steam and gas and electricity and automatic mechanisms until, though fairly in the nineties, it is fresh as a four-year-old. A wise man is he who can predict what the next few years hold for us, and a wiser one he who predicts what they do not.

To us Americans, we of

> "The land of the free,
> And the home of the brave,"

this is peculiarly *our* century. The seed planted by the signing of the declaration of independence, and watered by the blood of patriots and the tears of those who gave their dearest for freedom's cause, sent up its tiny sprout at last. The cold winds of lawlessness and discontent threatened it, but by the protecting care of Washington and Jefferson and Hamilton, and the members of the early congresses, it was enabled to spread its young leaves with more and more surety, until when the year 1800 was marked on time's calendar it showed genuine sturdiness, and in 1812 its shadow fell on the mighty deep itself. And it grew stronger and taller, and spread itself farther and farther, till the sparkle of the Pacific was seen through its branches. But the blossoming could not be till again it had received a baptism of blood and tears, till tradition and the institutions of the past had yielded before the present cry for humanity; but finally from sea to sea, from the tip of Maine to the border of Mexico, from the seal islands of Alaska to the coral reefs of Florida, is the flowering of liberty overspread. And as our century overlaps that of time, we may surely trust that in the few years that remain ere the next long page is turned, the "great Father" and those who fulfill his behests, will prove that for the red man as well as for the black and the white is the hearthstone free, and the plant of our century, will remain in perennial bloom.

Jane de Forest Shelton

THE CHICAGO MASSACRE IN 1812

The garrison at Fort Dearborn, at the mouth of the Chicago river, together with the few civilians of the neighborhood—men, women, and children—left the place for a long overland march of three hundred miles through the woods of Michigan, on August 15, 1812. The ill-starred General Hull was in command at Detroit, expecting a battle with the British force, and he had sent orders by an Indian runner to the commander at Fort Dearborn, to move his command to Detroit, after disposing of the government stores and property as he thought fit.

The senior officer at Fort Dearborn was Captain Nathan Heald of the First Infantry, and his force consisted of about seventy regulars (of whom only fifty-six were effective) and twelve militia. The civilians at the place were Mrs. Heald, wife of the captain; Mrs. Helm, wife of the first lieutenant; and various women, wives of soldiers, etc., with their children, to the number of eleven or twelve. There were also living within musket-shot of the fort the celebrated Indian trader, pioneer, and interpreter, John Kinzie, with his wife and four young children—all of whom lived to grow up and take a notable part in the founding of Chicago. These, with two or three families of humbler rank, formed the entire white population of the place. The band which set forth on that sunny August morning numbered about one hundred, and with the garrison train and a few wagon-loads of household stuff—the pitiful accumulations of nine years of their frontier life since the fort was built—they started southward along the sandy shore of Lake Michigan, whereof they must round the southern end before striking eastward for Detroit.

Captain William Wells, Chicago's first hero and martyr, was a white man who had been stolen by Indians when a boy from his parents near the falls of the Ohio (Louisville), and had grown up among his captors and taken to wife a daughter of the celebrated chief, Little Turtle—*Me-che-kan-nah-qua*—who became, after the treaty of Greenville (1795), the friend of Washington, Madison, Monroe, and Harrison. Wells had fought for the Indians in youth, but later had returned to his own kindred and rendered manful service on the white man's side with General Wayne. His niece Rebekah, the daughter of his brother Samuel, was the young wife of Captain Heald, commander at Fort Dearborn; and, moved by this thought, or other kindly impulse, the brave captain, on hearing that the

garrison was to be called in, had volunteered to go with a band of the Ohio Miamis and act as escort on the perilous trip.

The short story of what followed is well known—or was, for it is already half-forgotten. The goods in the government store were divided among the friendly Indians, except the spare arms, ammunition, and liquor, all of which were destroyed. The expedition set out, and, when only about two miles advanced on the way, was attacked by an overwhelming force of savages and nearly annihilated. Captain William Wells was among the slain, together with two-thirds of the regulars and all the militia, and nearly every soul among the women and children. Eleven helpless little ones, in one wagon, were brained by one Indian brave. The Kinzies, favored by the Indians, were spared.

Up to the present writing, 1892, the only known narrative of the disastrous event has been that written about thirty years later by the accomplished Mrs. John H. Kinzie, daughter-in-law of John Kinzie before mentioned, who took her story from the lips of her aunt, Mrs. Helm. The latter, with her husband, Lieutenant Helm, was present at the massacre. The story forms part of Mrs. (Julia Magill) Kinzie's delightful book, *Wau-Bun*, a narrative of her personal adventures after her marriage with John H. Kinzie, about 1831, including what she learned of the history of things which had happened in previous years.

Mrs. Helm entertained, and imparted to Mrs. Kinzie, ideas unfavorable to the wisdom and discretion of Captain Heald, though not impugning his courage or loyalty. She said that there was ample warning of the disaster impending, and that, because of this, there was dissatisfaction, amounting almost to mutiny, among officers and soldiers, especially the third officer, Ensign Ronan, they insisting that the only proper course was to hold the fort at all hazards until help should arrive to make its safe evacuation possible. The event showed that this view was the true one; but it has always been said by the Healds that it was not held or urged by Captain Heald's subordinates.

Now, eighty years after the occurrence, and forty years after the first and only narrative of it was given to the world, in writing my *Story of Chicago*, I come upon the fact that a son of Captain Heald is living in the neighboring state of Missouri, and that he cherishes the feeling that injustice has been done to the memory of his father. I also learn that he has received from his mother (herself, like her husband, wounded almost to the death in the dreadful fight) a true and circumstantial account of the occurrence, with much that preceded and followed it. It seems a simple matter of right and justice that this view should be given to the world,

and a matter of duty that such a bit of almost literally original testimony should not be allowed to die out from history. Therefore the following narrative has been taken down in shorthand from the lips of Mr. Darius Heald, and is here for the first time printed.

Mrs. Heald, formerly Miss Rebekah Wells, daughter of Samuel Wells, and niece of William Wells, as has been stated, lived for many years after the massacre, in fact, up to her death in 1856, with her son, Darius Heald, near O'Fallon, in St. Charles county, Missouri. She was fond of telling the story of her life, and her children and friends were never tired of listening to it. Her son thinks he has heard her tell it a hundred times. She would begin away back in her girlhood spent in the country about Louisville, Kentucky, when her father, Colonel Samuel Wells, was living there, and tell how they all wanted uncle William Wells, whom they called their "Indian uncle;" to leave the Indians who had stolen him in his boyhood, and come home and belong to his white relations. He hung back for years, and even at last, when he agreed to visit them, made the proviso that he should be allowed to bring along an Indian escort with him, so that he should not be compelled to stay with them if he did not want to.

Young Rebekah Wells was the one who had been chosen to go to the Indian council with her father, and persuade her uncle William to come and visit his old home; she being a girl, had, very likely, more influence with him than any of the men could have had. William Wells was at that time living a wild, Indian life, roving up and down the Wabash river and between the lakes and the Ohio. Probably the place where the battle of Tippecanoe was fought, in 1811, near the present site of La Fayette, Indiana, was pretty near the centre of his regular stamping ground.

After much hesitation he consented to get together a party of braves, somewhere from seventy-five to a hundred, and visit his relatives. Little Turtle, whose daughter he had married, was along, very likely commanding the escort. They went down to the falls of the Ohio river, about opposite Louisville, and camped, while William Wells, with a picked band of twenty-five, crossed the river and met with his own people. Then the question arose as to whether he really was the brother of Colonel Samuel Wells, and he asked to be taken to the place where he was said to have been captured, to see if he could remember the circumstances. When he reached there, he looked about and pointed in a certain direction and asked if there was a pond there; and they said, "Well, let's go and see." So they went in the direction indicated, and to be sure, they saw the pond; and he said that he could remember that pond. Then he saw a younger

brother present whom he had accidentally wounded in the head with a stone as a child; and he said to this brother, "Now, if you are my brother, there ought to be a mark on the back of your head where I hit you with a stone one day;" and the brother held up his head, and William lifted the hair and found the scar, and he said, "Yes, I am your brother."

William was now convinced for the first time that he was the brother of Colonel Samuel Wells, but he went back with his Indian friends, his father-in-law Little Turtle, and the rest, and it was not until some time later that he told Little Turtle that although he had fought for his Indian friends all his life, the time had now come when he was going home to fight for his own flesh and blood. It was under a big tree on the banks of the Miami that they had this talk, and he pointed to the sun and said: "Till the sun goes up to the middle of the sky we are friends; after that, you can kill me if you want to." Still they always remained friends, and agreed that in war, if one could find out on which side of the army the other was put, he would change position so as not to be likely to meet the other in battle; and if one recognized the other while fighting, he would never aim to hit him. They also had the privilege of meeting and talking with each other, it being understood that nothing was to be said about the opposing numbers or their arms. They were not to act as spies, but simply to see each other as friends.

William Wells took his niece Rebekah to Fort Wayne on a visit and she spent the summer there, probably the summer of 1810, during which time she made the acquaintance of young Captain Nathan Heald, and they very likely then fixed it up to be married at the first convenient season; and in the summer of 1811, Captain Heald, then in command of Fort Dearborn at Chicago, got leave of absence to go down to Louisville to be married. He went on horseback alone, travelling by compass.

They were married, and the day after the wedding started north on horseback for Fort Dearborn. There were four horses, two for the bride and groom, one for the packs of blankets, and one for a little negro slave girl named Cicely. This girl had begged so hard to be brought along that they could not refuse her request, although it was, as the captain said, adding one more to the difficulties of making the long, lonesome, toilsome trip on horseback. They travelled by compass as before. The horses were good ones and not Indian ponies. Those that the captain and his bride rode were thoroughbreds, as was the one ridden by the slave girl; and they had also a good one to carry the pack, so that they made the trip in about a week's time, starting on Thursday, and reaching Fort Dearborn on the following Wednesday night, making about fifty miles a day. Nothing

of importance occurred on the bridal trip, and they arrived safe, and the garrison turned out to receive them with all the honors of war, the bride being quite an addition to the little company.

Rebekah was much pleased with her reception and found everything bright and cheerful. She liked the wild place, the wild lake, the wild Indians, and everything suited her ways and disposition, " being on the wild order herself " as she said, and life went on very pleasantly. Among other gayeties there was skating, in winter, up and down the frozen river, and Ensign Ronan was a famous skater. Sometimes he would take an Indian squaw by the hands, she holding her feet still, and swing her back and forth, from side to side of the little stream, until he came to a point where there was a deep snow-drift on the bank, when he would (accidentally, of course) lose his grip on her hands, and she would fly off into the snow-drift and be buried clear out of sight.

It is all false about any quarrel between Ronan and Captain Heald. The ensign thought the world of the captain, and gave him a big book with their two names written in it. Among the property recovered after the massacre was this book which the Indians thought was the Bible. They would pass their hands across the pages and point significantly heavenward ; but, in fact, the book was a dictionary, and it is still in the possession of the family, having been bound in buckskin to preserve such part as has not already succumbed to its many vicissitudes. Occasionally Indians would come and steal horses when the men were some distance away cutting hay for the winter's supplies, and they were apt to try to get the scalp of any white person against whom they had any hard feeling.

Mrs. Heald remembers a particular case where a soldier, a great stammerer, was out on picket, and, from the block-house window, she saw an Indian try to get between him and the fort. To attract the soldier's attention, Captain Heald had a gun fired, and the man, when he saw his peril, started homeward, the Indian, at the same time, starting to cut him off. The soldier was the best runner, and when the Indian called out to him some taunting expression, he looked over his shoulder and tried to shout out a retort, but his stuttering tongue made this take so long that he came very near losing his life, though at last he got in safely.

General Hull had sent orders to Captain Heald to evacuate the fort and come to Detroit, where he (Hull) was in command and preparing for a battle. The messenger arrived at Fort Dearborn about August 10. The evacuation took place August 15, 1812. The dispatch was brought by an Indian, and the date of the order showed that the fellow was a little too long in making the trip. He gave some excuse for this when the captain

read the dispatch. He had gotten lame, or his moccasins had worn out, or something had occurred which made him a little late. But after Wells arrived—he came about the 12th or 13th, accompanied by thirty mounted Miamis—they talked the matter over, and Wells said to Captain Heald, "Captain, that red rascal, somehow or other, was a long time getting here. I fear he has notified the Indians along the way that the things will probably be distributed here, and there may be considerable of a crowd. I don't fear anything serious, but I had much rather the Indian had come right straight here. He had no right to know, unless he was told, what the order was, but he got posted somehow as to what his business was about."

At the time Wells arrived there were a few Indians there who had found out that the fort was to be vacated, and by the time they left there was a considerable party of them collected, all seemingly friendly with Captain Heald. Wells had very little idea there was going to be a fight on the way, yet "smelt something in the air." But Captain Heald's orders were to vacate, and he must obey them unless something turned up that he could see was not right. They, however, discussed the possibilities of a siege. They had but few provisions and but little ammunition, and thought there was but very little risk in going. Heald's orders were to dispose of things as he thought best. There was but little whiskey. He thought that what they had (one barrel) ought not to go into the hands of the Indians, nor should the munitions of war, and they took the whiskey to a well that was inside the enclosure and poured it in, and what little arms and ammunition was left, besides what they took with them, was also thrown in.

John Kinzie, the trader at the post, objected to their going away, saying that his business would be interfered with—perhaps ruined. Captain Heald said he was sorry for that, but that he had to obey orders unless there was something objectionable to keep him from it. He advised Kinzie, however, not to allow the Indians to get at his alcohol, of which he had a considerable quantity—to pour it on the ground, or in the river, or do something to dispose of it; that it would be unsafe, under the circumstances, to let the Indians have it. Mr. Kinzie suggested that the government might make this loss good, but this Captain Heald could not vouch for. The spirits were destroyed.

The fort was vacated quietly, not a cross word being passed between soldiers and Indians, and good-bys were exchanged. Not an officer objected to leaving. Nobody objected but Kinzie, who did so for personal reasons. Everything left was divided among the Indians who were there, and a party of them escorted the whites out of the fort, these

Indians being the ones who took no interest in the fight, although they may have known something about it. The general impression among the officers was (and this was Captain Heald's idea also) that the Indians who took their share when the things were divided at the fort had no part in the massacre. The fight lasted but a few minutes—fifteen or twenty—not as long as half an hour.

Captain Wells' escort was mounted on Indian ponies. Captain Wells himself was mounted on a thoroughbred. Mrs. Heald and Mrs. Helm were also on horseback, the former on her own beloved Kentucky horse. The Miamis scattered far and wide at the first fire and gave no help in the fight. They advanced, Wells and his escort getting about a quarter or half a mile ahead, and were jogging along quietly, when all at once they halted, and he turned back and got down pretty close to Captain Heald—perhaps half the distance. He pulled off his hat and swung it around his head once or twice, making a circle. As soon as he saw Wells coming back, Captain Heald said to his wife: "Uncle sees something ahead of him there. There is something wrong." And when he made this circle around his head, Mrs. Heald understood the sign "We are surrounded by Indians." Captain Wells soon got close enough to shout "We are surrounded by Indians. March up on the sand ridges. There are sand ridges we ought to get in behind, and where we can stand half up and not be seen." Then she saw the Indians' heads "sticking up and down again, here and there, like turtles out of the water." They marched up on the sand ridges, the wagons being put back next to the lake, and the men taking position in front of them. Captain Wells shouted to Captain Heald, "Charge them!" and then led on and broke the ranks of the Indians, who scattered right and left. He then whirled around and charged to the left. This move brought them well out into the country, and they marched onward and took position about two or three hundred yards in front of the wagons and a like distance from the Indians. Captain Heald rather gave way to Captain Wells, knowing his superior experience in Indian warfare, Wells having been trained from childhood by such warriors as Little Turtle, Tecumseh, and Black Hawk, especially by the first two.

Another charge was made which enabled Captain Wells to get a little closer to the Indians. He had two revolvers and a small gun. His bullets and powder were kept in shoulder-belts hung at convenient places, and he generally had an extra bullet in his mouth, which helped him to load fast when necessary. He could pour in a little powder, wad it down, "blow in" the bullet, prime and fire more quickly than one can tell the facts.

The Indians broke from him right and left. The hottest part of the battle lasted but a few minutes, but Captain Heald's little band was cut down. He gave the signal of surrender; the chiefs came together and they made a compromise.

Afterwards, in talking the matter over, Captain Heald said that he had no confidence in the Indians, but that he had done the best he could do; that in fifteen minutes more the last man would have been killed, that they had no chance at all; his men were falling rapidly and he himself was wounded in the hip by a one-ounce ball. That ball was never extracted, and caused his death twenty years afterward. After the fighting commenced, Mrs. Heald turned back and ascended a little elevation between the army and the wagons. She saw a young, fine-looking officer fall, and thought it was her husband, and was under this impression until after the fight was over. Just before the surrender, she got up in range of the bullets coming from Indians on both sides of her. She did not know whether the Indians aimed at her or not, but was wounded in six places, one hand being rendered helpless, the ball passing between the two bones of her arm. Her son has seen the scar a thousand times. After the surrender, the Indians crowded around the prisoners and she was unable to get to them. Captain Wells, who was shot through the lungs, rode up and took her hand, saying: "Farewell, my child." Mrs. Heald said to him: "Why, uncle, I hope you will get over this." "No, my child," he said, "I cannot." He told her he was shot through the lungs, and she saw the blood oozing through his nose and mouth. He still held her hand and talked to her, saying that he could not last five minutes longer. He said: "Tell my wife—if you live to get there, but I think it doubtful if a single one gets there—tell her I died at my post doing the best I could. There are seven red devils over there that I have killed." His horse, which had been shot just behind the girth, then fell and caught Captain Wells' leg under him. As he did so, Captain Wells turned and saw six or seven Indians approaching them. He took aim and fired, killing one of them. They approached still closer, and Mrs. Heald said to him: "Uncle, there is an Indian pointing right at the back of your head." Captain Wells put his hand back and held up his head that better aim might be taken, and then cried: "Shoot away." The Indian fired, the shot being fatal. They then pulled him out from under his horse (Mrs. Heald still seated on her horse near by), and cut his body open, the gashes being in the shape of a cross. They took out his heart, placed it on a gun stick, and whirled it around and around, yelling like fiends. The noise drew other Indians to the spot, and they then commenced cutting up

the heart and eating it. They crowded around, and the bleeding heart was thrust forward at one after another.

Finally an Indian cut off a piece, held it up to Mrs. Heald and insisted on her eating it. She shook her head. He then daubed her face with it. She shook her fist at him. They then called her "Epeconier! Epeconier!" this being their name for Captain Wells, and thus signifying that she was also a Wells—a person full of pluck and bravery. In the meantime her horse, which had become excited during the tumult and by the smell of blood, commenced prancing around, and an Indian took him by the bit and led him down to the corral or Indian camp near the fort. Approaching them, an Indian squaw caught sight of the bright red blanket which was girted on over Mrs. Heald's saddle for camping purposes, and immediately attempted to take it for her own. This Mrs. Heald resisted vigorously, and although one hand was entirely useless and the other badly injured, she took her switch and with it struck the squaw such hard blows that "white welts were raised on her red hide." After this exhibition of spirit, the Indian who had hold of the horse's bit again shouted "Epeconier! Epeconier!" and it is probably this display of daring which saved Mrs. Heald's life, and perhaps her husband's also.

When she was brought in, after being captured and led down among the Indians, she was stripped of her jewelry, ring, breastpin, earrings, and comb. She was badly wounded, and was cared for that night (the fifteenth) as tenderly as a sister by two or three squaws and one French woman, who did everything in their power to relieve her. She saw nothing more of her jewelry until the next morning, when a brave made his appearance and pranced around, taking great pains to show her that he was wearing her comb in his scalp-lock, a performance fraught with difficulties, as he had hardly enough hair to keep it in, and found it necessary to push it back from time to time to prevent its falling to the ground. Poor black Cicely she never saw again. She had perished with the rest. Her horse, too, was gone forever.

It turned out afterwards that the Indians took their booty down the river, probably to Peoria, to sell and "trade" for whiskey, and it found its way quickly to St. Louis, where Colonel O'Fallon recognized a great deal as belonging to the Healds, and redeemed it and sent it to Colonel Samuel Wells at the falls of the Ohio, as a memento of the brother and his daughter, both supposed to be killed. It reached there before the Healds did, and the following articles are now in possession of the family: Captain Heald's sword. A shawl pin he wore, which, when recovered, had been bent to serve as a nose-ring. Part of his uniform coat, which

seemed to have been divided among the captors. Six silver table-spoons and one soup-ladle, each marked "N. R. H.," doubtless the wedding present made by Colonel Samuel Wells to Nathan and Rebekah Heald. A hair brooch marked "S. W.," supposed to contain the hair of Samuel Wells. A finger-ring marked "R. W." A fine tortoise-shell comb cut somewhat in the shape of an eagle's beak and having silver ornaments representing the bird's eye, nostril, etc. Most of these things are in the possession of Darius Heald, and are shown in our frontispiece.

The Indian who led Captain Heald down to the camp and claimed him as his prisoner was a half-breed named Chandonnias. He afterward found that Mrs. Heald was still alive and, it is supposed, ransomed the latter from her captor; for on the morning of the sixteenth, he brought the husband and wife together. He seems then to have connived at the escape of both; for they found the matter wonderfully easy, boat and escort at hand and all oversight withdrawn. Years afterward, in 1831, Chandonnias visited the Healds at their home near O'Fallon, Missouri, and Darius Heald remembers seeing him meeting and greeting the two whom he had so nobly rescued.

It is thought that the Indians went off down the lake to have a "general frolic," in other words, to torture to death the wounded prisoners. On the night of the sixteenth, Captain and Mrs. Heald accompanied by an Indian boy named Robinson (probably a son of Chief Robinson), embarked in a canoe, and, unmolested, commenced their journey to Mackinaw. Chandonnais' friendship was no half-way matter. They traveled all that night and all next day until late in the evening, when they saw a young deer coming down to the water in a little clump of bushes to get a drink. They drew as near the shore as possible and the Indian lad stepped out and waded to shore, slipped down the bank behind the deer and shot it. They then pitched camp, dressed the deer, using the hide as a kneading-board whereon Mrs. Heald stirred up some flour, they having brought a little in a leather bag from the fort, into a stiff paste, which she wound around sticks and toasted over the fire; and this Captain Heald afterwards declared to be the finest bread he ever ate.

They pushed on to Mackinaw, as Captain Heald said he had no chance of getting clear excepting by going to a British officer, and it was here that his parole was taken. It happened that Captain Heald and the officer in command at Mackinaw were both Free Masons, and Mrs. Heald says they went off into a room by themselves, and that Captain Heald told his story and asked for help. He said that the Indians would pursue them, would not be more than twenty-four hours behind, and that a body

would overtake them, and asked the British officer if he could protect them. The officer said it would be a very hard matter in the fix they were in. If the Indians came down, they might be overpowered; but that he would do this: he had a little "sailer" (a sailing-boat), and he would put Captain Heald and his wife in that and anchor it near the shore, and as soon as there were signs of the Indians, would signal them to start. He then took out his pocketbook and told Captain Heald to help himself. "But," said Captain Heald, "we may never meet again." "That," said the officer, "makes no difference. You have a wife, and I have nobody on whom to spend my money. I can do without it. You take it and use it, and if it is ever convenient to send it back, you may do so." Mrs. Heald says that she never knew why this officer should have been so kind to them, but laid it to the fact of their both being Masons; but said she "could never get anything out of him" (Captain Heald) "although she tried more than once, and that she never expected to get to know Masonic secrets."

However, Captain Heald did not take the money of the noble and generous enemy, for he had at that moment some two hundred dollars, probably in gold, which his provident wife had sewn in the cuffs of his undershirt, a circumstance which would indicate that she at least foresaw possible tribulation before they left the fort. The Indians came in sight, looking one hundred strong, and the British officer gave the sign for the little boat to move on. They went down to Detroit, and thence to Buffalo, whence they crossed to Pittsburg, and went down the Ohio river, having procured, through an officer, some conveyance in which to go down the river, and they then drifted down by boat, and part of the way by raft, and in this way reached Kentucky soil. They reached Mrs. Heald's old home in the night, past midnight, and rapped for admittance. Colonel Samuel Wells asked, "Who's there?" "A friend," said Captain Heald. "Well, who are you?" "Well, I am a friend." "Mrs. Heald then spoke up and said, "Yes, two friends." Colonel Wells thought he recognized a woman's voice and came to the door and opened it, and found himself face to face with his daughter whom he had not seen for two years, whom he supposed to be dead, who left him as a bride, and returned a wounded prisoner. They had been two months on the way from Fort Dearborn to Kentucky.

Before her death, in 1856, Mrs. Heald had dictated to Mrs. Kerr, a niece of Mrs. Heald, a large number of facts connected with Mrs. Heald's life. The manuscript was foolscap and contained, Mr. Heald thinks, some hundreds of pages. It was in existence up to the time of the Union war,

and he remembers seeing it wrapped up in newspaper and tied with twine at the Heald residence in St. Charles county, Missouri, near the town of O'Fallon. During one of the incursions of Union soldiers,* the house was ransacked from top to botton. Captain Heald's sword was taken away, and, greatest loss of all, that manuscript then disappeared, Mr. Heald thinks probably destroyed—burned among other papers supposed to be of no value.

A negro boy who had been raised by Mr. Heald received word that that sword had been left somewhere not very far from home, and was then being used as a corn-knife, and he obtained it and brought it back to Mr. Heald, who recognized it as what there was left of his father's old sword; but, alas! the manuscript has never been heard of—probably never will be. This is the nearest approach now possible to a reproduction of the facts it contained.

Joseph Kirkland

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

* Mr. Heald thinks they were the Hecker German regiment of Chicago volunteers, but is not certain.

THE OLD DOMINION

It is certain that Virginia remained true to Charles I. and the monarchy during the civil war, which resulted in their overthrow and in the capital execution of the king on the 30th of January, 1649.

She remained also true to Charles II. while he was an outlaw and fugitive flying from his enemies of the English parliament and commonwealth. He had too few real friends to forget *at that time* Sir William Berkeley and the faithful colony. From his slender court at Breda in the Netherlands, he sent to Berkeley a new commission confirming the powers granted by his father, and expressing a sense of his gratitude for the loyalty shown by Virginia. It has even been intimated that the queen mother, Henrietta Maria, had formed a project to transport with the aid of France a large body of her retainers to Virginia, and to continue in the New World the monarchy so fatally arrested in England.

It was at this time (and not after his restoration, when he gave few favorable thoughts to Virginia) that Charles devised the addition *en dat Virginia quintam* to the motto of the English coat-of-arms. The five elements of his monarchy alluded to were England, France, Scotland, Ireland, and Virginia. A large number of loyal families left England during the civil war and commonwealth and came to Virginia. Sir William Berkeley's house was always open to such, and the hospitable owners of lands on the rivers gladly furnished them homes. All these causes contributed to give this colony the title of the "Old Dominion." The origin generally assigned for this title involves a grave historical error, as we shall see.

Meanwhile a commonwealth had been established in England, and Oliver Cromwell was at its head as protector. He made his country formidable to her enemies and respectable to all the world. He had no policy of harshness or revenge toward the Virginia colony, yet he could not be expected to connive at her position. In 1651 he sent a powerful fleet carrying, besides its proper crews, a large land force, all under command of Sir George Ayscue, with directions to subdue the islands of the West Indies, and to reduce all refractory colonies to subjection. The orders of parliament were stern and decided.

Ayscue reduced Antigua and Barbadoes to subjection, and sent Captain Dennis with what he deemed an adequate force to Virginia. Governor Berkeley prepared for vigorous resistance. His military force

was small but efficient. Jamestown was armed and guarded at all points. Muskets were distributed; cannon mounted. A number of Dutch ships were lying in the river, and as their captains and crews had nothing to expect from the commonwealth's forces except captivity and confiscation, they willingly united with Berkeley's forces. Their cargoes were carried ashore; a select crew was assigned each ship; their guns were heavily charged, and they were moored in a circular line so as to cover by their fire every point of approach.

Dennis was brought to a stand. He seems at once to have abandoned all thought of a violent attack, the result of which would have been doubtful. He resorted to negotiations for peace, and was aided by the fact that aboard his ships a large quantity of goods, wares, and merchandise had been brought to Virginia. But whatever may have been the mixture of the motives, the result was in the highest degree creditable to the colony. The treaty agreed upon was in every important respect favorable to her, and secured her cherished freedom. Even in the matter of religion, it was agreed that the Book of Common Prayer should be continued for a year in those parishes which desired it, provided only that the parts recognizing the king and the royal government should not be publicly used.

If the colony was conquered, never did a conquered province obtain terms more favorable to her privileges, her liberties, and her honor. Virginia went on her way growing and prospering. Sir William Berkeley retired to his estate, where he remained unmolested. The general assemblies elected in succession three provincial governors, Richard Bennet in 1653, Edward Digges in 1656, and Samuel Matthews in 1658.

So complete was the political and personal freedom enjoyed, that the house of burgesses, in a slight contest of powers with the aged Governor Matthews, voted that it was the right of the hour to discuss, first and alone, any measure proposed for enactment.

It has been common for compilers of history to state that Charles II. was proclaimed king by the Virginia colony before he was restored to the throne of England, and that thus originated the title of "The Old Dominion." This is not true. When Samuel Matthews died in 1660 the question simply was who should be his successor. The assembly elected Sir William Berkeley governor by a decisive vote on the 13th day of March, 1660. He accepted the office without condition or compromise. He required no oath of allegiance to the king; and it was not until the 29th of April, 1660, that Charles II. ascended the throne.

ROBERT REID HOWISON'S *History of the United States.*

RETURN JONATHAN MEIGS, 1801–1891

The subject of this sketch was born near Winchester, Clark county, Kentucky, April 14, 1801. His early youth was passed in the household of his uncle, James Lamme, in Bourbon county, where he worked on the farm when not at school. Afterward he was a pupil of Mr. George Wilson, a celebrated classical scholar. Here Mr. Meigs imbibed his love of the classics, which never deserted him during his entire life. Mr. Wilson was a South Carolinian, who had been induced by Colonel Gist to remove to Kentucky and try his fortunes there as a teacher. Mr. Wilson's school was located in Jessamine, about ten miles from Lexington, and some twenty-five miles from where Mr. Meigs resided. At the second session of the school Mr. Wilson invited Mr. Meigs to remain at his house, as a member of his family. While here he dived deeply into the Greek and Latin classics, and he and his teacher read aloud to each other and commented on the texts of their favorite authors. He here became a student of law under the tutelage of the eminent Judge Bledsoe, and was admitted as a practitioner at the Frankfort bar in 1822.

In 1822 he left Kentucky, riding on horseback to the Hiawassa garrison in East Tennessee, where his grandfather, Colonel Return J. Meigs, was located as the government agent of the Cherokee Indians. He entered actively into practice, the Hiawassa agency being his home, riding the circuit to all the surrounding courts, as was the custom in those days, and getting a very reasonable share of the practice. His uncle died soon after his joining him, in the eighty-third year of his age. He was called by the Indians "White Path" on account of his strict integrity and his kindness.

Mr. Meigs continued his practice in East Tennessee for several years. One of his stopping places was at the house of John Love, whose daughter afterward became his wife. His marriage occurred November 1, 1825. Subsequently he removed to Athens, Tennessee, where he continued to reside until October, 1835, when he removed to Nashville. After taking up his residence in Nashville, at the instance of his friends, he was announced the candidate for delegate to the constitutional convention of Tennessee in 1836, but was defeated by one vote. It is interesting to know that his object in becoming a candidate was for the purpose, if elected, of offering an amendment for the abolition of slavery in Tennessee.

He was defeated, as before mentioned, by one vote, and by action of the convention slavery was retained.

In 1838 he was made attorney-general of the state, and he wrote and published *Meigs' Reports* of the decisions of the supreme court of Tennessee. He was elected a member of the state senate in 1843, and relinquished his law practice so as to give his entire time to his legislative duties.

He was a thoroughly trained lawyer, not only in the common law of England and the practice in Tennessee courts, but he had studied with great assiduity the Code Napoleon and the Spanish laws, as applicable to this country. He had also given great study to the patent laws, at a time when little was known of these laws by the generality of lawyers. He was regarded as a great advocate, and specially distinguished himself in defense of the negro slave Jake Bradford, who was indicted for killing his master.

In politics he was a Henry Clay whig, and a frequent contributor to the columns of the leading whig papers of Nashville, *The Nashville Whig* and *Nashville Banner*. Later he allied himself with the republican party, as he was an avowed and outspoken Unionist.

In 1848, after spending years in digesting the twenty-seven volumes of Tennessee reports and examining the citation of over three thousand cases, he published his *Digest of the Decisions of the Supreme Court of Tennessee*. This work met at once with the hearty approval of the bar of Tennessee, and soon became popular all over the country as a standard work, a position it still retains, and in the courts of Tennessee its phraseology is quoted instead of that used in the reports.

In 1853, in connection with Hon. W. F. Cooper, he prepared and published a code of Tennessee law, which is still regarded as the best of its kind in the state. He was at all times an active worker and coadjutor in anything looking to the moral, intellectual, or physical advancement of Tennessee. He was one of the earliest advocates for the building of the fine system of macadamized turnpikes in middle Tennessee, which has given to that section the finest roads in the whole country. He advocated at an early time the building of railroads, and was one of the projectors of the scheme by which the state contributed ten thousand dollars a mile to the superstructure of the splendid railway system which has added so much to its wealth, population, and general prosperity.

For many years he was a trustee of the state university, and founded there the nucleus for a fine classical library. He was one of the board of commissioners for the building of what was then the finest state capitol in the United States, and trustee of the common school system of the

city of Nashville, which is one of the most thorough systems in the country. He was appointed librarian of the state library, and succeeded in collecting twenty-five or thirty thousand volumes of the most carefully selected and valuable books of any library in the country. His own library was the largest and most valuable of any in Tennessee, apart from his law library, which was very extensive.

As a lawyer he always advised his clients to compromise rather than engage in expensive litigation. His fees were moderate, and small cases brought to him he generally turned over to worthy young lawyers, whom he advised and counseled in the conduct of their cases. He was greatly depressed by the death of his wife, which occurred in 1858. The breaking out of the civil war in 1861 gave him much trouble. He was sincerely and devotedly attached to the people of Nashville, among whom he had so long resided, and his attachment extended to the whole people of Tennessee. He was an unalterable Union man, and deplored the action of his friends and neighbors in favoring secession; and as he could not agree with them and was unwilling to quarrel with them, he removed with his family to Staten Island, New York, in May, 1861, whence, after a desultory business of two years, he removed to Washington, D. C. President Lincoln soon offered him the appointment to codify the laws of the District of Columbia, and subsequently tendered him the appointment of clerk of the supreme court of the District of Columbia, which he accepted in May, 1863.

On assuming charge of the office, Mr. Meigs found the rules and general conditions of the court in a rather chaotic condition. With his usual energy he at once went to work and formulated a new system of rules and practice for this court, which was at once adopted and has ever since been maintained. His position as *clerk* of this court was an anomalous and somewhat delicate one. Mr. Meigs had a national reputation as a lawyer, and perhaps was an abler lawyer than any man on the bench of the court of which he became clerk. The judges, however, fully accorded this to him, and both bench and bar took advantage of his great legal acumen and attainments to consult him on difficult points, and always received from him a ready and cordial response. He was specially kind in advising young lawyers, and many now who have made renown in their professions speak gratefully of the kind counsel given them in trying times by Mr. Meigs.

In his personal intercourse with his family and friends he was totally unaffected and cordial. He had a vast fund of information on all subjects, and his recollections of "old times" was such as to make an hour

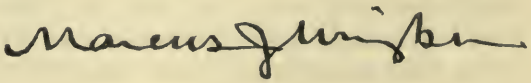
spent with him one that the visitor would not be likely to forget. The writer bears in fond remembrance an evening spent with him in his hospitable home in Washington, a few years before his death. On the 19th of October, 1891, after a few hours' illness, he passed away, having lived to be ninety-one years old.

His genealogy may be briefly stated. Vincent Meigs, from Devonshire, England, landed at Hammonassett in 1637 with his family, consisting of John, born ——; Janna, born 1672; Return, born 1708 (first descent). Colonel Return Jonathan, son of Return, born 1740, was colonel of the sixth regiment of the continental line, was at the storming of Stony Point, on the expedition to Quebec, and captured the British forces at Sag Harbor, destroying their vessels; John, the son of Return Jonathan, born in 1771, married Parthenia Clendennin—died July 4, 1807, aged thirty-six.

In the sketch of Colonel Return Jonathan Meigs, in Appleton's *Cyclopedia of American Biography*, occurs this statement: "The origin of his name is of peculiar interest. His father when a young man was very attentive to a fair quakeress, who resided in the vicinity of Middletown, Connecticut, but he was unsuccessful in his suit, and she repeatedly rejected him with, 'Nay, Jonathan, I respect thee much, but I cannot marry thee.' But on his last visit, as he slowly mounted his horse, the relenting lady beckoned him to stop, saying, 'Return, Jonathan; return, Jonathan.' These, the happiest words he had ever heard, he gave as a name to his firstborn."

This is a very pretty story, and it seems a pity to spoil it. But as there was a *Return* Meigs born in 1708, and several previous to that date, the origin as given must go the way of many pretty stories which are only legendary and cannot stand the test of cold history.

The Return Jonathan of this sketch was the son of John, and grandson of Colonel Return Jonathan of Revolutionary memory. He made his mark, and left a record of which his children may well be proud, and an example which the rising generation will do well to emulate.



WASHINGTON, D. C.

THE UNITED STATES AND JAPAN

Editor of Magazine of American History :

As a supplement to Dr. William Elliot Griffis's interesting and valuable contribution to your June number on the "Relations between the United States and Japan," kindly allow me to offer a short letter on the same topic. This letter was originally written by "T. A." (presumably a Japanese) for the columns of the *Nichi Nichi Shimbun* (or *Daily News*) of Tokyo, and was translated into the *Japan Mail* of Yokohama. It was addressed to the Hon. Frank M. Coombs, the new United States minister to Japan, and reads as follows :

"Hoping to see an increase of the friendly relations that already exist between Japan and the United States, we have long been waiting for the arrival of his excellency Mr. F. M. Coombs, American envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary. After a safe voyage for twenty days he reached Japan on the 30th ult. While expressing our delight at his safe arrival and congratulating him on his good health, we desire to say a few words for his consideration. They refer to the maintenance of the relations existing between Japan and America—relations that affect both the moral and the material aspects of the two countries' intercourse. What country was it that returned an indemnity of seven hundred thousand *yen*, received from our government in the sequel of the Shimonoseki affair, which happened at the commencement of *Meiji* era? It was America. What country was it that first agreed to abolish extra territoriality in the negotiations for treaty revision? It was America again. What country was it that, with the consent of congress, disbursed a sum of five thousand dollars from the treasury for the relief of persons shipwrecked in the *Cashmere*, which was wrecked off Taneko Island in 1885? Again it was America. Such is the kindly feeling of America towards Japan, and the Japanese are very grateful to her. But lately there have been some painful rumors in circulation. Disquieting statements are made about Japanese emigrants to America, and news has been received of the expulsion of some Japanese by the officials at San Francisco, when the emigrants arrived by the *Belgic*. If the circumstances as related in these affairs are correct, they are likely to give rise to much unfriendly feeling on the part of Japanese generally. From olden times disputes have often arisen out of conditions not thoroughly understood

by each side. Therefore, the things which we have mentioned may be capable of easy explanation when the parties concerned talk them over. They may even become subjects of jest. But the masses are always easily misled. Therefore we hope his excellency will consider the present situation, and take steps to smooth the relations between the two countries. This is our sincere desire."

The editor of the *Japan Mail*, in commenting on this open letter, says:

"America's policy as to immigration is destined, we fear, to affect her relations with Japan sooner or later. It cannot be reasonably hoped that a distinction will be made between Chinese and Japanese, when both alike present themselves to the American laboring man under the same aspect; namely, that of outsiders willing to work for wages which, in the case of American citizens themselves, would be regarded with contempt. With a nation so sensitive as to its honor as the Japanese are, it is easy to predict the excitement that will arise should America's attitude of exclusiveness be extended so as to embrace Japanese."

It is sincerely to be hoped that the people of the United States will never assume toward the Japanese the attitude they now maintain against the Chinese, for we are bound by many strong ties to our antipodal neighbors across the Pacific.

Ernest W. Clement.

CHICAGO, *July* 1, 1892.

THE SUCCESSFUL NOVEL OF FIFTY-SIX YEARS AGO

"HORSE SHOE ROBINSON"

About the year 1836 a novel in two volumes was issued by a Philadelphia publisher, which found such ready sale that three editions were quickly exhausted. It was considered the most successful novel of that period. The author was Mark Littleton, and the work was entitled *Horse Shoe Robinson.* Its historic features were its chief charm, for it represented careful study of the events of the Revolution at the south, and unfolded a vast amount of information concerning the temper and character of the people in the districts of central Virginia and the mountainous regions of the Carolinas. A copy of the first edition of this rare work has been brought to the attention of the writer, and as an example of the novel-writing of fifty-six years ago it is unique and worthy of a brief summary of its interesting contents.

The chief figure in the story is Galbraith Robinson, who, having been a blacksmith at the outbreak of the Revolutionary war, was widely known as Horse Shoe Robinson. He was gigantic in size, with massive features rendered pleasing by clear, penetrating, intelligent eyes; his monster frame seemed bullet-proof, as if made of iron, and his movements indicated enormous physical strength. He had a keen sense of humor and much homely wisdom, and was at all times shrewd, cautious, and far-seeing.

He was one of two mounted travelers—when the story opens—cantering along the dusty road in Virginia to the south of Monticello, his companion, Captain Butler of the continental army, being in the costume of an ordinary country gentleman, and Horse Shoe in the garb of a servant. It was shortly after General Gates had passed southward to take command of the army that was to act against Cornwallis—in July, 1780. While pausing to take some refreshments by the roadside a conversation ensued between the travelers, in which Horse Shoe gave a graphic account of the capture of his regiment by the British, and his subsequent escape from imprisonment at the south.

"I shouldn't have minded it much," he said; "it was the fortune of war. But they insulted us as soon as they got our arms from us. It was a blasted cowardly trick in them to endeavor to win us from our cause,

which they tried every day. First they told us that Colonel Pinckney and some other officers had gone over; but that was too onprobable a piece of rascality—we didn't believe a word on't. So one morning Colonel Pinckney axed that we mought be drawed up in a line in front of the barracks, and there he made us a speech. We were as silent as so many men on a surprise party. The colonel said—yes, sir, and right in their very teeth—that it was an infamious and audacious calumny; that whenever he deserted the cause of liberty, he hoped they would take him, as they had done some Roman officer or other, and tie his limbs to wild horses, and set them adrift, at full speed, taking all his joints apart, so that not one traitorous limb should be left to keep company with the other. The British officers began to frown, and I saw one chap put his hand upon his sword. It would have done you good to witness the look the colonel gave him, as he put his own hand to his thigh to feel if his sword was there—he so naturally forgot he was a prisoner. They made him stop speaking, however, because they called it perditious language: so they dismissed us, but we let them have three cheers to show that we were in heart. Colonel Charles Cotesworth Pinckney's voice that day was sweeter than shawns and trumpets, as the preacher says, and bugles to boot. He put a stop to all this parleying with our poor fellows; and knowing you was likely to be coming this way he axed me if I thought I could give the guard the slip and make off with a letter to meet you. Well, I studied over the thing for awhile, then told him a neck was but a neck anyhow, and that I could try—and so when this letter was ready, he gave it to me, telling me to hide it so that if I was s'arched they could not find it on my person. Do you see that foot?" added Horse Shoe, smiling. "It isn't so small but that I could put a letter between the inside sole and the out—longways, or even crossways, for the matter of that—and without so much as turning down a corner. Accordingly we stitched it in. The colonel then told me to watch my chance and make off to you in the Jarseys as fast as I could. He told me, besides, that I was to stay with you, because you was likely to have business for me to do.

There came on a darkish, drizzly evening; and a little before roll-call, at sunset, I borrowed an old forage cloak from Corporal Green—you mought have remembered him—and out I went towards the lines, and sauntered along the edge of the town till I came to one of your pipe-smoking, gin-drinking Hessians keeping centry near the road that leads out towards Ashley ferry; a fellow that had no more watch in him than a duck on a rainy day. So said I, coming up boldly to him, 'Hans, wie geht es.' 'Geh zum teufel,' says he, laughing—for he knowed me. That was all the

Dutch I could speak, except I was able to say it was going to rain, so I told him, 'es will regnen,' which he knowed as well as I did, for it was raining all the time. I had a little more palaver with Hans; and at last he got upon his feet and set to walking up and down. By this time the drum beat for evening quarters and I bid Hans good night; but instead of going away I squatted behind the Dutchman's centry-box; and presently the rain came down by the bucket-full; it got very dark and Hans was snugly under cover. The grand rounds was coming, I could hear the tramp of feet, and I made a long step and a short story of it by just slipping over the lines and setting out to seek my fortune. As the prime file leader of mischief would have it, outside of the lines I meets a cart with a man to drive it, and two soldiers on foot by way of guard. The first I was aware of it was a hallo—and then a bagnet to my breast. I did not ask for countersigns, for I didn't mean to trade in words that night; but just seizing the muzzle of the piece, I twisted it out of the fellow's hand, and made him a present of the butt-end across his pate. I didn't want to hurt him, you see, for it wasn't his fault that he stopped me. A back-hander brought down the other; and the third man drove off his cart, as if he had some suspicion that his comrades were on their backs in the mud. I didn't mean to trouble a peaceable man with my compliments, but on the contrary I went on my way rejoicing.

I was afraid to keep up the Neck road, on account of the sodgers there, so I determined to cross the Ashley, but when I came to the ferry I was dubious about taking one of the skiffs for fear of making a noise, so I slipped off my shoe, that had your letter, and put it betwixt my teeth and swum the river. For the first three or four days the chances were all against me. The whole country was full of tories and it wasn't safe to meet a man upon the road. I durstn't show my face in day time at all, but lay close in the swamps. I commonly about dark crept as near some farmhouse as I mought venture to go, and putting on a poor mouth told the folks I had a touch of the small-pox, and was dying for a little food. They were generally Christians enough to give me a dish of bread and milk, or something of that sort, and cowards enough to keep so much out of my way as not to get a chance to look me in the face. They laid provisions on the ground and then walked away while I came up to get them.

Well, after this, I had like to lost all by another mishap. My course was for the upper country, because the nearer I got to my own home the better I was acquainted with the people. That scrummaging character, Tarleton, you may have hearn, scampered off as soon as ever Charleston was taken, after Colonel Abraham Buford, who was on his way down to

the city when the news was fotch him of our surrender. Buford accordingly came to the right about, to get out of harm's way as fast as he could, and Tarleton followed close at his heels. When nobody thought it anything more than a brag, sure enough, he overhauls Buford yonder at the Waxhaws—onawares—and there he tore him all to pieces. It so happened that as I was making along towards Catawba, who should I come plump upon but Tarleton and his lads, with their prisoners, all halting beside a little run to get water. I was pretty near nonplussed, but I thought of a stratagem. I let fall my under jaw and sot my eyes as wild as a madman, and twisted my whole face out of joint, and began to clap my hands and hurra for the red-coats like a natural fool. So when Tarleton and two or three of his people came to take notice of me they put me down for a poor idiot that had been turned adrift. Just to try me they flogged me with the flats of their swords, but I laughed and made merry when they hurt me the worst, and told them I thanked them for their politeness. There were some of our men among the prisoners whom I knew, and I was mortally afraid they would let on—but they didn't. Especially there was Seth Cuthbert, from Tryon, who had both of his hands chopped off in the fray at the Waxhaws; he was riding double behind a trooper, and he held up the stumps just to let me see how barbarously he had been mangled. I was dubious they would see that he knowed me, but he took care of that—he saw my drift in the first shot of his eye. Thinking they mought take it into their noddles to carry me along with them, I played the quarest trick that I suppose a man ever thought of—it makes me laugh now to tell it; I made a spring that fetched me right upon the crupper of Tarleton's horse, which sot him to kicking and flirting at a merry rate; and while the creature was floundering as if a hornet had stung him, I took the colonel's cap and put it on my own head, and gave him mine. After I had vagaried in this sort of way for a little while I let the horse fling me to the ground. You would have thought the devils would have died a laughing. And the colonel himself, although at first very angry, couldn't help laughing likewise. He said I was as strange a fool as he ever saw, and that it would be a pity to hurt me. So he threw me a shilling, and whilst they were all in good humor I trudged away."

Colonel Butler had been apprised by Colonel Pinckney of the condition of affairs in the region to which he was journeying, and his business was to co-operate in a bold undertaking that had been planned to dislodge the red-coats from their strongholds. But the tories swarmed the country like the locusts of Egypt, and it was necessary to proceed with great caution. The romance of the story clusters about the meeting of Captain

Butler with Mildred, the beautiful daughter of Philip Lindsay, one of the most opulent old-school gentlemen of Virginia, residing at the foot of the Blue Ridge on the Rockfish river. Captain Butler went out of his way somewhat for this interview, which was brought about through the tact and diplomacy of Mildred's young brother, Henry, who, under the pretense of hunting, had been several days watching the roads for Butler's approach. Philip Lindsay was a man of refinement and taste, and in his lazy life and charming seclusion had hoped to escape the complications which the war entailed upon his neighbors. But his reputation for wealth had brought the tory leaders to his house, and his relations to the English government had led him into a distrust of revolutionary principles. As the crisis became more momentous he was shocked at finding Mildred's predilections running on the side of American independence. Butler was a native of one of the lower districts of South Carolina, and the possessor of a handsome fortune. He first met Mildred, with her parents, at Annapolis, when that city was the seat of learning and fashion, and was subsequently a frequent guest at the picturesque home of the Lindsays. The young people were lovers, but the course of their true love did not run smoothly. Mildred's mother was averse to the marriage for political reasons, and on her death-bed admonished her husband in the most emphatic terms to prevent the alliance. Butler was denied the house, and since then had only seen Mildred by stealth. There was a confidant in all their intercourse—Mildred's young brother Henry, who thought his father was on the wrong side in this love affair as well as in politics.

At the very hour when the lovers were discussing the perplexed and tangled riddle of the future under the thick foliage of a large beech-tree, a certain Mr. Tyrrel was at the Dove Cote, on his third visit to Philip Lindsay, endeavoring to persuade him to join the British army, and also to give him (Tyrrel) his daughter Mildred's hand in marriage. The shrewd Horse Shoe Robinson discovers that James Curry, one of the white servants of Tyrrel, is staying at Mistress Dimock's inn—where he has obtained quarters for Captain Butler and himself—and ere long is convinced that the man is acting the part of a spy. Horse Shoe therefore steps out upon the porch in front of the house, and in a tone half-way between jest and greeting, says to the man: "A word in your ear. *You* are not safe, friend, if you are cotch again peeping through the chinks of the window, or sneaking upon the dark side of the doorway to pick up a crumb of talk from people that are not axing your company."

The retort was swift and sharp, but Horse Shoe only replied, "Be quiet and easy, good man. No flusterifications here! If you come of decent

and honest people you will take my advice. Good-night, I have business at the stable." The man strode after him to discover if possible his business, and after exchanging a few curt remarks, Horse Shoe asked with pretended gravity, "Where mought you be from?" and the other with saucy emphasis said, "I'll answer your question when you tell me what *mought* be your right to know."

"It is the custom of our country," replied Horse Shoe—"I don't know what it may be in yourn—to larn a little about the business of every man we meet; but we do it by fair, out-and-out question and answer—all above board; and we hold in despise all sorts of contwistifications either by laying of tongue-traps, or listening under eaves of houses." "My country!" exclaimed the other, "I'd have you to understand—" "Tut, man—it arn't worth the trouble of talking about it. You are an Englishman, and a red-coat into the bargain, as we call them in these parts. You have been a sodger. Now, never bounce at that, man! There's no great harm in belonging to that craft. They listed you, likely as not, when you was flusticated with liquor—and you took your pay; there was a bargain, and it was your business to stand it. But I have got a piece of wisdom to whisper to you; insomuch as you are not in the most agreeablest part of the world to men of your colors, it would be best to be a little more shy about giving offense. You said some saucy things to me just now—but I don't grudge your talking, because, you see, I am an onaccountable hard sort of a person to be instigated by speeching." Curry replied, "Verily you are a most comical piece of dullness. In what school did you learn your philosophy, friend? You have been brought up to the wholesome tail of the plow, I should say—an ancient and reputable occupation."

"When I observed just now," said Horse Shoe, sternly, "that I couldn't be *instigated*, I meant to be comprehended as laying down a kind of general doctrine that I was not a man given to quarrels; but still if I suspicioned a bamboozlement, which I am not far from at this present speaking, if it come up to the conflagrating of only the tenth part of the wink of an eye, in a project to play me off, 'fore God, I confess myself to be as weak in the flesh as e'er a rumbunctious fellow you might meet on the road."

"I do not understand your lingo," said Curry. "It has a most clodpolish smack; it is neither grammar, English, nor sense." "Then you are a damned, onmannerly rascal," exclaimed Horse Shoe, with fire in his eyes, "and that is grammar, English, and sense, all three." "Ha! now my lubberly booby, I understand you," returned Curry, springing to his feet. "Do you know to whom you are speaking?" "Yes, better than you think for," and Horse Shoe straightened himself for an expected assault.

"I know you, and guess your arrand here." "You do? You have been juggling with me, sir! You are not the gudgeon I took you for. It has suited your purpose to play the clown, eh? Well, sir, and pray what do you guess?" Horse Shoe smiled as he said, "Nothing good of you, considering how things go here. Suppose I was to say you was, at this selfsame identical time, a sodger of the king's? I have you there!"

The fellow turned on his heel, and retreated a few steps, evidently puzzled concerning the man he had taken for a mere simpleton; then returning to the fray of words, he said, "Well, and if I were? It is a character of which I should have no reason to be ashamed." "That's well said; up and speak out and never be above owning the truth," responded Horse Shoe. "Although it mought be somewhat dangerous, just hereabouts, to confess yourself a sodger of King George—let me tell you that, being against you, I am not the person to mislest you by setting a few dozen of whigs on your scent, which is a thing easily done. If you don't let your tongue brawl against quiet and orderly people, you are free to come and go for me." "Thank you, sir," said Curry. "But, look you, it isn't my way to answer questions about my own business, and I scorn to ask any man's leave to come and go where and when my occasions shall call me." "Ah," said Horse Shoe, "if it isn't your way to answer questions about your own business, it oughtn't to be your way to ax them about other people's. But that don't disturb me; it is the rule of war to question all comers and goers that we happen to fall in with—specially when there is a set of your devils scampering and raging about in Carolina, burning houses and killing cattle and turning everything topsy turvy." "You are a stranger to me," said Curry, "but let me tell you without circumlocution or periphrase, I am a free-born subject of the king, and I see no reason why because some of his people have turned rebels a man should be obliged to give an account of himself to every inquisitive fellow who chooses to challenge it. Suppose I tell you that you meddle with matters that don't concern you?" "Then you mought chance to get your head in your hand—that's all. And hark you—if it warn't that I am ruther good-natered I mought happen to handle you a little rough for that nicknaming of the friends of liberty, by calling of them *rebels*." "Well, egad!" exclaimed Curry, suddenly changing his mood and resorting to his free and easy address, "you are a fine, bold fellow; you suit these times devilish well. But now tell me, how do you know I am not one of these very rebels myself?" "For two good reasons. First, you daren't deny that you have pocketed the king's money and wore his coat; and second, you are now under the orders of one of his officers."

The Briton's voice had weakened somewhat when he replied, "You are mistaken. I am in the service of a gentleman who is in this part of the province on private affairs of his own—" "I am not mistaken," interrupted Horse Shoe. "You come from the south. I can tell men's fortunes without looking into the palms of their hands." "You are wrong," said Curry, tartly; "I come from the north." "That's true and false both," retorted Horse Shoe; "from the north I grant you; to the south with Sir Henry; from the south up here." "The devil take your conjuring," said Curry, as he bit his lip and strode backward and forward, while Horse Shoe burst into a hoarse laugh, saying: "It wa'n't worth your while to try to deceive me. I knowed you by manifold and simultaneous signs. Him that sets about scouting after other people's secrets ought to be warry enough to l'arn to keep his own. But don't take it so to heart, neighbor; there is no occasion for oneasiness; I have no mind to harm you." "Master Bully," said Curry, planting himself directly in front of Horse Shoe, "in England, where I was bred, we play at cudgels, and sometimes give broken heads; and some of us are gifted with heavy fists, wherewith we occasionally contrive to box a rude fellow who prys too much into our affairs." Said Horse Shoe: "In our country we generally like to get a share of whatever news is stirring, and though we do not practise much with cudgels, yet to sarve a turn, we do now and then break a head or so; and consarning that fist work, we have no condesentious scruples against a fair rap or two over the knowledge box and the tripping up of a fractious chap's heels, in the way of a sort of rough-and-tumble, which maybe you understand."

The Briton did understand, and remarked with as much composure as Horse Shoe: "Then it is likely it would please you to have a chance at such a game?" "To be sure I would, rather than disappoint you in any reasonable longing," said Horse Shoe. "We may readily find a piece of ground at hand," said Curry. "It is good moonlight play, and we may not be interrupted if we get a fair distance off before the negro comes back. Toe to toe, and face to face, suits me best with both friend and foe." "Well, a mule to drive and a fool to hold back are two of the contrariest things I know," said Horse Shoe; "and, seein' you are in arnest about it, let us go at it without more ado upon the first good bit of grass we can find along the river."

In this temper the two antagonists left the vicinity of the stable and walked some one hundred paces down along the bank of the stream. The Briton was square-shouldered, erect, and muscular, and the firmness of his gait, his long and easy stride, and the free swing of his arm convinced

Horse Shoe that he had no ordinary adversary; and at the same time the moonlight disclosed the brawny proportions of Horse Shoe to his companion. "Here," said Horse Shoe, "is as pretty a spot as we mought find on the river, so get ready, friend, as soon as you can. Before we begin I have a word to say. This 'ere bout is none of my seeking, because I don't want to do you no harm; and I take it as downright tom-foolery for grown-up men to set about hammering and thumping each other upon account of a brag of who's best man. I look upon this 'ere coming out to fight as a bit of arrant nonsense; but as you will have it, it's no consarn of mine to stop you." "You are welcome to do your worst," said the Briton, "and the less preaching you make of it the more saving of time." "My worst," said Horse Shoe, "is almost more than I have the conscience to do to any man who isn't a downright flagratious enemy; and once more I advise you to think before you draw me into a fray; you are flustrated and sot upon a quarrel, and may think that you'll get the advantage of an old sodger over me by drawing me out from behind my retrenchments (my good nature), and forcing me to deploy into line in open field; but there, Mr. Dragoon, you are mistaken. In close garrison or open field, in siege or sally, crossing a defile or reconnoitering on a broad road, I am not apt to lose my temper, or strike without seeing where my blow is to hit; now that is all I have to say, so come on." "In the devil's name, who are you?" asked Curry. "My name is Brimstone; I am first cousin to Beelzebub." "You have served?" "I have." "And belong to the army yet?" "I do, and I am as tough a sodger, and maybe I mought say as old a sodger, as yourself." The face of Curry again brightened. "Your hand, fellow soldier. I mistook you from the beginning. You continentals—that's the new-fangled word, I believe—are stout fellows, and have a good knack at the trick of war, though you wear rough coats and are savagely unrudimental in polite learning. As you say, most sapient Brimstone, we are not much better than a pair of fools for this conspiracy to knock about each other's pates here at midnight, but you have my pledge to it, and so we will go at it, if only to win a relish for our beds. I will teach you to-night some skill in the art of mensuration. You shall measure two full ells upon this green sod." Said Horse Shoe: "There is my hand; now if I am flung I promise you I won't be angry. If I sarve you in same fashion you must l'arn to bear it." "With all my heart," said Curry. "So here I stand upon my guard. Begin." Horse Shoe laughed. "Let me feel your weight," and he put one hand on his adversary's shoulder and the other against his side. "Hark you, I feel something hard here about your ribs; you have pistols under your coat. For the sake of fair play you had

best lay them aside before we strike. Anger comes up onawares." "I never part with my weapons," said Curry. "We are strangers; I must know the company I am in before I dismiss such old cronies: they have got me out of a scrape before this."

Horse Shoe replied angrily: "We took hands just now. When I give my hand it is tantamount to a book oath that I mean fair, round dealing with the man who takes it. I told you, besides, I was a sodger—that ought to have contented you—and you mought sarch my breast inside and out, you'd see in it nothing but honest meanings. There is something of a susceptible rascality, after that, in talking about pistols hid under the flaps of the coat. It's altogether onmanful, and what's more, onsodgerly. You are a deceit, and an astonishment, and a hissing, all three, James Curry, and no better to my comprehension than a coward. I know you of old—though, mayhap, you may disremember me. I have hearn said by more than one that you was a double-faced, savage-hearted, disregardless beast, that snashed his teeth where he darstn't bite, and bullied them that hadn't the heart to fight—I have hearn that of you, and, as I live, I believe it! Now, look out for your bull head, for, by the soul of my father, I will cuff you in spite of your pistols!" With these words Horse Shoe gave Curry some half a dozen overpowering blows, in such quick succession as utterly defied and broke down his guard, and then seizing him by the breast threw his tall stalwart form at full length upon the ground. "There's your two ells for you! There's the art of menstirration—you disgrace to the tail of a drum—you heathen Turk!" exclaimed Horse Shoe with increasing wrath, as the prostrate man tried to extricate himself from the lion grasp that held him, and made unsuccessful attempts to get his hand upon his pistol. "James Curry, you shall never touch your fire-arms while I have the handling of you," said Horse Shoe. "Give them up, you riotous, twisting prevaricator—give them up, you disgracer of powder and lead—and l'arn this from a rebel, that I don't blow out your brains only because I wouldn't accommodate the devil by flinging such a lump of petrafaction into his clutches. There, man," he added, as he threw the pistols into the river, "get upon your feet, and go hunt for your *cronies* in yonder running stream. You may count it a marcy that I haven't tossed you after them to wash the cowardly blood off your face." With a fearful oath Curry said: "I will seek a time to right myself with your heart's blood." "Pshaw, man! don't talk about heart's blood. The next time we come into a field together ax for Horse Shoe Robinson. Find me out, that's all. We may take a frolic together. If it should so turn out, James, that you and me are to work through a campaign in the same quarter of the

world—as we have done afore—I'll take the chance of some holy day to make my respects to you. I won't trouble you to ride far to find me; and then it may be broadsword or pistol, rifle or bagnet, I am not overscrumptious which. Only promise I shall see you when I send for you." Curry, who had been assisted to his feet by Horse Shoe, answered gruffly: "It's a bargain! Strong as you think yourself in your cursed rough-and-tumble horse-play, I am soldier enough for you any day." "Now, friend Curry," exclaimed Horse Shoe, "good-night. Go look for your pop-guns in the river, and if you find them hold them as a keepsake to remember Horse Shoe Robinson. Good-night."

When Horse Shoe returned to the inn he found the landlady awaiting him, somewhat nervous lest he had got into trouble with her lodger; but he quieted her fears and went directly to Captain Butler's room, and in answer to the young officer's earnest inquiry, said: "We must be more circumscriptious against scouts and spies and stratagems. When I was a prisoner at Charleston there was along with the Earl of Caithness, him that was aidegong to Sir Henry Clinton, a sort of 'rithmetical account keeper, and letter scribbler, who had a bad name—they do sade that he wa'n't above anything rascally. That identical, same, particular man was him who was looking through the porch window at us to-night, and trying to hear what we said. I knowed him the minute I clapped eyes on him." Horse Shoe then proceeded to give an account of his combat, which greatly diverted his audience of one.

An incident of the next morning was the rapid ride of James Curry toward the Dove Cote, meeting Mr. Tyrrel on the road and communicating to him the fact that Captain Butler spent the night at Mrs. Dimock's inn; and the sudden departure of Philip Lindsay's guest without waiting for breakfast. Captain Butler and Horse Shoe resumed their journey at early dawn, and proceeded toward the upland country of South Carolina. Butler's instructions required that he should report himself to General Gates, and, unless detained for more pressing duty, to proceed with all circumspection which the enterprise might require to Colonel Clarke, who was raising troops to act against Augusta and other British posts. He reached the headquarters of General Gates in about a week, and after a brief delay proceeded on his route. Horse Shoe was acquainted with this region, and Butler was under his entire guidance. The disaffected were everywhere, and a prevailing spirit of distrust and treachery marked the times. Strangers did not know how far they might trust to the hospitalities that were extended. The enemy wore no colors and was not to be distinguished from friends either by outward guise or speech. Horse Shoe

conducted Butler to his own little dwelling a short distance above the Waxhaws. This was safely accomplished the day after they left Gates. Here Butler changed his dress for one of more rustic character. Horse Shoe chose, henceforward, the most circuitous and unfrequented paths, as likely to be least infested by tories and scouts of the enemy. It was impossible to avoid them altogether, and on one occasion Horse Shoe, who was recognized by some of the roughs, with infinite tact represented Butler as a young clergyman whom he was conducting to a small parish in the backwoods, and then with difficulty prevented the calling of him out to preach a short sermon.

He thought to get a night's rest at the habitation of a well-known woodsman, Wat Adair, and when Butler complained of riding up perpendicular hills and through perilous swamps, Horse Shoe explained, "The road we disvoid comes up through Winnsborough, which is one of the randyvoos of the tories in these parts, and I thought we mought better keep our heads out of a hornet's nest." But they entered what might have been well termed "a hornet's nest" when they obtained lodging for the night at this same Wat Adair's. The story is a long one and we can only touch it briefly here. The house was conspicuous for its spacious kitchen with an enormous fireplace, and the most commonplace of furniture, such as denoted the dwelling of a hunter who subsisted on the wild animals found in the wilderness about him. Mrs. Adair was an untidy woman of middle age, busy at work, with care-worn, surly, discontented features, and five or six children about her all below three feet in stature. An aged woman of eighty or more, hollow-eyed and attenuated, sat in a low elbow-chair in the corner, smoking a short pipe, and muttered, as if to herself, "We are all tories here." A pretty rosebud of a girl, with a round, active, and graceful figure—apparently not more than seventeen—rose from her work of carding wool as the strangers appeared, and with manners very different from the mistress of the house, courtesied with modest grace and placed chairs for the strangers. This was Mary Musgrove, a niece of Mrs. Adair, whose home was some thirty miles distant, and who was staying here for a time, and taking an active part in the concerns of the family. It was this girl who arranged a broad table and directed the domestics in the disposition of sundry dishes of venison, corn-bread, and bacon; and who in a few minutes' conversation with Butler on the doorstep after the meal revealed to Butler the startling fact that while he had stooped to pick up his knife, which fell from the table, she had seen a blue ribbon about his neck with a gold picture hanging from it! Butler was troubled and told her "to keep this to herself." "Never fear," returned the maid. "I would

not let on to any one in this house for the world. I am for General Washington and the congress—which is more than I can say for the people here." "Indeed!" muttered Butler, scarcely above his breath. "Yes," continued the girl, "the English officers are not far off, and they take this house and use it as they please. And almost all the people around us are tories, and we are afraid of our lives if we do not say whatever they say." "But how comes it that you are a friend of General Washington?" asked Butler, curiously. "Oh, he is a good man; and I have a better reason still to be on his side," said she, with her head averted. "What reason?" asked Butler. "John Ramsay, sir." "Indeed! and how is that?" he asked. "We have a liking, sir. He is for Washington; he is a trooper, out with General Sumpter, and we are to be married when the war is over," she remarked, with innocent frankness.

Horse Shoe was welcomed with gushing cordiality by the master of the house, but there were persons about who did not seem so friendly. Butler thought the woodsman double-faced, and whispered to Horse Shoe as he was going to the stable, "Keep your eyes about you; take our weapons to our chamber; I would not trust these people too far." "Wat Adair would not venture to play us a trick; he knows I would shake the life out of him," replied Horse Shoe. "But it is a part of my discipline to be always ready for stolen marches. As you say, we will stack our arms where we sleep. There is no trust in this dubious country."

Butler returned to the kitchen, where Wat Adair and his crony, Michael Lynch, were in close conference as they smoked their pipes, amid the combined din of romping children and the noise of Mrs. Adair's spinning-wheel. He drew a chair near them, and was quickly asked, "How far do you expect to travel to-morrow?" "That will depend very much upon the advice you give us," said Butler. "You wish to get across into Georgia?" continued his interrogator. "Yes, by the route least liable to molestation." "Well, let me see, Grindall's ford is the best point to make; then there's Crystie's about three miles beyont." "Just so," said Lynch; "that will make about twenty-seven and three are thirty miles—an easy day's journey." "In that case," said Adair, "if you know the road—doesn't Horse Shoe know it?" "I rather think not," answered Butler. "Well, it is a little tangled, to be sure; but if you will wait in the morning until I look at my wolf-trap, only a step off, I will go with you a part of the way, just to see you through one or two cross-paths; after that, all is clear enough. You will have a long day before you, and with good horses not much to do."

(*To be continued.*)

[*Continued from page* 66]

ALASKA—*Concluded.*

1804. Rezanof, an imperial ambassador, reaches the colony, reports various abuses, and takes charge of affairs.

1806. Ship-building inaugurated at New Archangel.

1809–1812. Baranof, on behalf of Russian American Company, makes contracts with American shipmasters.

1810–1820. Attempts at colonization; disputes over unsettled boundaries.

1810, June 10. Arrival at Sitka of Russian sloop-of-war *Diana*, Captain Golófnin, and priest. Baranof, governor.

1816. Arrival of Father Sòlokoff from Moscow. He takes charge of ecclesiastical affairs.

1819. Hagemeister supersedes Baranof as manager of the Russian American Company.

1819. Death of Governor Baranof.

1819, April 16. Baranof dies at sea on his homeward voyage, after forty years' absence from Russia, and conspicuous services in the new territory.

1823. Arrival of Father Mordóffski.

1824. Arrival at Onolaska of Father Innocentius Veniaminoff, the founder of Christianity in Alaska.

1825, February. Convention between Russia and England, fixing international boundaries nearly as now exist.

1839. Voyage of Contre-admiral von Wrangel. By K. E. von Baer, 1839.

1842. Father Veniaminoff becomes a bishop by the Tsar's decree, and redoubles his missionary efforts, establishing a theological school at Sitka.

1842–1866. Third renewal of Russian American Company's charter.

1842–1867. A Lutheran mission maintained at Sitka by Russia.

1859–1861. Preliminary discussion of purchase by the United States.

1867, May 28. Alaska purchased by the United States for $7,200,000.

1868. Bishop John succeeds Innocent, who becomes patriarch of Moscow.

1877. Presbyterian missionaries arrive at Fort Wrangel from United States (Rev. Sheldon Jackson and Mrs. McFarland).

1879. Bishop Nestor succeeds John, but dies in 1880.

1879. Erection of mission buildings at Fort Wrangel, and a Presbyterian church established.

1879. A Roman Catholic mission established at Fort Wrangel.

1886. Education in Alaska. Report by the Rev. Sheldon Jackson. Government printing office, Washington, 1886.

1889. Investigation of the fur seal and other fisheries of Alaska.

Chas. Ledyard Norton.

(*To be continued*)

MINOR TOPICS

SABBATH-BREAKING AND THE CLASH OF THEOLOGICAL STEEL

TRAVELING ACROSS KANSAS TERRITORY TO THE LAND OF GOLD, 1849

One party had procured mules and the other oxen for motive power. The experiences in hitching up, starting, and driving these wild animals afforded much amusement as well as many hard knocks, mingled with the western vernacular which was learned and adopted by the drivers with remarkable alacrity. As the steers had no Yankee schooling, and had not learned the definitions of the terms whoa, haw, and gee, the members of the party marched in irregular order on both sides of the teams, thus guiding them in the way they should go. At the short turns in the road, and the crossing of creeks and ravines, there was usually a revolt that sometimes lasted half a day. At night the steers would be unhitched from the wagons, but not unyoked, as to unyoke and yoke these teams on the open prairie at first would require twenty out of the twenty-four hours, leaving but four hours in which to eat and sleep, and no time for travel. On the first Saturday of the journey (from Kansas City) darkness came on before reaching water, and the party camped on a high prairie. The next morning, on investigation, it was found that the Wakarosa creek was some two or three miles away, and the teams must be hitched up and driven that distance, at least, although it was Sunday. So much was a work of necessity, and the strictest Puritan in the party acquiesced. But after reaching the creek and watering the stock the question arose, shall the party go farther? Here was the first clash of Yankee theological steel. The discussion was, however, brief, and a vote of the party settled the question in favor of farther travel. But the triumph of the Sunday travelers was brief, as going through a depression near the place where the town of Franklin was afterward located, the chain between the cattle became slackened and twisted about a steer's leg. When the chain was straightened it gave such a twist to the leg as to disable it. Here was a judgment of God for breaking the sabbath. No further progress could be made that day, except in theological discussion. One party claimed that it was a direct interposition to punish sabbath breaking, while the other put the accident to the account of too long coupling-chains and bad driving. One party appealed to the Decalogue, and the other called for its reading. When it was found that the seventh day instead of the first was enjoined to be observed and that for a special reason which applied only to the Jews, an appeal was made to the New Testament, where it was claimed the command was made applicable to the first day of the week. The discussion was closed on one side by offering a dollar for

every word in the New Testament enjoining the observance of any day as sabbath, and on the other by devoting the remainder of the day in searching the Testament. No claim was ever made for the prize money, and these sticklers for sabbath observance were afterward seen betting at monte in Sacramento, having evidently lost their Puritanic scruples.

GOVERNOR ROBINSON'S *The Kansas Conflict.*

PROFESSOR THEODORE W. DWIGHT

In the death of Professor Theodore W. Dwight the *Magazine of American History* has lost a firm friend, and its readers a contributor whose writings were of the first moment and value. He long since made a reputation as one of the most successful living teachers of law. He was born in Catskill, New York, in 1822, and was graduated from Hamilton college in 1840. He was a son of Dr. Benjamin W. Dwight, grandson of the late Timothy Dwight seventh president of Yale college, and a cousin of Theodore Woolsey ex-president, and Timothy Dwight now president of Yale. He studied law at the Yale law school two years, and returned to Hamilton college as a tutor. In 1846 he was made professor, and then started the Hamilton law school, over which he presided until 1858. In the latter year he came to New York and established the Columbia law school, and was its sole instructor until 1873 when the faculty was enlarged.

In 1891 Professor Dwight retired from the law school and was made professor *emeritus*. In the thirty-three years that he was at the head of the school over ten thousand students were under his instruction, and many of the most prominent members of the New York bar were his pupils. He was a member of the Century club and the Bar Association, a trustee of Hamilton college and the American Geographical Society, and had been first president of the University Club, besides being vice-president of the board of state charities and for many years president of the New York Prison Association for helping discharged convicts. He had been also a member of the committee of Seventy, and for some time chairman of its committee on legislation. He had delivered many literary addresses and was master of the Greek, Latin, German, and Italian languages. The Dante club, organized a few years ago, chose him as its first president. He was an active member of the Madison Square Presbyterian church and liberal in subscribing to its charities.

A man of wonderful capacity for work and most methodical in his habits, he had been counsel and referee in a large number of important cases and was a valuable contributor to legal literature, being the author of several legal works which are in constant use, especially in suits involving charitable uses and trusts. At one

time he was one of the state commissioners of appeals and had held other appointments of great responsibility. He was a Christian gentleman of many gifts and graces, and commanded to an almost unlimited extent the confidence and affection of all with whom he came in contact, and his pupils and clients became his loyal and devoted friends.

THE CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR CONVENTION, 1892

New York awoke one midsummer morning to find her streets and avenues, her hotels and boarding-houses, her great audience halls and churches, filled with a host of bright, cheerful-looking young men and women wearing badges! "What is all this—where did all these people come from—what are they doing here?" asked a sporting man of his companion as they sauntered along Fifth avenue. "I cannot exactly explain," was the reply, "but it is a lot of Christians from everywhere on the continent, and some from Europe, who are here to pray for us, I am told," and the two men looked at each other with curiously expressive faces. The first speaker, after thinking a moment, remarked: "Well, really, if that is true I am glad of it, and I wish they would come often—I wish they would stay altogether."

These forty-five thousand delegates, more or less, came into New York so suddenly and with so little heralding that few of the citizens realized the fact of their presence until they pervaded the whole length and breadth of the metropolis. Thirty-eight states were represented by their delegates, and never before in the history of conventions did an invading army of enlightened people make themselves more thoroughly welcome. They were gentle-mannered, moving about with the confident air of those who believe in something, who know they are engaged in good work, and intensely earnest in its prosecution. They hurried to the morning prayer-meetings with the early dawn, they attended religious services at nearly every hour of the day and evening, they marched in and out of the hotels singing sweet hymns, they astonished and held passengers spell-bound in the street-cars in Broadway with "Nearer, my God, to Thee," and "Blessed Assurance, Jesus is mine," and there was no pushing or crowding or complaint in any of the emergencies where positive discomfort was encountered.

The meetings in the Garden embraced not less than fourteen thousand delegates at every regular session, and overflow meetings were held simultaneously in various churches, in the Carnegie Music Hall, in the Metropolitan Opera House, and at other convenient places. Large numbers stood on the sidewalks and streets at the entrances to the Garden through every service, hoping apparently to get in, and singing meanwhile. Notwithstanding the fatigue of Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, the meetings on Sunday exceeded all others in numbers and in enthusiasm.

The streets were alive with the delegates from seven o'clock on, and their badges were to be seen in almost every evangelical church in the city at the morning services. A large number of pastors had prepared sermons specially appropriate to their presence, and the day will never be forgotten. Dr. Philip Schaff of the Union Theological Seminary presided over the second service of prayer at the Garden in the morning, and was very much impressed with the earnestness of his congregation. He said, "The convention is a sight which should move all thinking Christians to the depths of their souls. The birth and the growth of Christian Endeavor marks a new era in the history of the Christian Church." This remark was considered very significant, coming as it did from a Church historian, and the convention applauded Dr. Schaff with much fervor.

An incident of the evening is worth recording in this connection. Some prominent New Yorkers who had been absent from the city and unable to attend any of the meetings decided to do so on their return, and selected Sunday evening. On arriving at the entrance to the Garden at seven and one-half o'clock they found it closed, fourteen thousand having been seated within its walls before seven. Two or three thousand of the "Endeavorers" stood outside singing. The party in search of a place of worship proceeded to the Madison Square Presbyterian church, and found it crowded to the top of the pulpit stairs, and a large number standing by the entrance doors. The Marble Collegiate church in Fifth avenue was also crowded to its fullest extent. The audience hall of the Young Men's Christian Association at Twenty-third street was filled; and the party then proceeded to the Metropolitan Opera House, only to find that every seat there was occupied even to the remotest part of the auditorium and to the roof, while hundreds had gathered in the aisles. How many thousands were in the building it was difficult to estimate. When the entire meeting sang, the refrain was taken up by those outside, and passers-by listened and wondered. The policemen here as elsewhere who had been appointed to preserve order had nothing to do. At the Music Hall two or three thousand were present, and not even standing-room left for the baffled New York church-goers. Therefore they drove back into Madison avenue, in front of the Garden, and from their carriage witnessed the impressive scene when the convention finally closed, and the delegations emerged from the audience room, singing with unwearied voices as they passed on toward their hotels, while the waiting thousands in the streets joined in singing the hymns of praise.

The general committee has provided for a most unique, interesting, and important feature of the Columbian Exposition, in a ten days' parliament of religions, at which, for the first time in history, the representatives of the leading historic faiths will meet in fraternal conference over the great things of human life and destiny. The parliament of religions is not to be a mass-meeting, but rather an orderly school of comparative theology, where those who worthily represent the great historic faiths will be invited to report what they believe and why they believe it. The programme will be determined and carefully arranged by the general

committee, most of whom are evangelical Christians, assisted by an able committee of women and by the wisdom of the advisory council numbering already more than two hundred of the leaders of religious thought. It will be a great moment in human history when for the first time the representatives of the world's religions stand side by side.

All right-minded people will regard with warmest sympathy an organization formed as this is of the young people of the Christian Church, banded together for the purpose of helping on the practical work of the Church. In so far as the local societies hold their meetings for worship and social converse, they do useful work among their own members, for these meetings are calculated to elevate and strengthen lofty purposes, and to bring together those who may be inspired and encouraged by association to improve their own characters and better their lives. It helps them to resist evil influences and to combat the difficulties that beset the young in modern society. So far as they are engaged in active efforts to benefit the condition of the community at large, they are pledged to a cause that is invaluable and that is calculated to remove from the Church the reproach of devoting itself too exclusively to matters of faith, to the neglect of good works. Moreover, it is destined to bring closer together those who have a common ground in the underlying principles of Christianity. The growth of the Christian Endeavor movement has been so normal that few have realized its astounding rapidity or deep significance. It was founded eleven years ago, in Portland, Maine, and its membership now numbers one and one-half millions. Its object is to promote an earnest Christian life among its members. It is a purely non-sectarian movement, including all of the evangelical denominations. The fact has been recognized that there is a unit of principle and endeavor in all the churches, and that there is a larger incentive in a world community and much greater enthusiasm than individual communities can produce in themselves without union. Its history is one of the most remarkable of any religious movement since the country was settled.

The presence of this great international convention of young Christians in New York has produced most agreeable impressions. It has given new life to the assurance that the great body of the people of this country consists of honest, God-fearing citizens. With open purse and inquiring minds they have come from every part of the country to give this testimony. That they are able to do so is in brief assurance of the prosperity of the country. While here they have warmed the hearts of the hotel proprietor and boarding-house keeper, and have given life to the merchants' dull season. There has been a magnificent gathering, the greatest religious convention ever held in North America or in any part of the world.

NOTES

ORIGIN OF THE WRITTEN BALLOT—Douglas Campbell, in his new work on *The Puritan in Holland*, shows how the written secret ballot was introduced into the colonies. The first trace of it has been found in the historic city of Emden, so familiar to all English Puritans. "Its earliest employment here appears to have been under an ordinance issued by the count of the province in 1595, which provided a very intricate method of choosing burgomasters and counselors." The whole body of burghers first selected forty men to act as a kind of electoral college, and these forty "chose five of their number by lot, who, by means of a written ballot, selected nine others, who in turn, and also by a written ballot, selected a double number of candidates, from whom the count chose the magistrates for the coming year." This cumbrous system soon gave way to one much simpler. Mr. Campbell says, "There is no difficulty in tracing the origin of the system, which was first introduced into New England. In the Netherlands, as in America, the first use of the secret written ballot seems to have been in the Reformed churches, where the people elected their own ministers and officers. Its earliest appearance of which I can find any trace is in the Provincial Synod held at Alkmaar for North Holland in 1573. There the president and secretary for the ensuing year were elected by this process. Shortly afterwards we find the same system prevailing in South Holland, Friesland, Guelderland, and, in fact, over the whole republic, not only in ecclesiastical synods, but for the election of ministers, elders, and deacons in the Calvinistic churches. In America, the written ballot first appears in the election of a minister for the Salem church in 1629. There were two candidates for the position of minister: one, Mr. Skelton, was a pronounced separatist before leaving England; the other, Mr. Higginson, had never got beyond nonconformity. The congregation selected Mr. Skelton, using for his election the system prevailing in the Netherland churches, of which fact few of them could have been in ignorance. The next appearance of the written ballot was in the election of a governor for the colony of Massachusetts Bay in 1634. John Winthrop, after four years of service, had become unpopular, and had a rival for his office in the person of Thomas Dudley, who had been an officer in the Dutch army. Adopting here, as in the Salem church, the Netherland system, which by its secrecy did much to avoid the ill-feeling engendered by an open vote, Dudley was elected over his competitor by what was called at the time *voting papers*. The colony in the next year provided by statute that *voting papers* should thereafter be used in the election of chief magistrates."

THE INSTINCT OF PATRIOTISM—President Harrison said, in his recent address to the assemblage of teachers in Saratoga, that the instinct of patriotism, or moral courage, was triumphant over mere physical daring in all great emergencies. He said: "It is quite as appropriate, I think, that the President of the United States should review the teachers

of the land as that he should review its army or its militia. For, after all, the strength and defense of our institutions, not only in peace, but in war, are to be found in the young of the land, who have received from the lips of patriotic teachers the story of the sacrifice which our fathers made to establish our civil institutions, and which their sons have repeated on hundreds of battlefields. The organized army of the United States, if we include the militia of the states, is of insignificant proportion when put in contrast with the armies of the other great powers of the world. Our strength is not in these; it is in that great reserve to be found in the instructed young of our land, who come to its defense in time of peril.

It is not simply to give that power that comes from education, but to give it safe direction, that schools are established. He is not a benefactor of his race who develops undirected or misdirected power. Therefore we must insist that in all our schools the morality of the Ten Commandments shall be instilled; that lessons of due subordination to authority shall be taught. The family and the school are the beginning of the fundamental element of good citizenship and obedience to law; a respectful deference to public authority; a self-sacrificing purpose to stand by established and orderly administration of the government. I rejoice in nothing more than in this movement, recently so prominently developed, of placing the starry banner above every schoolhouse. . . . God pity the American citizen who does not love the flag, who does not see in it the story of our great, free institutions and the hope of the home as well as of the nation!"

THE TRUE SPIRIT OF PATRIOTISM—Mrs. William Read, the woman manager of the Columbian exhibition for Maryland, has established a system of classes in American history in the schools of her city—Baltimore, and offers as a prize a free trip to the fair for the best scholar in this branch of learning. Mrs. Read is the vice-president of the Maryland Colonial Dames, and her example might be followed with good results by the intelligent and public-spirited women of other states.

QUERIES

"GRANDLY BEGIN"—ORIGIN OF THE LINES. *Editor Magazine of American History:* Governor Russell of Massachusetts closed his admirable address to the twenty-six hundred graduates of the grammar schools of the city of Boston, on the 2d of July, with the following felicitous remarks: "I love, in speaking to school children, to leave in parting with them, if I may, as a sort of benediction from the commonwealth, the words of an old couplet which have always been in my mind, which I have tried in a humble way to keep always before me—words which, I think, if remembered and followed, tend to make every one's life nobler and better. They express the thought that it is not so much whether we are successful or not which is important, as whether we try to

be successful and reach out toward a high ideal and a high standard. And so I leave them with you in these lines:

> 'Grandly begin, though thou hast time
> But for a line; make that sublime.
> Not failure, but low aim is crime.'"

Who is the author of the lines quoted?

HORATIO KING

SPROULE FAMILY—Information is desired regarding the ancestry and descendants of the following, mentioned in Sabine's *Loyalists of the American Revolution:*

(1) Vol. II., p. 325.—"Sproule, George. Of Long Island, New York. He settled in New Brunswick, and became Surveyor-General of that Province and a member of the Council. He died at Fredericton in 1817, aged seventy-six."

(2) Vol. II., p. 580.—"Sproule, Andrew. New York. At the peace, he went from New York to Shelburne, Nova Scotia, where the Crown granted him one town lot. He was twenty-eight years of age, and unmarried."

J. J. ELDER

INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA

STEWART ELDER—Information is requested as to the name of the wife and descendants of Stewart Elder (son of John Elder, by his wife, Jane Stewart), who emigrated to Pennsylvania about 1820 from Roughan, within eight miles of Londonderry, Ireland. He married a wealthy American.

J. J. ELDER

INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA

REPLIES

ORIGIN OF THE NAME CUBA [xxviii, 75]—This was the name originally applied to the island by the natives long before its discovery by Columbus, and is one of the rare instances where a native name has survived several foreign ones. Columbus named the island Juan, in honor of the son of Ferdinand and Isabella, Prince John. After Ferdinand's death it was called Fernandino: later it was designated Santiago and still later Ave Maria.

C. S. YOST

ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI

SOCIETIES

THE MINNESOTA HISTORICAL SOCIETY met in St. Paul on June 13. The publication committee stated that the report of Mr. J. V. Brower, on his topographical and hydrographic survey of the Itasca lake basin, was now ready, and that the commissioners of state printing had ordered its publication. It will be illustrated by maps and engravings. A committee was appointed to prepare a programme for the celebration of the four hundredth anniversary of the discovery of America, and to engage an orator for that occasion. A valuable manuscript of three hundred pages, on the history, religion and customs of the Dakota nation, written by the late Rev. Samuel W. Pond, a missionary, has been promised by his son, and will be published by the society.

THE NEW YORK GENEALOGICAL AND BIOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY—At its meeting held on the evening of April 8, Professor Thomas Egleston of Columbia College delivered an address on "Major Egleston of the Revolutionary Army," to whom and to his father-in-law, General John Paterson, a monument has recently been erected in their native town in New England. Professor Egleston's address was a warm tribute to the zeal and patriotism of one of those many unselfish men who, while attaining no great meed of fame, yet rendered services of inestimable benefit to the cause of liberty during the Revolution.

At the meeting of May 27 Rev. Dr. Benjamin F. de Costa read an interesting and valuable paper.

THE MARYLAND HISTORICAL SOCIETY held its last meeting for the season on June 13, Hon. Henry Stockbridge presiding. The reading of a letter from the Moravian congregation at Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, requesting the loan of the much-cherished banner which made between the years 1777 and 1779 by the Moravian women of that town became the property of Count Pulaski, as it was desired for exhibition at the sesqui-centennial celebration in that town, provoked an animated discussion, in which the history of the banner was recited in detail. A letter, written by Rev. Edmond de Schweinitz, a former bishop of the congregation, proved that the banner was not presented to Pulaski, nor was there anything romantic about it, the general having bought and paid for it, to be borne by his cavalry legion. The Moravian women were noted for their embroidery work, which attracted the attention of the general. This explodes the theory that Longfellow's poem about the banner was founded on fact, the poet himself having acknowledged his use of poetic license. When Pulaski fell before Savannah in 1779, the banner became the property of Colonel Beuterlen, who preserved it until 1824, when it was borne by the Forsythe company of volunteers at the time of their inspection by Lafayette. After this, Mr. Edmond Peale, of the Baltimore museum, obtained possession of the banner, and in 1845 it was presented to the Maryland Historical Society by Mr. Brantz Mayer, who related its history.

HISTORIC AND SOCIAL JOTTINGS

The Sons of the Revolution have done themselves honor and the country good services by celebrating an event in American history—a turning event in American history—hitherto ignored or overlooked by the projectors of centennial observances and the founders of monumental contrivances for aiding the memory. An important milestone in the world's progress was planted on the 9th of July, 1776, at White Plains, New York, which in the steady roll of one hundred and sixteen years has patiently bided its time to spring into full stature, holding a beacon light for all the future.

Hereafter it will be known to our readers, and to the whole world, that New York was the first colony of the original thirteen to officially read and adopt the immortal state paper by which our patriot grandfathers were absolved from all allegiance to the British crown. A solitary horseman brought the news of the final action of the continental congress at Philadelphia; and the New York congress, consisting of thirty-eight men of sound and discriminating judgment, elected upon the express issue of independency, and specially authorized to act upon it, whose president was General Nathaniel Woodhull, assembled in the old courthouse at White Plains, and in the language of the brilliant orator of the Sons of the Revolution, Judge Isaac Newton Mills, speaking on the 9th of July, 1892, from a platform on the site of that old courthouse, "that sun's morning beams and noontide lustre shone here on the legal although perhaps not overdutiful, subjects of George III., while its evening radiance fell upon the homes of free men emancipated by that act. In the morning and at noon the lawful proclamation was, 'God save the king!' while at evening it was, and ever since has been, and evermore shall be, 'God save the people!' From the hour of the passage of that resolve to this the citizens of our state have owned allegiance to no earthly prince, power, or potentate, save to their own inherent sovereignty, expressed in the various forms of constituted popular government, national, state, and municipal."

"The constitution of the continental congress was such that its action in declaring independence, needed confirmation by the provincial conventions or congresses. New York was of prime importance to the Revolutionary cause. Her geographical location, manifold resources, and the character of her people made her aid indispensable. Her majestic Hudson with connecting waterways formed the only easy and practicable means of access to and from the northern provinces. The noted highways crossing her territory from the passes in the highlands and from the city to her eastern boundary afforded the usual, and in time of war with a nation ruling the seas the only avenues of communication between the eastern and southern colonies. One of those highways, with unchanged course, still passes this very place (White Plains). New York was the keystone of the continental arch. With her sustaining strength the arch might stand, without that it must fall. Without her the revolt would have been in history but a rebellion, with her it was bound to be and was a revolution. All patriot eyes the country over were turned hither on the 9th of July, 1776, as the deputies assembled in the old court-

house of Westchester county. In recent years it has become a political maxim in Presidential elections, 'As goes New York so goes the Union.' This maxim was then essentially true as to the great issue of independence. Here was indeed the birthplace of our state. By the resolution of this provincial congress New York was born anew from a vassal province into a sovereign state."

When the Hon. Whitelaw Reid was introduced to the vast audience by the president of the Sons of the Revolution, Frederick S. Tallmadge, he emphasized the above facts :

"As your orator has so worthily said, here the state of New York was born : may you not, indeed, go somewhat further and say that if American independence was cradled in Independence Hall in Philadelphia, surely the infant was christened in this old courthouse of White Plains ?

Do we fully realize the circumstances that surrounded this christening ? Your orator has very justly said that on that occasion, and during that whole period, an eminent citizen of Westchester county led New York. The name of Jay has been deservedly honored in Westchester from then until now. Have we forgotten that when John Jay, by his splendid leadership and through the support of your grandfathers, committed the state of New York to the cause of American independence, the British troops occupied Staten Island, the British fleet was in the harbor, and his venerable father and mother were at Rye ? I mention that only as one instance of the manifold perils which were encountered by those great men to whom you pay this just, though tardy, tribute now."

If we look backward to that memorable morning in midsummer, 1776, we shall find that those brave men at White Plains knew but too well that for the inhabitants of New York ultimate success could only be secured through years of sorrow, during which they were sure to be impoverished, while death stared from every part of their territory. The Morrises must abandon their fine estates to the ravages of the enemy ; Jay must prepare to see his aged parents driven from the old homestead at Rye to wander and perish ; Van Cortlandt, Van Rensselaer, Schuyler, and the Livingstons must sacrifice ancestral wealth and circumstance, with all their feudal train, for the democratic level of the new departure ; and the sterling men from Tryon county must face the scalping-knife. But they had counted the cost, and with one voice resolved to sustain the declaration "at the risk of their lives and fortunes." They directed it to be proclaimed with beat of drum at White Plains, and in every district elsewhere, and at the same time sent the solitary horseman back to Philadelphia with a message to their delegates in the continental congress empowering them to vote for the people of New York.

The scholarly training of the men who were conspicuous in the New York congress is apparent through their intolerance of injustice in any form. They displayed a breadth of vision which the rash and narrow-minded had not the ability to perceive. Everybody suspected everybody at this critical juncture, and the commercial classes had little faith in the success of what was termed the rebellion. There is in the public mind a very natural confusion concerning the committees and congresses of New York in the exciting months preceding this event. But the careful reader will note the sequence unbroken from the birth of the famous "Fifty-one" in 1774. Whenever the provincial

congress adjourned, for however short a time, a committee of safety was delegated from their own number to manage affairs in the interim ; thus a responsible body representing the people was at all times in session. No colony had acquired more dexterity in the performance of public business than New York, and one of the strongly marked features in the complicated machinery of the self-organized government—acting side by side with that of the king—with the British army in the harbor, was the special care taken by all men in office not to wield more power than had been distinctly delegated to them by the united voice of their constituents. The leaders were so cautious that the power should actually and visibly come from the people, that there was no instance of a member of any elective body in New York taking his seat without exhibiting a well-authenticated certificate that he was duly chosen. Thus confidence was established, and harmony secured between the elected and the electors. It is impossible to regard the wise and effective movements of New York at this critical juncture but with admiration.

It is especially fitting that the children's children of the heroic statesmen and Revolutionary soldiers who contributed so materially to the establishment of an independent nation—that has enjoyed a development and prosperity unrivaled in human history—should take active steps for the building of some enduring monument to perpetuate the memory of the momentous event, never before celebrated, but thanks to the Sons of the Revolution, now for once marked by fitting ceremonies. The Declaration of Independence was read on the happy occasion by a great-grandson of Ebenezer Lockwood of the New York congress ; selections from the old journals of the congress were read from the antique volume by a great-grandson of Stephen Ward of the congress ; and a poem by the great-granddaughter of President Woodhull and also of Jonathan Lawrence of the congress, Miss Ruth Lawrence, daughter of Judge Abraham R. Lawrence of New York, was read with charming effect by President Tallmadge. The son of a Revolutionary soldier, the venerable Charles Butler, president of the trustees of the University of the City of New York, occupied a seat on the platform, and spoke for a few moments in response to an urgent invitation, remarking that he was only one remove from the period we all delight to celebrate, and that he felt the thrill of the spirit which these exercises aroused.

The throng which crowded the beautiful grounds and graced the platform represented a large number of the patriots who risked their lives for independence. The closing paragraph of the splendid oration of Judge Mills deserves to be immortalized by the prompt carrying out of its excellent suggestions. "Our state, with her immense wealth and material resources, in common gratitude to those patriot statesmen who here gave her her being, ought to own this ground, and by appropriate ceremonies to dedicate it as hallowed forever to freedom, and to remove from it this private residence, and upon it rebuild and restore, accurate in every outline and feature, the old court-house, that temple of continental liberty, and then to gather and store and preserve within its sacred walls the relics and mementos of those times, that any of our people may at will come here, and from the associations of this place, and from such speaking though silent memorials of the mighty and honored past, learn anew the story how here those patriot deputies of 1776 founded the state, approved the immortal declaration of manhood rights, and then to its defense mutually and solemnly pledged their fortunes and their lives. May their names ever be held by all our people in loving and reverent memory."

BOOK NOTICES

THE FIRST INTERNATIONAL RAILWAY, AND THE COLONIZATION OF NEW ENGLAND. LIFE AND WRITINGS OF JOHN ALFRED POOR. Edited by LAURA ELIZABETH POOR. 8vo, pp. 400. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1892.

The subject of this interesting volume was the first active promoter of the present railroad system of the state of Maine, and originated the European and North American railway. From 1846 until his death he was an active member of the Maine Historical Society; and with a strong desire to popularize historical knowledge he in 1867 inaugurated a course of lectures on the history of Maine. He was especially gifted with foresight, and wrote convincingly on the benefits to be conferred on the human race by opening railway facilities (long before the collective mind could see the way to do so) from Montreal to the Atlantic coast. This book embraces many of his clear-cut, forcible papers, in which he seems to have early comprehended the full magnitude and importance of the then new method of transportation. He was born in 1808, thus was twenty-six years of age when the first locomotive engine, with passenger cars attached, ran over a freshly laid railway between Boston and Newton, which was afterward extended to Worcester and beyond. Mr. Poor was present to witness the introduction of this new wonder of the age. Later on, after he had established and become the editor of the *State of Maine*, he labored with his pen without ceasing to educate the public to a full comprehension of the importance of railway extension. Two of his able historical addresses appear in this volume—"The Father of Colonization in America," and "The First Colonization of New England," both of which reveal careful study and investigation, and are treasures to preserve.

THE NEW EMPIRE. Reflections upon its Origin and Constitution, and its Relation to the Great Republic. By O. A. HOWLAND. 8vo, pp. 608. New York: The Baker & Taylor Co. Toronto: Hart & Co. 1891.

This author has written a book that deserves the reading of every thoughtful American, live he north or south of the St. Lawrence. We use the term advisedly as applied to our Canadian cousins, for it behooves us all—most of us, that is—to remember that we are Englishmen who happen to have been born on this side the Atlantic; and Mr. Howland himself recognizes a certain jealousy among Canadians regarding the exclusive application of the term to us "Yankees." In a note on page 129, however, he shows clearly how naturally the name came to be applied as it universally is at present. All Canadians, and our own contemptible sprinkling of Anglomaniacs, are more intensely British than the British themselves, the former properly and patriotically so; the latter, for some cause inappreciable to the ordinary intellect. For each and all this book is replete with food for reflection. To the few on both sides the line whose policy it is to shout for annexation, it will bring small comfort. Nevertheless, if they are still capable of an unbiased judgment, it will afford salutary subject for thought. We cannot discover that it contains any claptrap whatever. Its English is clear, its reasoning logical, its history from the most trustworthy authorities. Beginning with the "Fall of the Old Empire," namely, the American war for independence, the author discusses the treaty of partition and the thousand complications that involved organization under new conditions. There are between the covers only five chapters, an appendix, and an introduction; and as the letter-press is large and clear, a faithful perusal is not a lengthy task. The work ends with the Newfoundland question, having gone to press doubtless before the Bering Sea difficulty arose and was amicably settled, and concludes with a plea in favor of a declaration of unity among all the British North American colonies.

THE PURITAN IN HOLLAND, ENGLAND, AND AMERICA. An Introduction to American History. By DOUGLAS CAMPBELL, A.M., LL.B. Two volumes 8vo, pp. 509, 588. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1892.

The idea that the Americans are purely an English race has been so generally assumed by writers that the forcible arguments of the author of this remarkable work will attract universal attention. He says: "Identity of language is a great bond of union, and so is community of literature. But these, and especially the latter, may induce very erroneous conclusions when we come to deal with historical questions." Mr. Campbell points out that our whole political system is founded on a basis entirely different from that of the mother country. The theory of all our institutions is summed up in the words, "All men are created equal." This doctrine was unknown to English law. What is distinctive in American institutions could not have been derived from England. But tracing the precept, example, and influence of Holland, exercised both directly through the Dutch settlers

in New York, and indirectly through the Puritans who colonized New England, Mr. Campbell undertakes to show how it has affected the entire field of American history. He says he intends this work "mainly as an introduction to American history, although it may serve in some measure as an introduction to modern English history, in which Puritanism has played a leading part." In other words, he brings the settlers here with all their ideas and principles which were worked into our present constitutional system, but does not attempt to follow them into their new homes except so far as to describe some of their leading institutions, and to show how the colonies were powerfully affected by the intermixture of blood, and why it is that English travelers incessantly express surprise that the English race in America should be so different from the same race at home.

The author refers to the fact first pointed out by Governor Horatio Seymour, that nine men, prominent in the early history of New York and of the Union, represented the same number of nationalities. Schuyler was of Dutch, Herkimer of German, Jay of French, Livingston of Scotch, Clinton of Irish, Morris of Welsh, and Hoffman of Swedish descent. Hamilton, who came from one of the West India islands, was the son of a Scotch father and a French mother, and Baron Steuben, who became a citizen of New York after the Revolutionary war, was a Prussian. Similar observations in other states, such as Pennsylvania, Delaware, and New Jersey, show that only a minority were of English origin. When Mr. Campbell turns from the question of race to that of institutions, he enters a field wherein there is no room for mere opinion or conjecture. The institutions of the two countries are before us and their differences are unmistakable. Instead of those of the United States being derived from England, Mr. Campbell does not hesitate to assert that while we have in the main English social customs and traits of character, we have scarcely one legal or political institution of importance which is of English origin, and but few which have come to us by the way of England. Nor need the author fear that any of his American readers will undervalue the influence of institutions upon that of character. It may be true, as it is Mr. Campbell's purpose to demonstrate, that we did not invent our institutions, but at all events we have assimilated them and they suit us. It will not be disputed that, no matter whence they were derived, they have been most important factors in the evolution of American society. Leaving the great institutions which lie at the base of the republic, Mr. Campbell completes the groundwork of his book by showing that in the treatment of her abnormal and criminal population America is not the pupil but the instructor of Great Britain. This is true of our asylums for the blind, deaf and dumb and imbecile, and of our prison reforms. As for the machinery of justice, we did certainly not derive from England the provision that every person accused of crime is to be allowed counsel for his defense. This right was asserted in the first constitutions of five American states and in the first amendments to the federal Constitution. It was not recognized in England until nearly half a century later, and then only after a bitter struggle. To this day nothing is known in England of the reverse principle, in pursuance of which in the United States the government is in criminal trials represented in every county by a special public prosecutor. In civil matters the greatest legal reform of modern times has been the simplification of procedure in the courts and the virtual amalgamation of law and equity. Here, again, America was an exemplar of Great Britain through the adoption by New York in 1848 of a code of practice which has been followed by most of the other states of the Union, and in its main features has of late been imitated by England. In the emancipation of women New York also led off in 1814 by its Married Women's act, through whose enlargements and extensions a married woman has been made as independent as a man. For no such reform was America to look to England for a precedent. The book is ably written, and the array of arguments brought to critical notice should be carefully studied. It contains food for thought, and in its broad and sweeping scope is of the greatest value to the historical scholar.

THE BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG, 1863. By SAMUEL ADAMS DRAKE. 16mo, pp. 178. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1892.

To his several brochures on *Decisive Events in American History* Mr. Drake adds a concise account of the great battle of the civil war. From the voluminous material at hand he has prepared a full and clear description of the field and of the desperate fighting that ushered in the month of July, 1863. Several sketch-maps explain the context, which leaves little or nothing to be desired for the average reader. The idea is a good one of preparing a series of small books on leading events in our history, any one of which can be taken from the shelf and consulted without further research, and with the certainty that the more important facts at least will be found recorded with conscientious fidelity.

HISTORY OF THE NINETEENTH ARMY CORPS. By RICHARD B. IRWIN. 12mo, pp. 538. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1892.

The department of the Gulf was so remote

from the grander centres of military operations during the civil war, cut off indeed from direct communication with Washington during a great part of the time, that it has received comparatively little attention from historians. The department was created in February, 1862, when the combined naval and land forces under Farragut and Butler sailed for the reduction of New Orleans. A year later the Nineteenth Army Corps was organized and sent out under Major-General Nathaniel P. Banks, with orders to extend operations up the Mississippi and throughout the Gulf states. After two years of arduous service in Louisiana and the neighboring states, the major part of the corps was transferred to the army of the Potomac, where it participated in the closing campaigns of the war. Lieutenant-Colonel Irwin's position as assistant adjutant-general of the department and of the corps gave him every opportunity for acquaintance with its history through personal and official association. The work of compiling the volume before us must have been exceptionally difficult, for during a great part of its existence the administration of corps was not all what it should have been. He has, however, done his work conscientiously, and as well as possible under the circumstances. The volume is uniform in size and shape with the Loyal Legion publications, and contains excellent maps of the principal engagements. Owing to the peculiarly unhealthful conditions under which its Louisiana campaigns were prosecuted, the Nineteenth corps suffered more severely from sickness than almost any other section of the army, an unusually large proportion of its members being constantly on the sick list from diseases incident to exposure in the malarial swamps of the far south. Besides this, the corps suffered heavily in battle, losing, all told, nearly twenty-five per cent. of the men engaged in several different actions. Colonel Irwin judiciously confines his history to the active campaigns of his corps, leaving for the most part untouched the abuses that developed in connection with the military administration of civil affairs, and which went far to corrupt beforehand subsequent efforts in good faith at genuine "reconstruction."

THE PHILADELPHIA MAGAZINES AND THEIR CONTRIBUTORS, 1741–1850. By ALBERT H. SMYTH, A.B. 12mo, pp. 264. Philadelphia: Robert M. Lindsay. 1892.

For a hundred years Pennsylvania was the home of the best libraries and the seat of the ripest culture in America. The author of this admirable work tells us that "the eagerness of Philadelphia social circles in the olden time for each new thing in literature enabled booksellers to import large supplies from England and to undertake splendid editions of notable books. James Logan, a man of gentle nature and a scholar of rare attainments, had gathered at Stenton a library that comprehended books 'so scarce that neither price nor prayers could purchase them.' John Davis, the satirical English traveler, who said of Princeton that it was 'a place more famous for its college than its learning,' did justice despite his own nature to Logan and to Philadelphia when he wrote: 'The Greek and Roman authors, forgotten on their native banks of the Ilissus and Tiber, delight by the kindness of a Logan the votaries to learning on those of the *Delaware*.'" In these early times every new experiment in literature was tried in Philadelphia. And even later, "there is scarcely a notable name in the literature of America that is not in some way connected with the Philadelphia magazines. Joseph Dennie and Charles Brockden Brown, the first professional men-of-letters on this continent, were Philadelphia editors. Washington Irving edited the *Analectic Magazine*. James Russell Lowell, Edgar Allan Poe, and Bayard Taylor were editorial writers on *Graham's Magazine*, and John Greenleaf Whittier edited the *Pennsylvania Freeman*. Bryant and Cooper and Longfellow and Hawthorne and a hundred lesser men were constant contributors to the Philadelphia journals."

The author sketches the *Gentleman's Magazine*, founded in 1731, and the principal monthly periodicals from that time to 1848. *Godey's Lady's Book* begun in July, 1830, was the chief financial success among the Philadelphia magazines in the early part of this century, and enlisted the services of the greatest number of the best writers. Longfellow, Holmes, Poe, Bayard Taylor, Mrs. Sigourney, Frances Osgood, and Harriet Beecher Stowe wrote for it. In 1837 Mrs. Sarah J. Hale became its editor. *Peterson's Magazine* was founded in 1841, and its circulation was at one time one hundred and sixty-five thousand. Professor Smyth's book is filled with delightful information about all these; he is himself a Philadelphia editor, having been one of the founders and the editor of *Shakesperiana*, the first magazine devoted to the study of a single author. We cordially commend his work, which is not only the product of a master hand, but the very first complete contribution to the history of the literature of Philadelphia.

THE LIFE OE GEORGE MASON, 1725–1792. By KATE MASON ROWLAND. Including his Speeches, Public Papers, and Correspondence. With an introduction by GENERAL FITZHUGH LEE. 2 vols. 8vo, pp. 445, 527. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 1892.

Among the eminent patriots whose genius

created a model form of human government, George Mason, of Virginia, held high place. Madison pronounced him the ablest debater he had ever known, and Jefferson called him the wisest man of his generation. Two handsome volumes are now devoted to his life and writings, and very justly so, and the author, Miss Rowland, who is not unknown to the literary world, is to be congratulated upon the ability and good taste with which they have been prepared. The work has been so carefully written that we can but regret the loss of much valuable material which, in the changes and chances of a hundred years since George Mason's death, has failed to be handed down to us. That some of this material was scattered by the havoc of war we can easily understand, but much of it was also lost from the want of historic sense in whole communities of the American people before the civil war. This want was sometimes specially deplorable in its effects at the South, where tradition records, as Miss Rowland tells us, that the wife of Ludwell Lee, son of Richard Henry Lee, converted many of the letters of George Mason into covers for her preserve-jars, as similar treasures among the Bland papers are known to have served as lining for egg-baskets. In the days before the war, Virginia, like many other parts of the country, with all her legitimate state pride, was slow to build the tombs of her political prophets.

George Mason, of Gunston Hall, was born in 1725. He was a member of the Virginia assembly in 1759. He was a vestryman of Pohick church, near Mount Vernon, and was in early association with George Washington. He drafted the "Non-Importation Resolutions" adopted by the members of the Virginia house of burgesses after the house had been dissolved by the governor, Lord Botetourt, in 1769. In 1773 he wrote the defense of Virginia's claim to the public lands west of the Alleghany mountains on both sides of the Ohio river, and became ever afterwards the recognized expositor of Virginia's pretensions under this head. He drew up the "Fairfax county resolves" of 1774, pronounced by Jared Sparks "one of the ablest and most luminous expositions of the points at issue between Great Britain and the colonies." In 1776 he drafted the declaration of rights and the state constitution adopted by Virginia in expression of her new autonomy after the Declaration of Independence. Working loyally and zealously in support of American independence, he opposed the emission of paper money and denounced the knavery of legal-tender laws. He favored the honest payment of private debts due to British creditors after the treaty of peace, as being required equally by common honesty and by treaty stipulation. He was selected as a delegate to attend the Annapolis convention called to consult for a revision of the Articles of Confederation, but did not attend because of illness. He was a member of the federal convention of 1787 and of the Virginia convention which sat on the adoption of the Constitution in 1778.

The introduction to the volumes is written by General Fitzhugh Lee, in which he says: "The sword of Washington carved success upon the standards of the new Republic. The pen of Jefferson declared in immortal phrase our independence of Great Britain. The young eagle was pluming for his flight among the nations of the globe. But how should he so adjust his wings as to carry with nice balance upon his pinions the mission of establishing a government of the people to replace the power of the tyrant? Among the eminent patriots of those days whose minds grasped this great problem the subject of this book stands out in bold relief. A most remarkable man was George Mason! His conception of the authority of the citizens to control the government, and that the government existed only by their will and consent, was thorough and complete. His warning as to the exercise of undelegated powers by either Congress or the President was truly prophetic. He desired to erect a republic—whose strength at the centre was only great enough to carry out the object for which it was created; while the creator—the states themselves—should be left undisturbed in the exercise of all power not specified as having been relinquished. He had a full appreciation that the safety of the states was indeed the safety of the Union. He was the champion of the states and of the people."

Of the breadth of Mr. Mason's intellect and the depth of his wisdom there can be no question. It is eminently proper that his literary remains should be collected and put in such shape that they may serve as his most fitting and expressive monument, so also that we who have come after him may have a record to which we may turn in all cases of doubt or hesitancy as to the views and intents of those who assisted so preëminently in the foundation and superstructure of our constitutional edifice. The best key to Mr. Mason's opinions on the Constitution are his own words, which cannot be condensed with satisfactory effects. We recommend our readers to make a study of the volumes, which should, indeed, form a part of every library in the land.

Engraved by W. T. Fry.

SIR ISAAC NEWTON.

[From the original of Kneller, in the collection of the Earl of Egremont.]

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PROGRESSION IN STEAM NAVIGATION, 1807–1892

THEN AND NOW

THE unimaginative mind cannot keep pace with the results of the power of invention. We cross the oceans in floating palaces, heedless of the luxury which we had no agency in creating, and hardly pausing to think of the short period of time since white sails, guided by the uncertain wind, were, apart from rude oars, the only propelling force for ships and boats, both large and small. It seems incredible that but eighty-five years have elapsed since the first successful application of the forces of the steam-engine to move a boat any considerable distance over the water was witnessed on the Hudson river between New York and Albany.

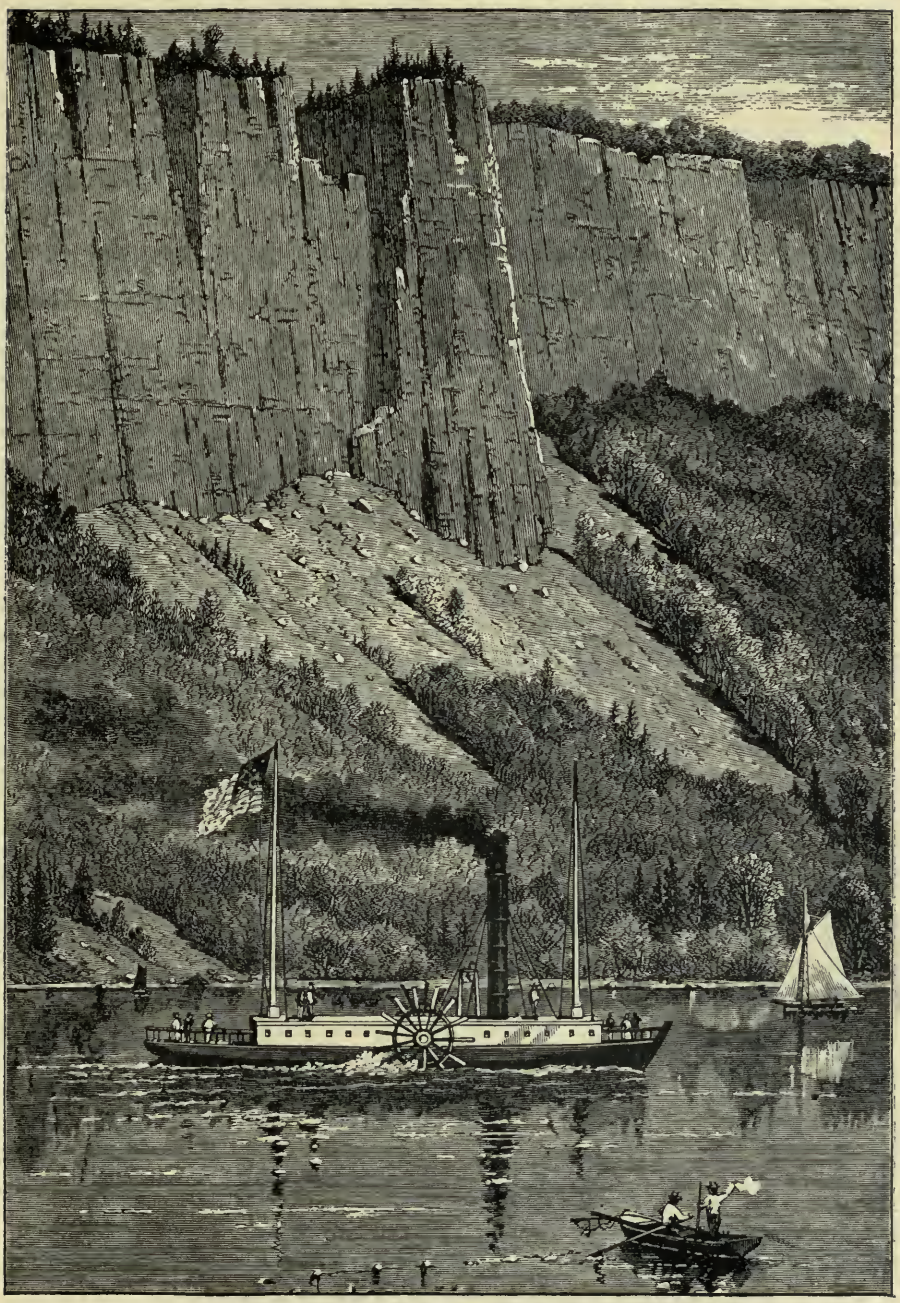
The *Clermont* did not spring into its full stature from the brain of Robert Fulton, but his practical devices and heroic efforts planted the first important step in a marvelous progression. There was contagion in his experiments, magnetic power in his example. All preceding efforts had been in a certain sense sporadic although preparatory; but Fulton contrived a combination of means that finally started the world into building steamboats for actual service.

The first steam-ship that crossed the Atlantic ocean, the *Savannah*, was built at Corlear's Hook, in New York city—a full-rigged sailing-packet to be used between New York and Savannah. She was purchased by Mr. Scarborough of Savannah, and fitted with steam machinery, the paddle-wheels being constructed to fold up and be laid on deck when not in use, her shaft also having a joint for that purpose. Thus it will be observed that in this primitive enterprise steam was only an auxiliary force. The *Savannah* was placed in charge of Captain Moses Rogers, who had previously commanded the *Clermont*, also the *Phœnix* built by Colonel John Stevens, which, in 1808, was taken from New York, *via* the ocean, to Philadelphia, by Robert L. Stevens the son of John, who was the first inventor to trust himself on the open sea in a vessel that relied entirely upon steam power; and she sailed from Savannah for Liverpool May 26, 1819, arriving at her destination June 20, 1819. From Liverpool the *Savannah* sailed July 23,

for the Baltic, touching at Copenhagen, Stockholm, St. Petersburgh, and other ports. An effort was made to sell her to Russia, but failed. At St. Petersburgh Lord Lyndock, who had been a passenger, was landed, and on taking leave of the captain of the vessel presented him with a silver tea-kettle inscribed with a legend referring to the importance of the event. The *Savannah* returned safely to the United States, notwithstanding her meeting with severe gales on the Atlantic, and her steam machinery was subsequently removed and sold to the Allaire Works of New York. She was then employed as a sailing vessel on the line between New York and Savannah, as originally intended, and was finally wrecked on the south coast of Long Island in 1822.

Not until 1838, however, was the possibility of steam communication between England and America demonstrated beyond a doubt. Thus the wonders that have been achieved in ocean navigation are chiefly compressed within one half century. The truthful account of them reads like a stupendous fable. John Fitch, the eccentric but ingenious Connecticut mechanic, who tried so many devices to propel boats by steam prior to 1800, predicted with an assurance that provoked wholesale derision that the ocean would eventually be crossed by steam-vessels, and that fame and riches would come to many men from his inventions. Fitch made his last experiment with a little *screw* steamboat, in 1796, on the Fresh Water pond in New York city—which occupied the site of the present gloomy Tombs in Centre street—and the model of this boat is now in the museum of the New York Historical Society. (See page 173.) John Fitch died in 1798.

Robert Fulton's history is a chapter of intense interest. Every schoolboy has learned it by heart. His failures, one after another, were nearly as useful to the world as his final success. When the *Clermont* sailed for Albany one bright midsummer day in 1807, very few believed it would ever reach its destination. Those who stood upon its deck as invited guests were prepared for any emergency. All New York saw this new-fangled craft depart on its voyage with acute expectation of disaster. As it was passing the Palisades, the noise of its machinery and paddle-wheels so startled a farmer at his plow that he ran home to tell his wife he had seen "the devil on his way up the river in a saw-mill!" As night came on, many persons described the strange sight as "a monster moving on the waters, defying wind and tide, and breathing flames and smoke." Pine wood was used for fuel, hence the blaze frequently shot into the skies above the tall smoke-stack, and whenever the fire was replenished mingled smoke and fiery sparks would rise a great distance into the air. It was a terrific spectacle for the crews of little sailing-vessels, and many a stout



THE "CLERMONT" OF ROBERT FULTON PASSING THE PALISADES, 1807.

[*From Mrs. Lamb's "History of the City of New York."*]

sailor fell on his knees in humble prayer for protection as the strange thing rapidly approached, while others jumped into the water and swam ashore.

Fulton's most important work in this exploit, aside from giving to the world the fruits of the inventive genius of all who had preceded him, was the experimental determination of the magnitude and the laws of ship-resistance, and the systematic proportioning of vessel and machinery to the work to be done by them. He was also, later on, the first to design and build a war-steamer, authorized by congress in March, 1814, which for the time was a most remarkable production, and by far the largest steam-vessel built before 1838. The *Fulton the First* was a fitting monument to the genius of the man who unfortunately did not live to see her completion and successful trials. On the fourth of July, 1815, she first moved upon the waters, steaming outside of Sandy Hook and back, some fifty-three miles, in eight hours and twenty minutes. She was never commissioned, the war having ended, and was used as a receiving ship at New York until 1829, when she accidentally blew up.

"The general slowness with which men in the early part of the century received the idea of the mighty changes impending may be recognized when we look over the few publications connected with navigation then published," writes Commander F. E. Chadwick in *Ocean Steamships.** "Mind seemed to move more slowly in those days; communication was tedious and difficult. Edinburgh was as far from London, in length of time taken for the journey, as is now London from New Orleans; few papers were published; there were no scientific journals of value; no great associations of men given to meeting and discussing scientific questions, excepting the few ponderous societies which dealt more in abstract questions than in the daily advances of the mechanical world. It was thus that the steam vessel came slowly to the front, and that it took more than a third of the whole time which has elapsed since Fulton's successful effort to convince men that it might be possible to carry on traffic by steam across the Atlantic. Dr. Lardner is almost chiefly remembered by his famous unwillingness to grant the possibilities of steaming directly from New York to Liverpool, and by this remark: 'As to the project which was announced in the newspapers, of making the voyage directly from New York to Liverpool, it is perfectly chimerical, and they might as well talk of making a voyage from New York or Liverpool to the moon.' He strongly urged dividing the transit by using Ireland as one of the inter-

* *Ocean Steamships:* A popular account of their construction, development, management, and appliances. With ninety-six illustrations. Charles Scribner's Sons. 8vo, pp. 298.

mediate stops, and going thence to Newfoundland. He curiously limited the size of ships which might be used, and their fuel-carrying powers. Though a philosopher, he did not seem to grasp that if a steamship had grown to what it was in 1835 from the small beginnings of 1807, it might even grow more."

Such was the general state of mind when the Great Western Steamship Company was formed in 1836. Up to that date America was greatly ahead of England in the number and development of steam vessels. In the year 1830 there were eighty-six steamboats on the Hudson river and Long Island Sound, and they were in use on the Great Lakes, the Mississippi river and other inland waters. Charleston and Savannah had regular steam communication with our northern ports. But the passage of the ocean, despite the incredulity existing, was most earnestly desired, and thus many eyes were turned to the construction of the *Great Western* at Bristol, of one thousand three hundred and forty tons, a steamship of unprecedented size—as was believed needful for power and coal-carrying capacity. At the same time the *Sirius*, of seven hundred tons, which had been employed between London and Cork, was purchased by a rival enterprise, and prepared for a voyage to America. The two vessels steamed into New York bay on the same day, April 23, 1838, the *Sirius* in the morning, and the *Great Western* in the afternoon, having made the voyage in one-half the time usually occupied by sailing packets. The event was one of inexpressible significance, and these steamships were greeted with the booming of cannon from all the forts and men-of-war in the harbor, the merchantmen dipping their flags, and the assembled throngs on the Battery and in small boats on the water shouting and cheering with the greatest possible enthusiasm. Trans-oceanic steam service was by these voyages securely inaugurated, and has ever since been constantly developing in extent and importance.

The *Great Western* started on her return passage May 7, with sixty-six passengers; and within the succeeding five years made seventy-four voyages across the Atlantic. The *Sirius* was considered too small for the long and boisterous route, and was withdrawn. She had consumed her whole supply of fuel before passing Sandy Hook, and sacrificed all her spare spars and forty-three barrels of rosin in order to enter the upper bay under steam. The art and science of ship-building was henceforward studied with keen, freshly sharpened vigor on both sides of the Atlantic. What a saving of valuable time if the mails could only be transported by steam! The *Great Western's* average time in crossing the Atlantic was fifteen days, her fastest trip twelve days and eighteen hours. Perhaps

this speed could be increased? The steam-engine itself might be improved? Someone must invent a better form of screw. Why cannot more steel be used in the machinery to lighten some of its parts? We must have higher pressures and greater expansions. Human ingenuity and genius and activity were inspired to heroic efforts. Achievements presently overlapped one another. The progress that seemed slow from month to month was swift and certain, as it now appears. Without pausing among the statistics to note the various degrees on the wonderful records, it is interesting to bridge the half century and compare the *Great Western* with the *Majestic*, and *her* triumph in crossing the Atlantic in five days, eighteen hours, and eight minutes, reaching New York August 5, 1891—an event that thrilled every nation. Yet the *Majestic* only held the coveted place at the head of her class for two weeks. The *Teutonic* then steamed into New York harbor, having made the voyage in five days, sixteen hours, and thirty minutes. Recently the *City of Paris* made the voyage in five days, fifteen hours, and fifty-eight minutes.

In the approaching Columbian exposition there can be exhibited no more impressive feature of the world's advance than the history of the development and progress of steam navigation. It is to be hoped that the various steps will be made completely visible and tangible. In describing the beautiful array of models at the international exhibition at Liverpool in 1886, Commander Chadwick says: "They represented almost every stage of progress in British steamship building, from the *Comet* onward, and one could not help regretting that an effort had not been made by our government to bring together models illustrative of our earlier practice. Models of the *Clermont;* of the Stevens experimental screw boat; a later Mississippi steamer; the *Savannah;* the *Washington*, pioneer of regular transatlantic steam traffic under our flag; the *Adriatic;* the Hudson river and great sound steamers of to-day, would, apart from any war-ship models, have made a most interesting and attractive collection. The steamboat had in its earlier days a much greater extension in America than elsewhere. Our great rivers were an especially attractive field for its use. The Mississippi had but lately come under our control, and the beginning of the great tide of western emigration and exploration was almost coincident with the steamboat's advent, so that through these favoring conditions it had a much more rapid growth among us than elsewhere. Yet the only American things visible were the drawings of a New York ferry-boat (the type of which, by the way, we owe to Fulton) so placed as to be scarcely discoverable. These boats are so typical, so different from anything found in Europe, and so

THE GREAT WESTERN. FROM AN OLD PAINTING.

interesting to any student of steam ferriage as to thorough adaptation of means to an end, that a complete model of the boat and its ferry-slip would have been a most satisfactory addition.

The display, however, of British models was as complete as it could well be made. Private owners and builders, the admiralty, and Lloyd's registry, united to make the collection a very complete and perfect one. The exhibition, of course, did not confine itself to the steam era alone. It even had a model of an Egyptian vessel, which was exhibited by the Liverpool Library Society, as taken from Thebes, and estimated to date about 1500 B.C., and which Moses himself might have seen. It was a long stretch, however, to the next in date, as no others antedated 1700 A.D. There were many of the handsome and dignified eighteenth century men-of-war, built at a time when men began to preserve a record of their work in the miniature ships which are now esteemed an essential addition to almost every vessel of importance put afloat. Firms exist at present whose only business it is to make the various minute fittings—the posts, chains, anchors, blocks, etc., of the Liliputian craft, so that every detail of the original is given with an exact verisimilitude very often in most beautiful

and elaborate work. The only exhibits of modern war-ships at Liverpool were those of England and Italy, unless we except the numerous vessels built for foreign powers by English builders. The remainder of the display was chiefly connected with the strife for commerce, and in this it is likely to remain as complete and comprehensive as can be made in some time to come."

The application of steam to the propulsion of vessels has been most inconceivably fruitful, and the hint afforded by the omission of the United States to contribute to its own annals in the exhibition at Liverpool should awaken every American citizen to a sense of duty in 1893. Dear reader, we are told on good authority that there are five hundred million dollars invested in ocean-going steamships sailing from the port of New York alone! We see here the realization of the industry, energy, hopes, disappointments, and prophecies of a long line of persistent, far-seeing inventors, who had the misfortune to live too soon—certainly in advance of their contemporaries. Each profited to some extent by the experience of predecessors. Many important as well as crude ideas came out of the past, and going backward out of a still more remote past. It is such history that should be traced in the most critical and thorough manner at this particular juncture, when the whole world is stimulated to thought and research as never before. Spain is already in the field with her reproduction of the *Santa Maria*, and she may possibly send to Chicago the model of the vessel of two hundred tons, made in 1543 by Blasco de Garay, a Spanish naval officer, in the harbor of Barcelona—a boat said to have been moved by paddle-wheels, with a "vessel of boiling water" in the apparatus. A description of paddle-wheels applied to vessels, illustrated by a quaint wood-cut, may be found in the old French work of Fammelli, 1588. It is stated that the Roman army under Claudius Caudex was taken across to Sicily in boats propelled by paddle-wheels turned by oxen. A scientific tract was published at Orleans in 1569, probably written by Benson, in which is described very intelligently the process of generation of steam through the communication of heat to water, and its peculiar properties. There is, as we all know, very little to record in these early centuries. But that little is worth knowing and preserving.

In 1690, Dyonysius Papin, physician to the elector of Cassel, also a mathematician of celebrity who had learned much from the illustrious Sir Isaac Newton, having constructed a piston-engine, tried to use it in driving paddle-wheels to propel vessels; and in 1707 he applied the steam-engine, which he had purposed as a pumping-engine, to driving a model boat on the Fulda at Cassel. An account of his experiments is preserved in manu-

script in the royal library at Hanover. His pumping-engine forced up water to turn a water-wheel, which in turn was made to drive the paddles. He failed, however, to obtain permission of the electoral councillors to dispatch his "vessel of singular construction down the river Weser to Bremen;" and a mob of boatmen, afflicted with that jealousy which is cross-eyed and forever seeing round the corner what never existed, attacked the strange craft at night and utterly destroyed it, Papin narrowly escaping with his life. In 1736, Jonathan Hulls constructed a steam-engine for ship propulsion, expecting to employ his craft as a tow-boat, and obtained for it an English patent. He wrote a pamphlet, in which he gave a very clear and distinct idea of the subject. It is said he built a fine model which he tried with such poor success that his neighbors laughed at him, and his efforts came to an end.

THE GANG PLANK (1892) JUST BEFORE SAILING.
[*From "Ocean Steamships."*]

The first attempt in the United States to construct a steamboat was made in 1763 by William Henry, a bright, ingenious, well-balanced investigator, who was of the same family as Patrick Henry. He had been to England on business and heard the great invention of James Watt discussed on every side. On his return he built a steam-engine and placed it in a boat fitted with paddle-wheels, and tried it on the Contesga river near his home in Lancaster, Pennsylvania, but through some mismanagement it was wrecked. He tried a second model with improvements without avail. He

declared that such a boat would come into use on the waters of the Ohio and Mississippi; he had not the least doubt of it, but the time had not yet arrived for its appreciation and support. Benjamin West was a friend and *protégé* of Henry, and was influenced by the latter to undertake historical pictures. Robert Fulton when twelve years old visited Henry to study the paintings of West, and was captivated by the model steamboats which Henry had made. John Fitch was an acquaintance and frequent visitor of Henry, and while at Henry's house his attention was first called to the possibilities of using steam to propel vessels. Thomas Paine, author of *Common Sense*, at one time lived with Henry, and afterward, in 1788, proposed that congress take up the subject of steam navigation for the benefit of the country. Nothing came of all these efforts in that period, yet the facts should be known and brought into the foreground if the great potent factor of human progress is to be intelligently understood in all its bearings. What we see to-day is the logical result of a slow but sure evolution—the outgrowth of lessons learned in preceding times, not least among which were those in the science of calculation, otherwise mathematics, covering a vast field of experimental development.

The first experimental steamboat-engine built in America is said to have been made in 1773 by Christopher Colles, a lecturer before the American Philosophical Society at Philadelphia, the engineer who subsequently was the first to suggest canals between the Hudson river and the Great Lakes. James Rumsey, of Maryland birth, should be remembered for his untiring attempts to construct and navigate boats by the force of steam. As early as 1784 he visited Washington at Mount Vernon, and exhibited to the great general his model of a boat, which was afterwards patented in several states. In 1787 he launched a little steamboat on the Potomac and made a successful trial trip, witnessed by a large concourse of people; and he was granted the rights of navigating the streams of Maryland, Virginia, and some other states. The Rumsey Society, of which Franklin was a member, was founded in Philadelphia in 1788 to further his schemes. He then went to England and obtained patents for his invention in several European countries, and a boat and machinery were built for him, and a successful trial trip made on the Thames in 1792; but he died while preparing for another experiment. He was involved in a bitter controversy with John Fitch as to the priority of their inventions, whose first model for a steamboat was completed in 1785. Fitch's second boat was tried on the Delaware at Philadelphia in 1787, in the presence of the framers of the Constitution who were in session in that city—and it was in a measure satisfactory, although in general respects a failure. Nathan

THE NIGHT SIGNAL OF A DISABLED STEAMER, 1892.

[*From "Ocean Steamships."*]

Read of Massachusetts, a graduate of Harvard in 1781, was the inventor of the vertical multitubular fire-box boiler, now in general use, which gave him great distinction. In 1788 he designed a steamboat fitted with paddle-wheels and a crank to be turned with the hand, and by trial satisfied himself that the system would work. In 1789 he applied to congress, then convened in New York, for a patent—was the first petitioner for a patent before the patent law was enacted—and it was granted him in 1791; James Rumsey, John Fitch, and John Stevens all receiving patents at the same date for various methods of applying steam to the propulsion of vessels. Samuel Moray of New Hampshire began experimenting with a

steamboat in 1790, built by himself and fitted with paddle-wheels driven by a steam-engine of his own design. He made a trial trip on the Connecticut river one Sunday morning, from Oxford to Fairlee, Vermont, a distance of several miles, and returned safely. He spent his summers in New York until 1793, studying to improve his boat and engine; the boat was a "stern wheeler," and was thought to be capable of steaming five miles an hour. Elijah Ormsbee of Rhode Island caught the spirit, and in 1792 built a small steamboat, with an "atmospheric engine" and "duck's foot" paddles, and made a successful trial trip on the Seekonk river. Nicholas Roosevelt of New York, who had become interested in the Schuyler copper mines, and had constructed an atmospheric engine from the model of Hornblower's, joined with John Stevens and Chancellor Livingston in building a little steamboat, which was tried on the Passaic river in 1798, having on board a party of invited guests, among whom was the Spanish minister; but the enterprise failed. In 1809, Roosevelt became associated with Fulton in the introduction of steamboats on the western waters; and in 1811 Roosevelt built and navigated the *New Orleans*, the pioneer steamboat that descended the Ohio and Mississippi rivers from Pittsburgh to New Orleans. He took his family with him and accomplished the trip in fourteen days. John Stevens of New York urged more weighty and advanced opinions and statesman-like views on the economical importance of steam navigation than any man of his time. He was the grandson, through his mother, of the great lawyer and mathematician, James Alexander, and his sister was the wife of Chancellor Livingston; he was a graduate of King's (now Columbia) college in 1768, and at the beginning of this century was fifty-one years of age. His petition to congress in 1790 for the protection of inventors, was the foundation of the American patent law. His life was devoted to experiments at his own cost for the common good. He built the *Phœnix* which was completed and launched only a few weeks after Fulton's triumph had been assured; it was sent to Philadelphia, as before mentioned, by open sea, to be used on the Delaware. His son, Robert Livingston Stevens, then but twenty years of age, had already commenced his remarkable career of invention. He assisted his father in bringing out a fleet of steamers on the Delaware, and upon the collapse of the Fulton monopoly they together built some of the finest steamboats on the Hudson. The speed when Fulton died had only reached seven miles an hour; Robert L. Stevens built the *Philadelphia*, in 1813, introducing several new devices, which sailed eight miles an hour. With every steamboat he constructed thereafter the speed was increased, until, in 1827, the *North*

America attained fifteen miles. From 1815 until 1840 he stood at the head of his profession in this country as a builder of steam-vessels and their machinery, making constant and invaluable improvements. He originated the present form of ferry-boats and ferry-slips, and was the first to bring a steam-ferry into actual operation. He made the first marine tubular boiler in 1831; he adopted a new method of bracing and fastening steamboats, and was the first on record to use the new, unmanageable anthracite coal for steam fuel. He became, in short, one of the greatest of naval architects, and was constantly lavishing time and money upon changes to enhance the usefulness of steam navigation; and the variety, extent, and importance of his work, it is hoped, will yet be recognized in some substantial form.

STEAMBOAT OF JOHN FITCH, 1796.

The inventive instinct of America appears to have been abreast with that of any other country; and it has the honor, through the trial of the *Clermont* in 1807, of bridging the chasm between mere attempts and positive achievements in steam navigation. Robert Fulton's fame was justly earned, and is secure in the world's memory. But the time has come when his industrious and less fortunate cotemporaries in invention should not be left in unmerited obscurity. A vast amount of experimental work had to be accomplished, and it is no reflection on a man's genius to have groped in the dark when there was no light within his reach. Immature schemes were necessarily failures; but the causes of such failures were carefully noted, and their fruits became marvels of inspiration. No invention was ever born full-grown or disjoined from antecedents leading to it; thus it is exceptionally interesting to trace the extraordinary efforts and bitter disappointments in widely separated countries which stand in orderly relations one to another, apparently without connection, as essential parts of an intelligent design.

The screw, which was first suggested by Dr. Hooke in 1681, and was the subject of a prize essay by Dr. Bernouilli in 1752, before the French Academy of Sciences, and actually tried in the United States during the Revolution, by David Bushnell, while conducting submarine experiments

with torpedoes, was finally brought into general use by John Ericsson, who in 1836 invented and patented the screw-propeller, which revolutionized navigation. In 1837 he built a steam vessel having twin screw-propellers, which on trial towed the American packet-ship *Toronto* at the rate of five miles an hour on the river Thames. In 1838 he constructed the iron screw-steamer *Robert F. Stockton*, which crossed the Atlantic under canvas in 1839, and was afterward employed as a tug-boat on the Delaware river for a quarter of a century. Ericsson had tried to interest the British admiralty in his improvements, but only succeeded so far as to persuade the noble lords to make the excursion with him on the Thames. The barriers of tradition and prejudice had not yet been overcome, and the naval authorities rejected the, to them, new idea, although it was presently taken up by private parties. But the greater boldness and intelligence of some of the representatives of the United States, then in England, gave Ericsson substantial encouragement. Francis B. Ogden of New Jersey placed capital at the inventor's command, who built a little screw-boat called the *Francis B. Ogden*, and Commodore Stockton of our navy made an excursion on it with Ericsson, and then gave an order for the building of the *Robert F. Stockton*, above mentioned. On his arrival in America Ericsson was almost immediately given an opportunity to build the large screw-steamer *Princeton*, a war vessel, and presently the English, French, German, and other European governments had screw-steamers constructed from Ericsson's plans, or from those of his agent in England, Count de Rosen, as the screw was found to possess many advantages over the paddle-wheel as an instrument for ship-propulsion, and the cost of machinery was much lessened by its use.

The first steamer on our Great Lakes was the *Ontario*, built in 1816, at Sackett's Harbor—three years before the *Savannah* crossed the Atlantic. At the time of the establishment of the Cunard line of ocean steamers in 1840, one of the most notable events of the decade immediately following the success of the *Great Western*, there were many fine steamers on our lakes, and they multiplied with rapidity. The first four vessels of the Cunard line had modern paddle-wheels, and the *Britannia* was the foremost to sail. The Cunard company had agreed to carry the mails fortnightly between Liverpool, Halifax, and Boston, and the contract was to continue seven years. These ships accommodated only first-cabin passengers, emigrants having no place in any steamer prior to 1850. But no luxuries were provided; a narrow berth to sleep in and ordinary food was esteemed sufficient. The building of the *Great Britain*, in 1845, was a notable advance in steamship construction, iron being used with great

THE WHITE STAR STEAMER "MAJESTIC."

[*From "Ocean Steamships."*]

skill and discretion. The first enterprise of this character originating in the United States was the Ocean Steam Navigation Company, which in 1847 undertook to carry the American mails between New York and Bremen twice a month. Two steamships were built for this line, the *Washington* and *Herman*. The contract with the government was not however renewed at its expiration, and the ships were withdrawn and the project abandoned. The Collins line was established in 1849, also an American enterprise in the field of international trade, with a large government subsidy, and its steamers were a new departure in model and arrangement. The Inman line came into existence the same year, with screw steamers built of iron. In 1858 was added the North German Lloyd line, in 1861 the French Compagnie Transatlantique line, in 1863 the National line, in 1866 the Williams and Guion line (formerly a line of sailing packets), now the Guion line, and in 1870 the White Star line, which latter brought another new type of steamships. There were, in the meantime, many other lines directed to different quarters of the world.

Mr. John H. Gould, writing on "Ocean Passenger Travel," says: "The most important American rival which foreign corporations encountered in transatlantic steam navigation was the famous Collins line. Mr. E. K. Collins had grown up in the freight and passenger business between New York and Liverpool, and in 1847 began to interest New York merchants in a plan to establish this new steamship line. Two years later the company he had organized launched four vessels—the *Atlantic*, *Pacific*, *Arctic*, and *Baltic*. These were to make twenty-six voyages every year, and the passage from port to port was to be better, in point of time, than that made by the Cunarders. Many features that have since come to be regarded as indispensable on board ship, were introduced by the Collins vessels. Among them none attracted more comment, when the *Atlantic* on her first voyage arrived at Liverpool, than the barber's shop. Another novelty was a smoking-room in a house on the after part of the deck. . . The accommodations on board ship have kept pace with the growing traffic and the increasing demand for luxurious appointments. Vessels are now lighted by electricity in every quarter, including even the steerage; there is ample room for exercises and games on deck; there are well-stocked libraries and music rooms, no well-ordered vessel being without a piano or organ, and some have both; and on nearly all the larger ships there is a miniature newspaper printed by the ship's printer, which gives the usual amount of 'local' gossip and happenings peculiar to the surroundings, to which articles are often contributed by the passengers."

The same writer gives us an interesting chapter on the "Ocean Steam-

ship as a Freight Carrier." He says there are now twenty-nine regular lines of steamships running between New York and the European ports. "Of these, eight lines run express steamships, and twenty-three lines carry passengers and freight; the other six lines transport freight only. The ocean steamship lines require an auxiliary fleet of harbor vessels as tenders to them. There are regular lines other than those above mentioned, running to the West Indies and elsewhere; there is a large number of tramp ships, and our coastwise steamships are operated by a dozen or more lines. The volume of ocean freight is enormous. In these days of heavy shipments the specie-room on the steamship is a very important institution. It is located in an out-of-the-way place, and few of the passengers know of its existence. Fruit steamships have three decks, all open, with a space of about two inches between each of the deck planks. This arrangement assures a free circulation of air at all times, and thus the fruit is preserved from heating and decay. Great care is taken to prevent its contact with salt water, which causes the black spots frequently seen on bananas." These fruit steamships carry from fifteen to twenty-five thousand bunches of bananas. There are steamships specially fitted for carrying grain, others for carrying oil in bulk, and the steamships for cattle are the most interesting of all. The development of ocean traffic is vividly illustrated in the work so ably and satisfactorily prepared by accomplished experts.

The mechanical improvements which have been devised, one after another, from year to year, to produce these varied results, have racked the brains of innumerable skilled mechanics and wise and ingenious men. But the safe-conduct of transatlantic vessels, with their passengers, involves scarcely less expert knowledge, and much more trained will-power. The care of a steamship is unremitting; every hour of the day has its imperative duties. The officers vary in their methods of keeping watch, new ships having new rules. The chief officer of the White Star vessels stands the watches from six to eight and from twelve to two o'clock, night and day, respectively; the second officer keeps the watches from eight to ten and two to four o'clock; and the third officer, those from ten to twelve and from four to six o'clock. The cheerless night drifts on, the weary vigil taxing the brains and bodies of those who must seek no rest because of the lives intrusted to them. William H. Rideing says: "Probably the captain dreads no one thing more than a fog which comes down when he is making land. When he can see the familiar lights and promontories he can verify the position of the ship and check his daily observations of the sun. Then it is plain sailing into port. But when the strongest light is quenched, and every well-known landmark hidden, and he has to feel his

way with only the compass and the sounding-machine to guide him, the consciousness that a slight divergence from the proper course may lead to disaster and death keeps him on the pins and needles of anxiety, and sears his brain to constant wakefulness as with a branding iron."

Between 1838 and 1879 one hundred and forty-four steamers, counting all classes, were lost in the transatlantic trade. Of these, ten were burned at sea; eight were sunk in collisions; three sunk by ice; twenty-four never reached the ports for which they sailed, their fate being still unknown; and the remainder were wrecked. Since 1879, writes Mr. Rideing, "the most memorable disasters, besides those already referred to, have been the burning at sea of the *Egypt*, of the National line, and the *City of Montreal*, of the Inman line, both without loss of life: the stranding of the *State of Virginia*, of the State line, on the quicksands of Sable Island, which quickly entombed her; the sinking of the *State of Florida*, of the same line, by collision with a sailing ship; the disappearance of the National line steamer *Erin*, which is supposed to have foundered at sea; and the sinking of the magnificent Cunarder *Oregon*, in collision with a coal schooner off Fire Island. No line in existence has been wholly free from calamity; no line in existence has not at least one page in its history to tell of anxious crowds besieging its wharves and offices for news of a ship that has never come in. It is not conceivable that the element of danger can ever be wholly eliminated from the navigation of the Atlantic, but notwithstanding the extent and difficulty of the traffic, and the size and speed of the ships, which, flying to and fro in all kinds of weather, arrive in port at all seasons with a promptness and regularity quite equal to that of express trains on land, the number of accidents is constantly diminishing. More cabin passengers are carried from New York to European ports in one summer now than were carried in the whole of the first quarter of a century of steam navigation on this ocean; we now see hundreds of thousands of passengers crossing, with a sense of security which a remarkable record of immunity from accident fully justifies."

One of the most interesting chapters in the excellent volume, *Ocean Steamships*, concerns the steamship lines of the world. It reminds us that there are other lands and other peoples than our own, worthy of admiration and study; that a voyage round the world clears the head of narrowness and cobwebs. The Pacific Mail Steamship Company was organized in 1847, and gained notoriety by sending one of its first vessels, the *California*, from New York to San Francisco by way of Cape Horn. The successful termination of this remarkable voyage in those early days of steam navigation, enabled the company to inaugurate a steamship service between

UNLOADING A BANANA STEAMSHIP, 1892.

[*From "Ocean Steamships."*]

Panama and San Francisco. The transpacific route was commenced in 1867, soon after the opening of the Pacific railroad, and is now worked in conjunction with the English line.

Lieutenant Hunt writes: "The United States has the credit of establishing long lines of communication by sea with far-distant countries. As early as 1789 the merchants of Boston despatched their ships direct to China and the East Indies some time before England entered on this trade; for the American vessels not only brought their cargoes to the home markets, but also trans-shipped spices, silks, teas, sugar, coffee, and cotton to Europe. The development of the resources of the East by the East India Company, and the richness of the freights carried by the United States vessels—the proceeds of a single voyage often defraying the first cost of the ship—induced England to enter into competition, thus starting that rivalry between the sailing fleets of the two nations that was long the admiration of the world. In 1845 the American clippers, long, low, of good beam, very fine lines, and with yards so square and spars so lofty as to get a greater spread of canvas in proportion to their tonnage than any ship hitherto sailed, entered the race and left all rivals far astern. Then followed the days of which the old 'sad sea dogs' still love to tell, when every stitch of sail was carried until the fierce wind blew it from the bolt-ropes; when for weeks the lee scuppers lay buried in the seething waters and the flying jibboom plunged deep into the white-capped waves; when the good ship, *Sovereign of the Seas*, came into port ninety days from Hong-Kong, and the town gathered on the wharf to welcome the daring navigators; while the cargo of teas and coffees was sold at fabulous prices."

The discovery of gold in California started a line of ships to take out merchandise of every description; and Australia was opened to commerce. These old routes exerted great influence upon subsequent progress—but the day of the sailing ship, except on long routes, was closing. The steamship entered into competition, and gradually absorbed the lucrative passenger traffic and much of the more valuable freight. The routes of communication between distant portions of the world, established after long years of navigation, have now become the highways of commerce. The tourist may choose from many routes in going round the world. Steamboats and steamships are everywhere. He finds several lines between the ports of Japan along the inland passage and up the Japan sea. Singapore has steam communication with one hundred and fifty-two different ports, far and near. From Calcutta several short sea-routes in steam-vessels may be taken to strange countries. Nearly a dozen steamship lines leave Colon for ports in the United States, Europe, and the West

Indies. From Colombo, Ceylon, fifteen steamships radiate toward the attractive countries of Australia, Africa, the Dutch East Indies, China, Japan, India, and Europe. The number of steamers traversing the great thoroughfares, aside from those in regular service between the United States and the Old World, is said to be more than eleven thousand!

The civilization of our time owes a debt of gratitude to the early scientists and inventors. Like the discovery of a continent by Columbus they gave the world something to build upon, and it is doubtful if the managers of the World's Columbian Exposition will encounter, in attempting to exhibit the progress this country has made in four centuries, a more far-reaching and significant problem than that of steam navigation. It touches all sides of human life; the theme is as attractive as it is colossal. It has brought the different nations of the earth into hand-shaking acquaintance; with the aid of electricity borrowed from the forces of nature, steam power is at the root of all our present material wealth and prosperity. Every industry on the globe has been revolutionized since the beginning of this century, and in the rapid march of events the steamboat and the steamship have played the most important part of any factor in stimulating production and giving an impulse to trade with distant countries, opening innumerable markets in hitherto unheard-of places. Every nation is now interested in steam navigation; the welfare of the farmer, the merchant, and the artisan is interwoven with that of the heroes who live on the sea. Commerce and the industries go hand in hand, and the magnificent showing of the former is but an index to the flourishing conditions of the latter. It is because the race has been awakened into new life that it displays new growth. The peculiar glory of America—an empire unparalleled in beauty of situation and resources—is in the intelligence, dignity, domestic happiness, right thinking, right acting, moral power, matchless ingenuity, and business integrity of its people, who have contributed their full quota to the solution of scientific problems, through which, within the past eighty-five years, the entire world has been benefited and stirred into active endeavor. It may be truly said that steam navigation has made the Columbian Exposition in its prospective magnitude a possibility, and seems destined to lift it into a vast success in 1893.

CAPTURE OF STONY POINT, JULY, 1779

BY MAJOR WILLIAM HULL

[*From manuscript in the possession of his grandson.*]

On the morning of the 14th of July, 1779, Major Hull was ordered to march to Sandy Beach and unite his corps to that of General Wayne. Two companies of North Carolina infantry commanded by Major Murfee were directed to join the troops at Sandy Beach. These were placed in the detachment of Major Hull, whose command now consisted of about four hundred men. At eleven o'clock of the morning of the 15th of July the march was commenced over rugged and almost impassable mountains, and continued for fourteen miles, when the detachment arrived, a little before dark in the evening, within a mile and a half of Stony Point. Here it halted. General Wayne with his principal officers reconnoitred the works, and now for the first time was communicated to the troops the object of the enterprise. He stated that the attack was to be made on Stony Point at twelve o'clock that night. That the detachment was to be divided into two columns; to advance with unloaded muskets, and depend entirely on the bayonet; that it was his determination to persevere until in complete possession of the fort; and that if any man attempted to load his piece, leave his station, or retreat, he was instantly to be put to death by the officer or soldier next him.

General Wayne then gave in detail the disposition of the troops. The column on the right was to consist of Febiger's and Meigs' regiments and Major Hull's detachment, and to be led by General Wayne himself. The column on the left was to consist of Colonel Butler's regiment. Major Hull was directed to detach Major Murfee's two companies to form in the centre of the two columns, and to advance near to a part of the fort that was not to be assailed, and to keep up a constant fire with a view to distract and draw off attention from the real point of attack; Lieutenant-Colonel Fleury and Major Posey to command a corps of one hundred and fifty volunteers to precede the column on the right, and Major Stewart with one hundred volunteers to precede the column on the left. A forlorn hope of twenty men was attached to each column—one led by Lieutenant Gibbon, the other by Lieutenant Knox. Their duty was to

remove the abatis and other obstructions in the way of the troops. About half-past eleven o'clock the two columns commenced their march in platoons. The beach was more than two feet deep with water, and before the right column reached it we were fired upon by the out-guards, which gave the alarm to the garrison. We were now directly under the fort, and closing in a solid column ascended the hill, which was almost perpendicular. When about half way up our course was impeded by two strong rows of abatis, which the forlorn hope had not been able entirely to remove. The column proceeded silently on, clearing away the abatis, passed to the breastwork, cut and tore away the pickets, cleared the *cheveaux de frise* at the sally-port, mounted the parapet, and entered the fort at the point of the bayonet. All this was done under a heavy fire of artillery and musketry, and as strong a resistance as could be made by the British bayonet. Our column on the other side entered the fort at the same time. Each of our men had a white paper in his hat, which in the darkness distinguished him from the enemy, and the watchword was, *The fort is our own.* Our troops reached the area of the garrison, not having fired a gun, the enemy still firing on us. The men made free use of the bayonet, and in every direction was heard, *The fort is our own!* We were compelled to continue the dreadful slaughter owing to the fierce and obstinate resistance of the enemy. They did not surrender until nearly one hundred men were killed and wounded; after which their arms were secured and they were assembled under a strong guard in an angle of the fort until morning. Major Murfee acted his part with great address, keeping up an incessant fire between the two columns, thus diverting the attention of the assailed from the point of attack. His two companies were the only American troops that fired a gun. In ascending the hill, just after he had passed the abatis, General Wayne was wounded in the head by a musket ball, and immediately fell. He remained on the spot until the British surrendered, when some other officers and myself bore him into the fort, bleeding, but in triumph.

Three long and loud cheers were now given, and reverberating in the stillness of night amidst rocks and mountains sent back in echo a glad response to the hearts of the victors. They were quickly answered by the enemy's ships of war in the river, and by the garrison at Verplank's Point, under the belief that the Americans were repulsed.

Our troops lost no time in collecting the cannon of the garrison and turning them against the shipping in the river. The officer of the British artillery was requested to furnish the key of the powder magazine; he hesitated, and said that he only received his orders from Colonel Johnson.

He was informed that Colonel Johnson was superseded in command, and that there must be no delay, or the consequences might be unpleasant. The key was produced, the pieces of ordnance loaded, and the news of what had happened sent to the shipping from the mouths of the cannon. They made no return to our fire, and the tide being strong, they slipped their cables and were carried down by the current. In the same manner the intelligence was announced at the fort at Verplank's Point, but no reply was made.

Soon after the surrender, a lieutenant of my detachment informed me that he had killed one of the men in obedience to orders, and that he regretted it more than he could express. He said that as the column was ascending the hill, the man left his station and was loading his musket. His commander ordered him to return and desist from loading. He refused, saying that he did not understand fighting without firing. The officer immediately ran him through the body. I replied: "You performed a painful duty, by which, perhaps, victory has been secured, and the life of many a brave man saved. Be satisfied." Colonel Johnson remained in his marquee until morning, with others of the officers. I was frequently with him during the night. It was intimated by some one that the garrison had been surprised. Colonel Johnson observed that we should not do ourselves or him the injustice to say that he had been surprised.

He begged the gentleman who made the remark to recollect the fact that the firing commenced before we passed the marsh; that all his men were at their stations with their arms and completely dressed before our columns began to ascend the hill. That an incessant fire had been kept up until we entered the works, and the garrison surrendered. Yet it has been represented by some historians of the Revolution that the British were taken by surprise. But the distance from the fort, from which our columns were fired upon, the incessant roar of musketry and artillery while we were ascending the precipice, the condition of the troops when the garrison surrendered, are facts which show that success was owing to the valor, perseverance, and superior physical strength of the assailants. Fifteen Americans were killed and eighty-three wounded. Colonel Johnson in his return reports twenty killed of the British, including one officer, and sixty-eight privates wounded. The prisoners amounted to five hundred and forty-three.

The following day we were employed in burying the dead. I had two narrow escapes; one ball passed through the crown of my hat, another struck my boot. General Washington came to the fort next day, and the

interesting scene of his arrival is perfectly fresh in my remembrance. I recollect how cordially he took me by the hand, and the satisfaction and the joy that glowed in his countenance.

I attended him with a number of other field officers, General Wayne being prevented by his wound. Washington minutely viewed every part of the fortifications. His attention was particularly drawn to those places where the two columns ascended the hill, mounted the parapets, and first entered the works. He expressed his astonishment that we were enabled to surmount the difficulties and attain our object with so inconsiderable a loss. And here he offered his thanks to Almighty God, that He had been our shield and protector amidst the dangers we had been called to encounter.

Contributed by

Saml C Clarke

MARIETTA, GEORGIA.

COLUMBUS

A fertile continent thou gav'st mankind,
Which only lay in lonely idleness;
Through sufferings terrible, and great distress,
This was accomplished; for thy noble mind
And faith excelled all others—thou stood'st alone.
But thou didst know thyself—as now thou'rt known—
And thou didst prove thy disbelievers blind.

Immortal man, the world yet owes to thee
A tribute for thy hardships and thy pain;
Thy misery proved in truth to be its gain,
Thy woes have given to it prosperity.
Four centuries now have praised thy lofty name,
And ages yet to come will keep thy fame,
And glory in thy deathless memory.

Albert J. Ruff.

AN OLD BOOK

It lies before me, a fat little volume some six inches by eight, in sheep binding whose edges are curled and whose back is cracked by age.

With its musty odor comes a vision of ghosts—the attractive kind of ghosts—the ghosts that as children we used to hope to see when we lay awake at night. There is a dignified divine in a well-brushed suit of black, silver knee-buckles and shoe-buckles, stiff stock, and very neat linen. There is a careful housewife, a saver of pence and crumbs, yet able on occasions of state to make a most imposing appearance,

> "Bedecked, ornate and gay,
> Like a stately ship,
> With all her bravery on and tackle trim,
> Sails filled and streamers waving."

Then the shadow of death falls on the honest economy and simple dignity. Out of it comes one of the strangest figures in our history. The silver buckles shine on feet that climbed rapidly the ladder of fame. They shone there still when vaulting ambition that o'erleaped itself had brought their wearer, the brand of Cain on his brow, to dishonor and ostracism.

All these figures are sketched sometimes by a line, sometimes by a page in the old book. What is it? An old account-book of the Rev. Dr. Burr, second president of Princeton college. The first entry bears date 1755; the last, 1758.

The president used it first to keep an "account of money received by contribution for New Jersey college," and carefully transferred all sums received to the depreciated colonial money at an advance of about one-third. The doctor's own salary was not large; but two hundred and thirty pounds a year went farther then than now. He seems to have had means of increasing his income, for we find numerous small sums entered from literature, and there are various entries: "For my sermon 1 shilling 6 pence." Unless we are prepared to believe that the doctor had a literary bureau to supply slothful parsons with manuscript sermons, we must conclude that this indicates a fee for preaching. Think of it, ye clerical professors who grumble over modern fees!

There was apparently a difference of rates, for we find an entry: "By cash paid Mr. Tennent for preaching to Indians, 4£ 1*s.* 8*d.*" Could it have been that Indian preaching was worth more because of its difficulty?

But possibly Mr. Tennent preached sixty-five and a third sermons to the Indians at the rate of one and three pence.

It seems that the doctor also drove a small trade in paper and books. There are several entries in the hand of the thrifty housewife. "To the Rev. Johnathan Edwards (her father) one quire of paper, 1*s.* 3*d.*" It is regrettable to observe that this book trade even included ponies, for there are constant entries of a certain "Translation of Xenophon in two volumes," which was the most expensive book on the list. But perhaps the doctor anticipated the heretical attitude of certain new-fangled educators who rather encourage the use of ponies in the proper way.

Education seems to have been very cheap in those days, when we read such entries as "Sayre, To ½ yr. tuition 1£ 10*s.*" But there were extras, as one might expect at the price, for we find several entries of "French schooling." With a fine impartiality this is spelt "shooling," "scholing," and "scholling."

Of course at these rates the college could not support itself. A large part of the doctor's energies must have been devoted to raising funds. And no less than two thousand pounds are entered as raised in sums of one pound and upward. It may be very surprising to the uninformed to find not only that part of this was raised by a lottery, but that the tickets were sold by the president to the students. Most of them seem to have invested in one or more at the price of thirty shillings.

But education, even with the opportunities for fortune afforded by the lottery, was more expensive comparatively than it appears at first sight. The doctor used this book for the college accounts, the good wife for household matters, and thus we perceive that a certain Edwards, who may have been Mrs. Burr's brother, obtained a little more than four months' board at the presidential table for seven pounds three shillings fourpence. Provisions were not so very cheap, but the scale of living was doubtless very simple. The Burrs bought beef at twopence a pound, ten pounds of cheese for four shillings, tea at seven shillings a pound. A domestic servant was hired at four shillings a week, a field laborer by the day at two shillings sixpence. A barrel of cider cost eight shillings; six bottles of wine, thirteen shillings sixpence. They bought three horses at prices ranging from fourteen pounds to twenty-two pounds; a cow and calf at four pounds fifteen shillings. A black man was sold for rather less than the good horse, and brought seventeen pounds sixpence.

But death closed the account, for on the last three pages, bearing date May, 1758, we find in the careful hand of the man of law "an Acct. of Mrs. Burrs cloaths given to her daughter Sally by will."

It was no inconsiderable legacy, but the list is a little confusing to the modern masculine mind. One finds it difficult to imagine what "a suit of black Paduasoy" looks like at a distance. How does "a brown Calimanco gown" differ from "one lead colored Ducap ditto," beyond the difference in color? And what is the distinction between a "black Calimanco" and a "black Allopeen"? Of course any one could tell a "Corded Dimity with flowered border" from "A copucheen flowered sattin." But why should an "old gauze hood" be accompanied by "two tan mounts"?

We understand that "one mask" was used to preserve Mrs. President's complexion, but what, oh, what was the "one Vandyke cat-gutted" which is mentioned with it? Was the lawyer who made this inventory assisted by his wife? Aaron Burr was not forgotten in the distribution of finery, for we find that he received "one silver watch, one pair of silver shoe-buckles, one pair ditto knee-buckles, one stock-buckle and Mr. and Mrs. Burr's pictures."

The strict economy of the worthy couple was not without its touch of gilt on the edge, for they left "to Sally Burr" and "for the use of the children," some sixty pounds' worth of silver plate. Those were simple times at Nassau Hall, when the president received a little more than the salary of a tutor, and his assistants the pay of a common school teacher. And yet the admirer of learning must not rejoice overmuch that her votaries seem to receive in the midst of this commercial age more of the good things of this world. For it is to be observed that while the cost of tuition has increased ten times at Princeton, the salary has only increased about five times. It is hard to tell what moral to draw from this, unless it be that, as both professors and students are more plentiful now than they were four generations ago, the one is willing to pay more and the other to take less.

Paul van Dyke

RETAINING THE NORTHWEST POSTS

HOW ENGLAND GAINED BY IT

On the conclusion of the peace of 1783 between Great Britain and the United States, the fur-traders of the northwest very naturally became anxious lest the Americans should gain possession of the extensive and lucrative business which had fallen into British hands when the French surrendered Canada. For five years after the English took possession of Montreal the traders of the northwest were mostly Frenchmen, without concert of action, and therefore with precarious profits. In 1765 the first English trader made his slow way along the shores of Lake Superior to the Grand Portage, on the northwestern shore of that lake, and thence westward to Lake La Pluye. There the Indians, incensed at being kept so long waiting for supplies of ammunition, rum, and trinkets, appropriated the trader's supplies without giving him the customary return of peltries. A year later the same trader met the same fate at the same hands; but the third year perseverance met its proverbial success, and the Indians, contenting themselves with a heavy toll, allowed the trader to proceed to Lake Winnipeg.

In 1769 Benjamin and Joseph Frobisher, whose base of supplies was the Montreal firm of Todd & McGill, also suffered disaster among the rapacious Indians about Rainy Lake. However, they had gone into the trading business too deeply to get out. In order to protect their venture they made a strong combination with the other traders who had gone into the northwest country, and by 1774 supplies were received by the Indians so regularly that not only were the old stations occupied, but also a number of new posts unknown to the French were established. The success of the Frobishers drew many adventurers into the field, who so demoralized business that the cautious Montreal firms no longer were willing to supply outfits; and by the end of the year 1782 only twelve traders were left in the field.

When the Frobishers learned the terms of the definitive treaty they set about combining all the British interests, with the view of crushing out competition on the part of English adventurers and also of protecting British trade from threatened encroachments on the part of Americans. This step was dictated by ordinary prudence, because the new boundary

line was believed to give to the Americans the whole route from the Grand Portage to the Lake of the Woods; and, as well, the posts of Detroit and Michilimackinac, on which the traders were dependent for provisions. The old connection among the traders was made stronger, and from this time on the North-West Company became the controlling influence in the country bordering upon the Great Lakes.

The first efforts of the company were directed to the discovery of a new route to Lake Winnipeg, so that a line of communication wholly in Canadian territory might be maintained. In June, 1783, Edward Umfreville and Venance St. Germain, both of whom were able to speak the language of the Indians, set out with an exploring party of six Canadians to find such a passage. In return for this discovery, if it should be made, the company asked for a monopoly of the Indian trade for ten years; but this request Governor-General Haldimand did not feel at liberty to grant. He had other plans which would delay at least for a time the necessity of finding a substitute for the Grand Portage.

The trade carried on by the North-West Company was well worthy of high consideration on the part of the government. In 1780 it was worth to England two hundred thousand pounds* in the value of furs brought to her markets, without counting the profits on the manufactures sent into the wilderness. A canoe-load of goods was made up of dry-goods to the amount of three hundred pounds first sterling cost in England, and two hundred gallons of rum and wine, worth fifty pounds, to which charges a profit of fifty per cent. was added at Montreal. The cost of transportation to Michilimackinac was one hundred and sixty pounds, and to the Grand Portage ninety pounds more. Between Montreal and the Grand Portage a canoe carried four tons of freight; but beyond the latter place a ton and a half was allotted to a canoe manned by five Canadians. No fewer than five hundred men were employed in this trade, one-half of the number covering the country from the mouth of the Ohio northward and westward around Lakes Superior and Huron. Supplies of provisions were taken at Michilimackinac; but in part the traders were expected to live off the country, and many and severe were the hardships endured before winter quarters were reached and all the bitternesses forgotten in the long nights of feasting which Washington Irving has so graphically described.

Such was the condition of affairs when, in July, 1783, General Washington wrote to General Haldimand asking him to receive the Baron de Steuben to make provision for the surrender of the eight posts within the newly-acquired territory of the United States. The interview was con-

* Report of Charles Grant. *Canadian Archives*, 1888.

ducted with all the politeness consistent with a flat refusal on the part of Haldimand either to give up the posts or even to allow Steuben to visit them, without explicit orders from his majesty. This policy he maintained throughout his term, and when he left office he wrote to his successor, Brigadier-General St. Léger: "Different attempts having been made by the American states to get possession of the posts of the Upper country, in consequence of the treaty of peace, I have thought it my duty uniformly to oppose the same, until his majesty's orders for that purpose shall be received, and my conduct upon that occasion having been approved, I have only to recommend to you a strict attention to the same." *

In refusing to surrender the northwestern posts without explicit orders, Haldimand undoubtedly acted the part of a prudent official; and his action saved the North-West Company from the interruption of their lucrative traffic. There was another action of Haldimand's, undertaken for the very laudable purpose of shutting the Americans out of the fur trade, which worked great hardship to the traders without any apparent advantage.

In a memorandum submitted to the Right Honorable Lord Sidney by General Haldimand, in 1785, the latter says: "The navigation of these lakes by the king's vessels only is an object so nearly connected with the entire preservation of the fur trade, that I have withstood various applications for building and navigating private vessels and boats upon the lakes. The rivers and outlets from them to the American states are so numerous that no precautions which could be taken, in that case, would be effectual in preventing a great part of the furs from going directly into the American states, and there is but little doubt that traders will carry their commodities to the best market, whatever may be the consequences; indeed, several instances have already occurred since the peace of their smuggling even from Montreal over Lake Champlain into the States, notwithstanding the vigilance of the civil and military officers. What then would be the case upon the remote lakes may easily be conceived. I would, therefore, recommend by all means that a sufficient number of the king's vessels be kept up upon the lakes, and all other craft whatever prohibited, not only from the foregoing reasons, but in all events to preserve a superiority upon the waters of that country.

Having from motives of economy reduced the Marine Department perhaps in some degree below the establishment that may be found necessary for purposes of transport, such arrangements should be made as will

* *Canadian Archives*, 1890, xxxii.

leave the merchants no room to complain, which I find they are inclined to do as a pretext for their application to navigate in their own vessels, for though some trivial neglects might have happened in the course of the war, they cannot occur in times of peace." *

In 1784 Haldimand gave the North-West Company permission to build at Detroit a small vessel for use on Lake Superior. This vessel, measuring thirty-four feet keel, thirteen feet beam, and four feet depth of hold, was built at an expense of one thousand eight hundred and forty three pounds thirteen shillings and twopence, York currency, and was christened the *Beaver*. When, in the spring of 1785, an attempt was made to get her up the rapids of the St. Mary's river the project proved a failure, and this under the regulations prohibiting private vessels on the lakes. Haldimand returned to London to enjoy a long round of pleasure at balls and the card-table, and also to feel keenly that monarchies as well as republics have a way of forgetting the services of their servants who have ceased to be useful.† But he left in command at Canada Barry St. Léger, who was only too ready to accept the situation established by his more brilliant predecessor.

Against the prohibition of private vessels trading on the lakes the North-West Company and the merchants of Detroit made vigorous protest. James McGill, who was one of the owners of the sixteen shares of the company, addressed to Lieutenant-Governor Henry Hamilton a letter which throws a great deal of light on the fur trade. He estimates the value of this trade in 1785 at one hundred and eighty thousand pounds, of which amount one hundred thousand pounds' value is within the boundaries of the United States as defined by the treaty. The object of the government in attempting to keep the Americans from this trade is, the company admits, a most laudable one; but this object would best be subserved by allowing the merchants to have small decked vessels in which to transport supplies and furs. There was no danger, Mr. McGill argued, that the Americans would invade Canadian territory, for they were not used to navigating small streams in birch-bark canoes, and spending severe Canadian winters among the Indians.

As for the trade lying within the American lines, that too must continue to be controlled largely by the British, because the people of the United States consume only deerskins, with some beaver and raccoons, every other article being sent to the London market, whence also must come the manufactures exchanged for furs. The cost of carriage both ways through Albany being greater than those through Montreal, the

* *Canadian Archives*, 1890, p. 65. † Haldimand's Diary, *Canadian Archives*, 1889.

English would continue to hold the trade by underselling their American competitors. Even should the United States prohibit, under pain of confiscation, British subjects trading in the Indian country, Mr. McGill professed not the least doubt that the English merchants at Detroit would all turn Americans and carry on an illicit business across the border. A newly acquired patriotism would never be allowed to stand in the way of financial gain.

On the other hand, with a few vessels at their command, the company could be morally certain of having goods in the market by June and July, and their importations from England could be imported the same year, which would "save leakage, imbezzlement and wait of property, besides interest of money, which you know is a dreadful moth if once allowed to get to any head." At the time of Mr. McGill's writing the company had one hundred and thirty bateau-loads of goods on Lake Erie awaiting shipment; and he urged that the four king's ships be commanded to make two trips each to Detroit with merchants' goods, and that the three or four small private vessels also on Lake Erie be permitted to take cargoes for the benefit of their owners and under the command or inspection of a king's officer. Unless such permission be granted, Mr. McGill expressed a fear that the traders would get dispirited and careless, and may even go to the extent of wishing for a change of government in hopes of being bettered, although, he patriotically remarks, "they will certainly be much worse; but such were their sufferings last year, with the untoward prospects for the present one, that I fear few goods will be ordered for the ensuing, or houses of any reputation here found to execute them until this defect is remedied."

A week later than the date of Mr. McGill's letter, Benjamin Frobisher wrote an appealing letter to the Hon. Hugh Finlay for transmission to the lieutenant-governor. It appears that in order completely to clear the lakes of private vessels, Lieutenant-Governor Sinclair had ordered down all the craft on Lake Superior, so that the company was compelled to fall back on canoe service, at a great expense. Lieutenant-Governor Hay had allowed the *Beaver* to make one trip in order to fill up the absolutely empty granaries at St. Mary's, so that the canoes would have provisions for the return voyage, and Frobisher desired authority to use the *Beaver* regularly to transport provisions for the company, instead of laying her up at Detroit.

The McGill and Frobisher letters were transmitted by Hamilton to Brigadier-General St. Léger, with the indorsement: "I am sorry to give you repeated trouble on this occasion; but as it is not in my power to

give any determinate answer to these demands, they must wait with patience the result of the minister's mandates, which may relieve them from their present state of uncertainty." Hamilton adds that he thinks the request as to the *Beaver* very reasonable, and that he hopes the ultimatum from England may arrive in time for the next year's business.

Hamilton's indorsement covered also a petition signed by twenty-one firms of Detroit traders, Alex. De Win, Macomb, Meldrum, and Park and James Abbott among the number. The Detroit men were so frank in their expressions as to leave no doubt about their meaning. They declared that because private vessels had been prohibited from navigating the lakes, and because the service of transporting merchandise must be performed in the king's vessels, when not wanted for transporting troops, provisions, and stores (which vessels were not adequate to the needs of the merchants, even if no government service were required of them), the merchants of Detroit had year after year suffered unheard-of losses, and now had but too much reason to apprehend the total ruin of their affairs, an event that would cause disaster as well in England as throughout Canada. The interest charges on property detained at the eastern end of Lake Erie for the want of a sufficient number of king's vessels to transport it had for several years amounted annually to upwards of £3,700; and, although the king's vessels had made several trips up to July 10, not a pound of the merchandise stored during the previous autumn had arrived at Detroit. Again, over one thousand packs of furs and peltries that otherwise would have come to Detroit had been diverted to New Orleans and the French market; also fifty of the pettyaugers which were too long detained at Detroit during the previous autumn had been frozen up before reaching their destination, and the traders had returned empty-handed.

To these appeals Brigadier-General St. Léger turned a deaf ear, in so far as recommending any increase in the merchant marine or any relaxation of the rules requiring peltries to be transported in the king's ships. He did promise to do what he could to hasten the shipment of goods; but to Lord Sidney in England and to the merchants trading to the Upper Country he professed himself fully satisfied with the rules made by General Haldimand. For ten years and more the English held the posts, and when Detroit and Michilimackinac were surrendered in 1796, the North-West Company transferred their headquarters to Drummond's island in St. Mary's river, where the ruins of their roads and buildings remain to this day.

That the British were able to control the fur trade even after the

advent of the Americans is made evident by a letter addressed to Secretary Madison by Chief-Justice Woodward of Michigan territory, and dated in 1807. "From the ocean all the way to these settlements," writes the judge, "there is a continued line of improvements following without deviation the line of navigation. It is seldom more than forty miles in breadth, but its length is at least fifteen hundred miles. These settlements are pleasant, fertile, and even opulent. They present along the whole line an activity little realized in the United States. The commerce in furs, which has been carried on in one channel for two centuries, is the cause of this phenomenon. . . . This commerce belongs to another nation. The Americans have never been able to succeed in it, though the most desirable part of it belongs to their own territory and the whole of it passes along their line."

Four years later, in 1811, John Jacob Astor bought out the association of British merchants known as the Mackinac Company, and eventually gained control of the American market, even going to the extent of having congress punish the North-West Company for the part they took in the capture of Mackinac in the war of 1812, by prohibiting them from trading in American territory. But Astor's success was a brief one. Haldimand, by retaining the posts and by preventing commerce on the lakes, undoubtedly accomplished his purpose of saving the fur trade for England until the advance of civilization brought about the lingering death of the ancient and famous industry that formed the motive of La Salle and the picturesque and adventurous explorers who came after him.

Charles Moore.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

OGLETHORPE AS A LANDED PROPRIETOR IN GEORGIA

HIS COTTAGE HOME

Not very long ago certain parties from England, claiming to be representatives of General Oglethorpe, visited Georgia for the purpose of ascertaining whether there were any lands within the limits of that commonwealth, which had been acquired by him during his connection with the trust, and to which title might now be asserted. Resort was had to the public records; and, while they were being examined, some anxiety was manifested by a few who feared that perhaps a cloud might be cast upon the early title to lands in and near Savannah and Frederica by reason of ancient and dormant cessions to the founder of the colony of Georgia. A moment's reflection, however, sufficed to dissipate all apprehensions of this character. The statute of limitations would long since have barred all claims of this description, which, however valid in their inception, would now prove incapable of assertion by reason of adverse possession, non-payment of taxes, non-user, etc. Apart from all this, it could be readily shown that Oglethorpe never coveted or acquired, except to a very limited degree, the proprietorship of Georgia lands, or sought personal gain while charged with the conduct of the trustees' affairs in that province. His connection with the foundation and development of the colony was characterized by disinterested benevolence, and all his services in behalf of the trust were rendered voluntarily and without remuneration. In advancing the welfare of the colonists, and in supplying their wants, he drew largely upon his private fortune. Often the trust was heavily in debt to him. Free from all desire for personal advantage during his connection with public affairs in Georgia, so far from claiming compensation for important services rendered, or seeking to benefit himself by asking cessions of well-located lands, he was, time and again, compelled to put forth unusual exertions and restrict his individual expenditures within the narrowest limits, that he might, from his own purse, meet the obligations which he had voluntarily assumed in the settlement, support, and defense of the province. A more striking example of self-abnegation, of disinterested benevolence, of public spirit, and of broad-minded generosity cannot readily be recalled.

In the formal allotment of town and garden lots and farms to the set-

tlers, he made no reservation for himself. During his early residence in Savannah he dwelt in a tent pitched beneath four large pine trees on the bluff, and on all occasions he sedulously refrained from taxing the colonists in any wise for the promotion of his personal comfort. Sharing the privations and the exposures of the inhabitants, he postponed his own ease to the procurement of their suitable shelter, nourishment, and protection.

The only home he ever owned or claimed in Georgia was located on the island of St. Simon. The only hours of leisure he enjoyed—and they were but few—were spent in sight and sound of his military works along the southern frontier, upon the safe tenure of which depended the salvation of the province. Just where the military road connecting Fort St. Simon with Frederica, after having traversed the beautiful prairie constituting the common pasture land of Frederica, entered the woods, General Oglethorpe established his cottage. Adjacent to it were a garden, and an orchard of oranges, figs, and grapes. Magnificent live-oaks threw their protecting shadows above and around this quiet, pleasant abode, fanned by delicious sea breezes, fragrant with the perfume of flowers, and vocal with the melody of song-birds. To the westward, and in full view, were the fortifications and white houses of Frederica. Behind rose a dense forest of oaks. "This cottage and fifty acres of land attached to it," says the Hon. Thomas Spalding, writing in March, 1840, "was all the landed domain General Oglethorpe reserved for himself; and, after the general went to England, it became the property of my father. . . . After the Revolutionary war, the buildings being destroyed, my father sold this little property. But the oaks were cut down only within four or five years past, and the elder people of St. Simon yet feel as if it were a sacrilege, and mourn their fall."

During the entire period of his employment as agent of the trustees and *de facto* governor and commander-in-chief of Georgia, Oglethorpe enjoyed no respite from his multifarious, perplexing, and important labors. Personally directing all movements; supervising the location and providing for the safety, comfort, and good order of the settlers; accommodating their differences; encouraging and directing their operations; propitiating the aborigines; influencing necessary supplies, and inaugurating suitable defenses, he constantly passed from point to point, finding no rest for the soles of his feet. Now in tent in Savannah, now in open boat reconnoitering the coast, now upon the southern islands, his only shelter the wide-spreading live-oak, designating sites for forts and look-outs, and with his own hands planning military works and laying out villages; again in journeys oft along the Savannah, the Great Ogeechee, the Altamaha, the St.

John, and far off into the heart of the Indian country, frequently inspecting his advanced posts, undertaking voyages to Charleston and to England in behalf of the trust, and engaged in severe contests with the Spaniards, his life was one of incessant activity, danger, and solicitude.

The founder and patron of the colony was so thoroughly engrossed by his public duties, and was so wholly engaged in the development of his benevolent scheme, that he found neither time nor inclination for speculating in Georgia lands.

Charles C. Jones, Jr.

AUGUSTA, GEORGIA.

LINES ATTACHED TO A PETITION TO CONGRESS IN 1826

BY CAPTAIN WILLIAM B. WALLACE OF THE VIRGINIA LINE

[*An excerpt from "Virginia Genealogies," by Rev. Horace Edwin Hayden, M.A.*]

When British bands our rights assailed,
  When Freedom seemed to languish,
When all resources seemed to fail,
  And naught was seen but anguish;
When hostile troops o'erspread our land,
  Then marked by blood and plunder;
When haltered gibbets seemed at hand,
  To bring us rebels under—
I kept the field; my country's cause
  I never did give over;
Full eight campaigns in arms I was,
  Till peace our land did cover.
And now I see my country free—
  Her stand among the nations,
Her commerce whit'ning every sea,
  No British king's plantations.
Now uncontrolled by foreign laws,
  We legislate in freedom;
Remember those who gained your cause,
  When you could scarcely feed 'em;
The war-worn soldier ne'er despise,
  Nor treat him as a stranger;
He fought unpaid, he gained the prize,
  Through heat, through cold, through danger.

THE SUCCESSFUL NOVEL OF FIFTY-SIX YEARS AGO

"HORSE SHOE ROBINSON"

[*Second Chapter, continued from page* 143.]

It was after midnight when Mary Musgrove's sleep was disturbed by the sound of voices in the adjoining room, which was at the opposite end of the cabin from where the travelers slept. It was Mr. Adair trying to wake Michael Lynch, and there being only a thin partition of boards between the rooms, the girl could hear every word that was spoken. "Rouse yourself. It is nearly one o'clock," said Adair; "you have no time to lose. Hugh Habershaw is good ten miles off, and you must be back by daylight. I had the crop-ear put up in the stable last night to save time; so up and saddle and away. Take your shoes in your hand; you can put them on when you get to the porch." "There, give me my coat, Wat," said Lynch. "I think I should have no objection to a drop before I set out. Now, tell me exactly what I am to say to Hugh Habershaw." "Tell him that we have got Horse Shoe Robinson and Major Butler of the Continental army as snug as a pair of foxes in a bag, and that I will let them run exactly at seven, and—" "Hold on," said Lynch; "let me ask, suppose this shouldn't be the man? Are you sure of it? It would be a d——d unchristian job to give over any other human being to such a set of bloodhounds as Hugh Habershaw and his gang." "You are a fool, Mike! Who in the name of all the imps could it be but Major Butler! Weren't we told he'd be along with Horse Shoe about this time? Tell Hugh to be ready at the Dogwood spring at the latest by eight o'clock; and, Mike, warn him to have his whole squad with him, for Horse Shoe Robinson, you know, is not to be handled by boys." "The major seems to have a wicked eye, too," said Lynch. "I shouldn't like much to be in his way if he was angry. But, Wat, how if they don't ride by the Dogwood spring?" "Leave that to me. I will contrive to go as far as the forks with them, and if they don't take the right-hand fork it will be because I don't know how to lie." "Stop a minute," said Lynch; "couldn't we get as much money by telling Horse Shoe, and hoisting colors with Major Butler?" "No; I *have* thought of that, but it won't do; the tories have got the upper hand hereabouts, and I should have my house

burnt down and my children thrown into the blaze of it in less than three days, if I was to let these fellows slip through my fingers. Be off. I'll look for you back at daylight." "I'll ride," said Lynch, "as if the devil was on my crupper; so good-by!"

Mary Musgrove arose and dressed herself, determined to do what she could toward saving these men from the blow which treachery was aiming at them. Slipping along the porch, she was saluted by the watch-dog, which her hand readily soothed into silence; but the noise brought her uncle out, and she was obliged to cower close against the wall as mute and motionless as a statue until he went back to his bed. Then she proceeded to the window of the travelers' chamber and gave a feeble tap with her hand against the sash. There was no answer: the sleep within was the sleep of tired men. She threw a pebble against the window without success. Then she raised the sash and thrust her head partially into the room, and softly called, "Mr. Butler! Mr. Butler! *Major* Butler!" but he only muttered in his sleep. She called, "Mr. Robinson!" without avail. Again she called, "Major Butler! Oh, good sir, awake; the people in this house know you, and they are contriving evil against you. Do not ride by the Dogwood spring to-morrow, nor take the right-hand road at the forks. There are wicked men upon that road. Have your eye upon my uncle Walter. I am Mary Musgrove, the daughter of Allen Musgrove, the miller. If you knew John Ramsay, you would believe me. Be sure to take the left-hand road at the first fork—" and as she lowered the sash she heard the exclamation from within, "In God's name, what is it? Where are you?" She did not halt for parley or explanation, but stole back to her room like a frightened bird, panting and almost breathless, for the watch-dog had again disturbed her uncle.

With the first day-streak in the morning Horse Shoe went to the stable to look after his horse, and to his surprise found the fence-rails down and no horses in the stable. He ascended a hill near by to discover, if possible, the horses in some adjacent pasture; which failing, he inspected the foot-prints as far as the high road, where three of the horses had evidently eloped into a corn-field, and the fourth continued upon the road—as Horse Shoe speculated, "never by its own free will." Presently Wat Adair was hurrying past him, and Horse Shoe called out, "You seem to be in a very onreasonable hurry, considerin' that you have the day afore you!" The woodsman made some lame excuses, and as Horse Shoe afterward said, "prevaricatered onormously." When asked about the horses, and the tracks pointed out to him of the beast that carried some man up the road, and "sot loose all the horses in the stable," Adair promptly answered,

"Mike Lynch, perhaps. Where can that fellow have been so early? Oh, I remember; he told me last night that he was going this morning to the blacksmith's. He ought to be back by now." Just then Mike Lynch appeared, riding a pony covered with foam, which had evidently been taxed to its utmost speed in a severe journey. Adair hurried forward to meet the man, and in low voice told him to conjure a lie quickly about having been at a blacksmith's, and to be merry and have a joke.

Turning toward the cabin the three men reached it a little after sunrise, just as Butler came forth ready for his journey, and with an air of concern and bewilderment watched the idle talk, and the curious delay when two lazy negroes were sent off in quest of the horses. "Will the gentlemen stay for breakfast?" asked Mary Musgrove, with a doubtful look at Butler. "To be sure they will," exclaimed the woodsman. "I thought they had far to ride," replied the girl, "and would choose, rather than wait, to take some cold provision to eat on the road." "Tush! go about your business, niece. The horses are not caught yet, and you may have your bacon fried before they are at the door."

During the interval Mary several times attempted to gain a moment's speech with Butler, but the presence of Adair and Lynch prevented. The repast was made ready and quickly eaten. Horse Shoe handed the woodsman the price of their entertainment, and the customary farewells were said. Mary, offering Butler her hand, whispered: "The left-hand road at the fork—remember," and glided out of his sight.

The woodsman took his rifle as he started to show the travelers their route, and with a long, swinging step kept without difficulty abreast with the horsemen. They had not gone half a mile before they reached a point in the woods at which Adair called a halt. "My trap is a little off the road," he said, "and we'll stop and see what luck I have this morning. This way, Horse Shoe." "Our time is pressing," answered Butler. "Pray, give us your directions as to the road, and we will go on." "You would never find it in these woods," replied Adair. "There are two or three paths leading through here and the road is a blind one till you come to the fork." He pressed so urgently that Horse Shoe turned into the thicket with him, and Butler also followed to the foot of a stately gum tree, where Adair had indeed caught a large wolf in his trap. So much time was lost through the woodsman's insisting on killing the wolf that Butler manifested no little impatience and displeasure, and when once more on the journey urged Adair forward without mercy. They reached the fork finally, and telling them to take the right-hand road, and about ten miles further to strike to the left, the woodsman said "good-by."

"Ride on!" said Butler, sternly, to Horse Shoe, who was about to reply to Adair. The travelers disappeared swiftly, and the treacherous guide, who had been bitten by the wolf, limped back to his dwelling. They had not galloped far when Butler reined up his horse and asked Horse Shoe what he thought of that woodsman. "He plays on both sides," replied Horse Shoe, "and knows more about *you* than by rights he ought. He spoke consarning you this morning as *Major* Butler; it came out of his mouth onawares." "Which reminds me," said Butler, "that I dreamt last night that Mary Musgrove came to our room and warned us our lives were in danger; she spoke of our being waylaid, and I think she advised us that we should take the left-hand road at this fork. The right, she said, led to some spring." "Perhaps the Dogwood," said Horse Shoe; "there is such a place somewhere in these parts." "The Dogwood—by my life! She certainly called it the Dogwood spring," exclaimed Butler. "That's strange," said Horse Shoe, "unless you hearn someone tell about the spring afore you went to bed last night. For there is such a spring not far off—although I don't know exactly where." "I am more and more perplexed," said Butler, "for this morning Mary Musgrove cautioned me, in a whisper, to take the left-hand road at the fork!" "There is something wrong here," said Horse Shoe, gravely; "there is something wrong as sure as you are born. I didn't like the crossness of Wat's wife last night; then what did the granny mean by her palaver about golden guineas in Wat's pocket—and the English officer? And the fuss and hinder this morning about the horses." "I will take the hint," said Butler. "Strike across into the left-hand road; in this will I move no further."

They turned into the thicket and proceeded across the space that filled up the angle made by the two branches of the road, Horse Shoe remarking that they "mought as well examine their fire-arms." He dismounted, and having primed his rifle afresh, attempted to fire it into the air, but it merely flashed without going off. This induced a second trial with the same results. Further investigation disclosed the fact that his rifle had been tampered with; and Butler's pistols were also incapable of being used. This work had evidently been done while they were at breakfast. Their eyes were opened to the imminent perils that threatened, and they pursued their way on the constant lookout for a surprise. One man whom they met in the forenoon told them they were on the most direct road to Grindall's ford, and that the route they had abandoned would have conducted them to Dogwood spring—which was out of their proper course, and from which the ford might only have been reached by a difficult by-way. They rode on through the day, and as twilight faded in the western

sky and the road in front of them was lost in darkness, a sense of immediate danger took possession of their minds. "I think I hear a wild sort of yell—like people laughing a great way off," said Horse Shoe. "Halt, major, there it is again." "It is the crying of a wild animal," said Butler, quietly, "and by my ear more than a mile from us." They jogged along, but Horse Shoe remarked, "It is more like the scream of drunken men. Hark! I thought I heard the clatter of a hoof." The travelers again reined up and listened. "It is a deer stalking through the bushes," said Butler. "No; that's the gallop of a horse making down the road ahead of us—as sure as you are alive. I heard the shoe strike a stone," said Horse Shoe. "Look to your pistols, major, and prime afresh."

"We seem to have ridden a great way," remarked Butler. "Can we have lost ourselves?" "I have seen no road that could take us astray," replied Horse Shoe. "By what we were told just afore sundown we must be near the ford, and it is only three miles from that to Christie's. Wat Adair directed us there, and I have a mind to propose that since we caught him in a trick this morning, to make for some other house or spend the night in the woods." "I will be ruled by you," said Butler. "Isn't that the glimmer of a light yonder in the bushes?" exclaimed Horse Shoe. "There it is again—there is some devilment goin' on in these woods. I saw a figure pass in front of the light through the bushes. I would be willing to swear it was a man on horseback. Here we are at the river." They rode cautiously into the water, which was shallow, and had reached the middle of the stream when a bullet whistled near their ears. "Spur, and out on the other side; quick, they are upon us," said Horse Shoe. They gained the opposite bank, aware that a number of assailants had galloped into the river from different points, and they directed all their energies to out-run their pursuers, who were firing incessantly; but in the very crisis of their escape Butler's horse, bounding under the prick of the spur, staggered and fell dead from a bullet of the enemy. Butler fell beneath the stricken animal, from whence he was unable to extricate himself. Horse Shoe sprang from his horse to assist him, and at the same instant the ruffians came up and surrounded them. "Bury your swords in both men to the hilt," shouted Hugh Habershaw. "I don't want that work to do to-morrow." "Stand off," cried one Gideon Blake, a stalwart woodsman, as two or three of the gang sprang to execute their captain's order. "The man is on his back; he shall not be murdered in cold blood." The assassins turned upon Horse Shoe, but another of the gang whom they called Peppercorn warded off the blows, crying, "Hold, you knaves! This is my prisoner; I will deal with him to my liking."

The prisoners were then each mounted behind a trooper, and in this manner conducted back across the river. The saddle and other equipments were stripped from Butler's dead horse, and Horse Shoe's faithful charger was burdened with two of the enemy's wounded men whose horses had escaped when they fell, for Horse Shoe's rifle had been used vigorously. Two of the assailants had been killed outright. Butler tried to learn of his captors why he and his companion had been molested on their journey, and on what pretense arrested, but was silenced by the brutal commander, and Horse Shoe whispered, "It is my advice, major, to ax no questions of these blackguards." Peppercorn was a tall, well-proportioned man, neatly dressed in the uniform of a British dragoon; but most of the party might have been taken for banditti of the most undisciplined and savage class. Peppercorn managed to give the prisoners food, and when the excitement had subsided he took Butler's cloak from the baggage and spread it on the ground beneath the shelter of the shrubbery, and thus the suffering officer was able to take a little much-needed rest. Then turning to Horse Shoe, Peppercorn tauntingly whispered, "Mayhap thou knowest me?" "That I do, James Curry, and I have a mean opinion of the company you keep," was the quick retort.

Captain Butler and Horse Shoe watched the course of events with keenest solicitude. They both understood the lawless habits of the rough men who had doubtless been hired to seize them. The morning dawned upon a strange scene. The drunken and coarse wretches of the night before were slow in making preparations for march. The prisoners were provided with two of the poorest horses of the troop and were escorted by four men under command of James Curry. About an hour after sunrise they arrived at Christie's. A consultation between Curry and Habershaw seemed to bode no good to the prisoners, but they concealed their fears, and Horse Shoe took advantage of the drinking proclivities and exhilaration of the troopers to affect an easy tone of companionship, for the purpose of throwing them off their guard. He soon discovered that they were divided in sentiment respecting some important question about the disposition of Butler and himself, and he played the *rôle* of a boon companion, roared loudly with the rioters, and drank with them hilariously. "You mightn't be so jolly if some that took the trouble to catch you should have their own way," said one woodsman to him in a whisper. "It's a tight pull whether you are to be held a prisoner of war or shoved under ground this morning." A few moments later Habershaw appeared and ordered the execution of the prisoners—they were to be shot without delay. Instantly there was a mutiny among the men, and it was four

against four: the mutineers demanding the safety of the prisoners until they were delivered to the commander of a regular post. They threatened Habershaw that if blood was spilled some of his own would be mixed with it. They looked ugly and determined. James Curry stepped in as peace-maker, and promised that the prisoners should be taken to a regular post.

The good-nature of Horse Shoe was undisturbed, and he laughed and told stories with those who had taken up the cause of the prisoners, as if nothing had occurred of a serious import, and with characteristic shrewdness paid special compliments (in the thin guise of wit) to one of the gang, a man named Clopper, who evinced so much amiability that Horse Shoe contrived with him a secret interview, which resulted in the sly transfer of a piece of gold into the freebooter's hand. Presently the order to mount was given, and the troopers repaired to their horses, where a short time was spent in making ready for the march, after which the ill-organized body returned to the porch and occupied the few minutes further delay in a boisterous drinking carousal. This was a period of intense interest to Horse Shoe, Clopper having lingered behind his comrades in the equipment of his horse, but he laughed at the rude jests and made merry with the crowd all the same.

"Give me that cup," he said, finally, with a loud haw, haw, haw, to one of the men, pointing to a gourd on the table. "I have a notion to drink some water after all this liquor." And, walking deliberately to the draw-well, dipped in the gourd, and turned his back upon the company while he drank. Then, suddenly throwing the gourd away, he sprang toward his own trusty horse, leaped into the saddle at one bound, and sped like an arrow from a bow along the highway. This exploit was so swift in its execution and so entirely unexpected, that no one was aware of his purpose until he was twenty paces off. Then three or four rifle-shots were fired after him in rapid succession, and he was seen ducking his head and moving it from side to side, with a view to baffle the aim of the marksmen. The order "to horse" was obeyed with alacrity, but the bridles were all tied in hard knots in such a way as to connect each two or three horses together. Some delay was thus occasioned, and Curry was the first to disentangle his reins and dash after the prisoner, followed by two of the men, who returned in about half an hour and reported that they had been unable to overtake or even see Horse Shoe or Curry. It seems that Horse Shoe, glancing behind him, had observed that Curry was foremost in pursuit, and pulled up his horse as if to allow himself to be overtaken. Curry came up and laid his hand upon the bridle of Horse Shoe's horse;

but, as Curry afterward related to Habershaw, "by some sudden sleight which he must have taught his horse, he contrived to upset me, horse and all, down a bank by the roadside. And when I lay on the ground sprawling, the jolly runagate reined up and gave me a broad laugh, and asked if he 'mought be of any further sarvice to me!' He then bade me 'good-by,' saying he had an engagement that prevented him from favoring me any longer with his company."

Horse Shoe's clever escape was to obtain help to rescue Butler, whose situation without Horse Shoe was no more perilous, although he was more rigorously guarded. When the party reached Blackstocks, a rude hamlet that had been made famous by the gallant repulse of Tarleton by Sumter, Butler was quartered in a barn and deprived of all personal comforts, and when next they marched, he was compelled to walk. During the night in the barn, Butler, pretending to sleep, heard the condition of the armies discussed by his guard and some militia-men, and could hardly forbear a smile when it was told that a vidette of the British had come scampering into the place that morning on a big black horse, all in a foam, to warn the people that Sumter was near Ninety-six. Habershaw, loitering by the barn-door, said there was not a word of truth in it, for Sumter was in North Carolina, marching toward Burk, and asked who saw the vidette. "The whole detachment," was the reply. "A queer fellow he was; had almost been caught by a pair of reconnoitering whigs a few miles back. He told us you were on the road." "We have seen nobody on the road. When did the man arrive?" "About an hour before you. We asked him his name, and he said, with a great haw, haw, that he never was christened, but was called 'Jack-o'-Lantern,' and that if we wanted more of him we must give him a snatch of something to eat, which we did, and to drink also. Then he said he must have our landlord's sword, for his own had been torn from him by the whig troopers that pushed him so hard—and that the bill for it must be sent to Cruger. So we gave him the old cheese knife that used to hang over the fireplace, and he strung it across his shoulder. He laughed so hard, and seemed so good-natured that we treated him as well as we knew how. When he had mounted his horse again, he said Captain Habershaw was an old friend of his, and would be here presently and tell us all the news. Then away he went clinking it over the hills at the rate of twenty miles an hour." "A black horse, did you say?" asked Habershaw. "Had he a white star in the forehead, and hind legs white below the knee?" "Exactly so," replied the man. "Horse Shoe Robinson, to be sure!" came from half a dozen voices. "The cunning old fox," exclaimed one of the

troopers; "to think of his getting past the guard with a good dinner and a sword into the bargain!"

In the evening of the same day a knock was heard at the door of the little cottage of Allen Musgrove, the miller, on the banks of the Ennoree, which was near a small, low-browed mill, built of wood. The old man had just been reading a portion of Scripture, and was on his knees attending family prayers, but he started up and asked, "Who raps?" A voice from without said: "A stranger, a poor fellow who has been hot pressed and hard run, and as harmless as a barndoor fowl." "I do not fear you," said Musgrove, opening the door. Horse Shoe strode into the apartment with cheerful words, and Mrs. Musgrove and Christopher Shaw, her nephew, placed some food before him. "Are you friend or foe?" asked Musgrove; "I take no part in the war myself on either side." "Allen, I know you, and am not afeared to trust you. Perchance you mought have heard of one Horse Shoe Robinson, who lived over here at the Waxhaws? I won't tell you that he is here in your house to-night, for the tories might call you to account for harboring him. But I have had a hard time to get to you. An officer of the Continental army and me had been traveling through these parts, and most onaccountably ambushed by a half wild-cat, half bull-dog by the name of Hugh Habershaw, who cotch us in the night at Grindall's ford. I took the chance to slip the noose this morning, and after riding plump into a hornet's nest at Blackstocks, where I put on a new face and tricked the guard, I took a course for this mill, asking people along the road where I should find Allen Musgrove; and so after making some roundabouts, and dodging into the woods until night come on to keep clear of the sodgers, here I am."

"And the officer?" asked Mr. Musgrove. "In the hands of the murderers yet," replied Horse Shoe, "most likely now at Blackstocks. His name is Butler, a gentleman that has been used to tender life and good fortune; he has lands on the sea coast, unless that new-fangled court at Charlestown they call seekerstations has nulled and voided them. We came now from Virginy, but lastly from Wat Adair's, who put us into the wild-cat's claws. There was a tidy, spruce, smart little girl there—maybe you know her, for her name is Mary Musgrove—who managed to warn us there was harm in the wind, and we took her advice; but it didn't do."

"Our Mary! our own Mary!" exclaimed Mrs. Musgrove. "I wish the child was at home. It is an ill place for her at Wat Adair's," said Mr. Musgrove. "Christopher, at daylight to-morrow morning saddle a horse and be off to Adair's and bring Mary home."

A few moments later Horse Shoe learned that Colonel Innis had some

light corps stationed within two miles, and that the country was swarming with troops of one kind or another. The British fort at Ninety-six was one side of him and Hanging Rock on the other. Colonel Innis was keeping the passage open, and almost hourly his men were passing. When Horse Shoe had finished his supper Mr. Musgrove invited him to join in the conclusion of the family worship which had been interrupted by his arrival, and they were about to retire for the night when the door was suddenly thrown open, and in rushed pretty Mary Musgrove, springing into her father's arms, from which she jumped to kiss her mother, exclaiming, "I am so tired, so tired. I have ridden the live-long day—alone, and frightened out of my wits. Oh, father, there have been such doings! Ah! here is Mr. Horse Shoe Robinson. Where is Major Butler?"

She soon heard the eventful history of the last two days, and her mother caressed her, meanwhile feeding her as she would an infant, as she told of the wicked people in her uncle's house, who talked of mischief and murder. Her father walked to and fro, clenching his teeth with anger, for he knew that Mary's disclosures were the testimony of a witness whose senses could not be disturbed by illusions nor clouded by fear. When the family once more broke up for the night, Mary followed Horse Shoe to the foot of the stair to his attic chamber, and said in a half whisper: "I think John Ramsay might help you do something for Major Butler; he belongs to General Sumter's brigade. If you will go to his father's, six miles from here on the upper road to Ninety-six, you may possibly hear where John is. But maybe you are afraid to go so near the fort?" "It's a good thought, Mary," replied Horse Shoe. "I know the place, I know the family, and I know John himself. I want help now more than I ever did in my life. I'll start before daylight—for it won't do to skip round much in the sunshine with Innis's sodgers so nigh. So if I am missed to-morrow morning, let your father know how it happened."

Just before daybreak next morning [which was Sunday] James Curry, returning from a mission to Ninety-six concerning the disposition of Butler, was riding leisurely through the woods toward Blackstocks—about four miles from Musgrove's mill—whistling and singing by snatches as he proceeded on his way. Suddenly, without the slightest warning, a blow was bestowed on the back of his head by what seemed a ponderous hand, that swayed him from the line of gravity—he reeled in his saddle and alighted on his back in the road, with one foot attached to the stirrup and the reins of his horse grasped firmly in his hand. "Singin' on Sunday is agin the law," said a hoarse voice that came apparently from the air. Curry could see nothing in the darkness, and for the instant was

panic-stricken with what seemed to him a mysterious visitation. He lay for a moment prostrate, then struggled to his feet and almost fancied he heard the dull beat of a horse's hoof in the distance. But even while straining his ear to catch the sound again he was convinced that he had been mistaken, and drawing his sword all at once, called out, "Beware! Who waylays me? I warn him in the name of the king that I am on his Majesty's errand, and they are not far off who will punish any outrage on my person!" Then, after a pause, exclaimed, "By all the powers, the place is bewitched!" He crept trembling into his saddle and moved at first slowly forward; then, hearing or seeing nothing, gradually increased his pace from a trot to a gallop and from that to almost high speed until he emerged from the wood into open country. About ten o'clock that morning he arrived at Blackstocks, and communicated certain orders to Habershaw, respecting Butler, from the commander at Ninety-six. Before noon the whole party, including the militia department, were on the march, compelling Butler to walk, and just before sunset arrived at the camp of Colonel Innis.

On that same Sunday morning, about eight o'clock, Horse Shoe Robinson might have been seen leaving the main road from Ninety-six by a private path which led through the forest to the house of David Ramsay, which was situated on a by-road, not more than a mile from the principal route of travel between Ninety-six and Blackstocks. It is a matter of history that after the fall of Charleston and the rapid subjugation of South Carolina by the British, there were three bold and skillful soldiers, Marion, Sumter, and Pickens, who carried on the war of the patriots with a well-digested plan of annoyance, and under the most disheartening destitution as regards means of offence that history records. They kept up an apparently hopeless partisan warfare with unparalleled bravery, amidst innumerable discomfitures, which contributed largely to the expulsion of the British power. In their plan of operations, Marion took the lower country under his supervision, Pickens the southwestern districts bordering on the Savannah, and to Sumter was allotted the tract lying between the Broad and Catawba rivers from their junction below Camden, to the mountainous districts of North Carolina. Thus the high-road between Ninety-six and Blackstocks was almost as necessary for communication between Sumter and Pickens, as between the several British garrisons.

Horse Shoe knew that Innis was encamped on the Ennoree, not far from Musgrove's mill, and he had met with considerable delay in his morning ride by the small foraging parties of the enemy that he was obliged to dodge, and coming in view of Ramsay's house, he resolved to

reconnoitre before advancing upon a post that might be in possession of the red-coats. He dismounted and fastened his horse in a fence corner, where a field of corn concealed him from notice, and then stealthily proceeded until he came behind one of the out-houses, from which point he easily satisfied himself that he could enter the house without danger. Mrs. Ramsay recognized him at once, and told him her husband had gone to the meeting-house on the Ennoree, hoping to hear something of the army; and she asked him for news. His answer was characteristic of the man. He had brought no news, but, he said, "at this present speaking I command the flying artillery. We have but one man in the corps—and that's myself; and all the guns we have got is this piece of ordnance, that hangs in this old belt by my side (pointing to his sword), and that I captured from the enemy at Blackstocks. I was hoping I mought find John Ramsay at home—I have need of him as a recruit."

Mrs. Ramsay told him of the hard life her son John had with Sumter —"often without his natural rest or a meal's victuals"—and the general thinking so much of him that he could not spare him to come home. She said they had expected him that morning, but she was glad he did not come, for he would have been certain to get into trouble, for just after her husband left the house on his horse, a young cock-a-whoop ensign from Ninety-six, and four great Scotchmen in red coats, came along and swaggered about the house, calling for this and for that, and turning into the yard, killed as many of her chickens and ducks as they could string about them, and went on. "Who is at home with you?" asked Horse Shoe, eagerly. "Nobody but my youngest boy, Andrew," answered the dame. "What arms have you in the house?" asked Horse Shoe. "We have a rifle, and a horseman's pistol that belongs to John—" "Which way did they go?" interrupted Horse Shoe. "Straight forward toward Ninety-six—but, Mr. Horse Shoe, you're not thinking of going after them?" "Isn't there an old field about a mile from here on that road, and a shabby, racketty cabin in the middle of the field?" he asked, intent upon his own thoughts. "Yes," she replied. "And nobody lives in it; it has no door to it?" "Mr. Horse Shoe, there has been no family there these seven years."

"I know the place well," said Horse Shoe. It was raining, and he asked how long before the rain began it was that they quitted the house, and when she told him "not above fifteen minutes," he immediately asked for the rifle and pistol, and the powder horn and bullets; and when she returned with them he asked for her boy Andrew, a lad about thirteen, who came at her call, his clothes dripping with rain. "How would you

like a scrummage, Andy, with them Scotchmen that stole your mother's chickens this morning?" asked Horse Shoe. "I am agreed if you will tell me what to do," said the boy, with an open, fearless expression on his bright face. "You are not going to take my boy out on any of your desperate projects, Mr. Horse Shoe!" exclaimed the mother, with the tears starting to her eyes. "Bless your soul, there ar'n't no danger about it! It's a thing that's either done at a blow or not done. I want the boy only to bring home the prisoners for me after I've took 'em. I give you my honor that I will bring or send him home safe in one hour, and he sha'n't be put in any sort of danger whatsomedever—" "It ain't nothing!" interrupted Andrew, in a sprightly tone. "Pooh! if I'm not afraid, mother, you oughtn't to be," and she sadly consented.

Horse Shoe loaded the fire-arms, gave the pistol to the boy, and shouldered the rifle. He turned with a laugh as he was crossing the threshold, saying: "Andy and me will teach them Pat's point of war—we will *surround* the ragmuffins." Andy mounted the horse behind Horse Shoe, and as they rode along the soldier told the boy how to shield his pistol from the rain, and what to do if they found the party in the hut. "It is a supposable case," he said, "that when the rain begun they would go into the driest place they could find. Just at the edge of the woods you are to get down and put yourself behind a tree; I'll ride forward as if I had a whole troop at my heels. And if it is as I expect they will have a little fire kindled, and, as likely as not, they will be cooking some of your mother's fowls. If I get at them onawares, they will be apt to think they are surrounded, and will bellow like fine fellows for quarter. And thereupon, Andy, I will cry out 'STAND FAST,' as if I was speaking to my own men; then you are to come up full tilt, and run into the house and bring out the muskets, as quick as a rat runs through a kitchen; and when you've done that, why, all's done. But if you should hear any popping of fire-arms—that is, more than one shot, which I might let off—do you take that for a bad sign and get away as fast as you can heel it. You comprehend?" "Oh, yes," replied the lad; "I'll do what you want, and more, too, maybe, Mr. Robinson." "*Captain* Robinson; you must call me *captain*, remember, in the hearing of these Scotchmen," said Horse Shoe.

They soon came in sight of the field, and smoke was indeed issuing from the chimney of the hovel. The boy was made to repeat the signals agreed upon and left behind, while Horse Shoe galloped across the intervening space, pausing in the doorway of the hut, and springing from his saddle stepped inside, with his rifle aimed at the little group round a fire. "Surrender," he shouted, "to Captain Robinson of the Free Will Volun-

teers and the Continental Congress, or you are dead men!" And with a voice of thunder he cried, as if speaking to a corps outside, "Halt! File off, cornet, right and left, to both sides of the house!" And to the men before him: "The first one of you that budges a foot from that there fireplace shall have fifty balls through his body!"

"To arms!" cried the young officer. "Leap to your arms, men!" But Horse Shoe was between them and the pile of muskets in the corner by the door, and the men did not stir. "I don't want yer blood, but if you move an inch I fire," said Horse Shoe, coolly. "Upon him at the risk of your lives!" shouted the officer, discharging his own pistol, which by a sudden dodge of Horse Shoe failed of its mark. "Shall I let loose upon them, captain?" called out Andy by the door, appearing most opportunely. "Not yet; keep them outside! STAND FAST!" cried Horse Shoe. Then to the officer: "It's onpossible for me to keep my sodgers off a minute longer; if you hope for quarter, give up." The lad meanwhile was calling off names, and the device convinced the young officer that resistance was hopeless. "Lower your rifle, sir," he said to Horse Shoe. "In the presence of a superior force, and being without arms, it is my duty to save bloodshed. With the promise of fair usage and the rights of prisoners of war, I surrender these men under my command." Horse Shoe agreed to make fair terms, and ordered his supposititious troops outside: "Right hand file, advance and receive the arms of the prisoners!" "I am here, captain," said Andy, and entering the hut he carried out the weapons. "Now, sir," said Horse Shoe to the officer, "your sword, and whatsoever else you mought have about you of the ammunitions of war." The young man handed him his sword and a pair of pocket pistols. "Your name, sir," continued Horse Shoe. "Ensign St. Jermyn, of his majesty's Seventy-first regiment of light infantry." "Walk out now and form in line at the door," said Horse Shoe. The prisoners obeyed, but when they saw only one horse, one man, and one boy they cursed a little, and laughed, and for a few minutes were about to turn upon their captors. But Horse Shoe's rifle was pointed toward them, and he told Andy to fire one of the captured pieces at the first man who opened his lips. "You have my word, sir; lead on," said the officer.

The prisoners were marched in front of the novel procession down the road to Ramsay's, Andy with all the fire-arms on his shoulders following Horse Shoe, who was leading his horse. "Well, Mistress Ramsay, your boy did excellent sarvice; these here men are *his* prisoners," said Horse Shoe, on their arrival. The captives were conducted to a small log storehouse, and locked in; Andy was placed on guard. It was a little after

noon, and the rain had ceased. David Ramsay, coming from church, recognized Horse Shoe, and on being told of the capture of the foraging party, inspected them through the chinks of their prison-house and laughed immoderately, but soon became grave and troubled. He had hitherto lived peaceably with his neighbors, maintaining a neutral position on the question of independence, although his eldest son was active in the field with Sumter. But he foresaw that the capture of these men and their confinement on his premises would decide his fate. In an earnest, confidential talk with Horse Shoe he proved an invaluable adviser as to the proper measures to be taken for the relief of Butler.

As the afternoon waned, Mary Musgrove rode briskly into the yard, attended by her cousin, Christopher Shaw. They brought intelligence concerning Butler. While on the high-road near by, where that very morning James Curry had been struck down by a goblin, they met a military party of horse and foot, and were detained at the head of the column to answer questions. Christopher's replies were satisfactory. He was only riding with his kinswoman on a social visit to a neighbor—the country generally was quiet as far as he knew—and they were suffered to pass on. Mary had seen Butler on foot in the centre of a guard; and thus it was evident that he was already at Innis's camp. Horse Shoe at once recognized the fact that Butler was in the hands of those who had hired the ruffians to capture him, and would be summarily dealt with.

He went to the storehouse, and directed Ensign St. Jermyn to follow him into the dwelling, and, giving him a chair, pen, and paper, said: "You will now write as I bid you." "To what end?" asked the young officer. "To the settlement of your worldly affairs, if the consarns of to-morrow should bring ill-luck to a friend of mine. Tell your commander that you are in the hands of the continentals, and if any mischief is done Major Butler you are to die the first minute we hear of it," said Horse Shoe, sternly. The officer took up the pen, then flung it down again. "I will not write—do with me as you please," he said. "David Ramsay, get me a rope; this night he swings in the wind," exclaimed Horse Shoe, and took the cord that Ramsay supplied. "For God's sake, spare him!" cried Mary Musgrove. "Mr. Ramsay can write a letter to Colonel Innis." "Girl, get you gone; this is no place for women. I've said it, and I'll do it," said Horse Shoe. Mary fled, sobbing, and St. Jermyn looked up: "I am young, sir, not above twenty, and I have a mother and sisters in England—" "We've no time to talk about kinsfolk; Major Butler has those that love his life, and if they are brought to grief by the onnatural rascality of British officers, it matters not to me if every daughter and sister in Eng-

land pines away of heart-sickness for the loss of them they love best. Take my advice, and write the letter," said Horse Shoe sternly.

Seeing it was his only chance for life, the letter was written; and Horse Shoe and David Ramsay then went to the storehouse and promised the incarcerated men that if they would give their parole not to serve as soldiers until they were fairly exchanged they should be liberated before daybreak. The parole was duly signed by each. It was speedily arranged that Horse Shoe and Christopher Shaw should conduct St. Jermyn to some hiding-place in the mountains, and David Ramsay was to escort Mary back to her father's house, and concoct measures for the delivery of the letter. Colonel Innis had been conspicuous in the court of sequestrations at Charleston, and had much to do with the large property of Major Butler, which it was alleged would come into his possession for private and hazardous secret services, in the matter of seducing and bringing to the army of King George an opulent and authoritative gentleman of Virginia, Mr. Philip Lindsay.

Early the next morning Butler was visited by the British officer, Captain St. Jermyn, who proved to be an older brother of the young ensign captured by Horse Shoe. He came to inform Butler of his coming trial before a court of inquiry on a charge of "treason." Later in the forenoon Butler was conducted to the foot of a large mulberry-tree, where Colonel Innis presided at a table, around which were seated several officers, and four extraordinary charges were made against him, the second being his visit to the family of Walter Adair as a spy! It was evident that his speedy execution was contemplated, and Butler listened to the iniquitous falsehoods in dismay. Many people had crowded near the table, among them a few venders of fruits and vegetables. A smart-looking girl carried a basket of mellow apples, and recommended them in such a sweet-toned voice that she easily made her way to the head of the table. "Buy my apples, three for a penny—they are ripe and mellow, sir," she said fearlessly to Colonel Innis, her laughing blue eyes peering from the shade of a deep narrow sun-bonnet. The colonel selected a few apples, and the girl placed the basket on the table in the midst of the hats and swords, and every member of the court followed the example of the colonel. Then the pretty fruit merchant took up her burden, and retiring among the spectators walked up to the prisoner, courtesied, and presented him an apple, which was gratefully accepted. Shortly after this interruption the trial was resumed, and witnesses were called one after another to testify, including Curry, whose false statements shocked Butler more than aught else.

(*To be continued.*)

AN EARLY COMBAT IN VERMONT

An old Greek grammar in my possession, entitled *Institutio Græcæ Grammatices*, originally belonged to Rev. Stephen Williams, the son of the Rev. John Williams, of Deerfield, Massachusetts, who wrote *The Redeemed Captive Returning to Zion.* Rev. Stephen Williams was carried to Canada with his father, and "returned from Canada the 21st day of November, in the year of our Lord 1705," as he himself states on the fly-leaf. On two of the blank leaves at the beginning of the book is an account of a skirmish with the Indians in 1709, which I have never seen in print. It is in Mr. Williams' handwriting. Mention of the skirmish is made in the appendix to the *Redeemed Captive*, found in the later editions, and in Judd's *Hadley.* The last named says: "In 1709, Captain B. Wright with about ten men crossed the wilderness to Lake Champlain. On the 20th of May they killed one Indian and wounded others near the lake. On their return they had a skirmish with a party of Indians on Onion river, and Lieutenant John Wells, of Deerfield, was slain; John Burt, of Northampton, was slain or perished in the woods, and John Strong, of Northampton, was wounded. The General Court gave to Captain Wright £12, and to nine men £6 each. They had a pocket-compass to guide them." Mr. Williams' account is as follows: "On the 26th of May 1709 came in Captain Benjamin Wright, Henery Wright, John Strong, John Olmsted, Jonathan Hoit, Timothy Chit——, Thomas Regan, Epraim——, and Joseph——, from the Lake, who had made attack upon eight Indians towards the east side of Lake, who recken they killed four and wounded a fith so ye boat padled away. When they were coming home upon the french river they saw a canoe with four Indians in it, shot upon it and killed two right out, wounded the other two, one of which jumpt out of the canoe which they killed as he was going upon the bank on the other side, but they started up an Englishman, which they had padle the canoe to y^m, but the wounded Indian y^t was in the canoe paddled the other way and the Englishman towards them, so y^t they fell down the stream and got to neither shore. They bid this Englishman take up an hatchet and knock him on the head. He toke up a hatchet in order to do it, but the Indian took hold of it and got it away from him. They struggled and turned the canoe over. This Englishman was carried down the stream thirty or forty rods, so y^t four men ran to help him, but two of

which made some stop to shoot at the Indian y^t was turned out of the canoe with the Englishman, the other two ran yet lower & help this man out, but a company of Indians y^t were below came upon these two men, killed one, namly John Wells; the other they shot with shot, but his wound is not dangerous, the said captive (*i.e.* the one hitherto called 'the Englishman') took the said Wells his gun, but they were all quickly put to flight, the said captive they quickly lost. They likewise lost one John Burt, as they fled."

Bernard C. Steiner

Pratt Library, Baltimore.

EARTH'S NOBLEST MEN

A SONNET BY THOMAS MACKELLAR

Some men are born t' endure the toil and strife
And heavy burdens of the earth. They are
The pillars in the temple of this life,
Its strength and ornament; or, hidden far
Beneath, they form its firm foundation-stone.
In nobleness they stand distinct and lone;
Yet other men upon them lean, and fain
(Such selfishness in human bosoms swells)
Would lay on them the weight of their own pain.
Where greatness is, a patient spirit dwells;
They least repine who bear and suffer most:
In calm and stern endurance they sustain
The ills whereof ignoble minds complain;
And in their lot they stand, nor weakly sigh nor boast.

—*Rhymes Atween Times.*

BIBLIOGRAPHIC NOTES ON POEMS AND BALLADS

RELATING TO MAJOR ANDRÉ

But little of the poetry that concerns the plot in which André was engaged has decided merit; most of it is mere doggerel and unworthy of preservation from a literary point of view. There is a value in the verses, however, more important than that bestowed by the approval of critics. They have helped to shape and to voice public feeling in regard to Arnold's treason and the actors in it, and by aiding right judgment in these particulars they have quickened the sense of patriotism as well. An index to periodical literature at any period indicates the taste and tendency of the time. By this means we know that while the public is fickle in its literary likings—as a rule—and may cease to care to-morrow for that which pleases it to-day, its interest in the André matter is perennial and as active now as it was one hundred years ago. The makers of verse may have been less prolific of good results in his case than the writers of prose, but they have not slighted him, and it would make an interesting exhibit to bring together all of the good, bad, and indifferent efforts in a single place.

Before periodicals were widely circulated the earlier verses mentioned in these notes had a higher value than they have to-day. Issued in broadside form, they were recited and sung throughout the land, and no one can estimate the influence they exerted for good in a patriotic way. At that period there were but few among the people who called Arnold's treason a "defection"; who questioned the justice of André's fate, or who doubted the motives of his captors.

Fortunately for those who compose verses, the habit of reading them once formed is seldom recovered from, and demands a fresh supply of rhyme and rhythm day by day. Readers of verses, however, are equally blessed, for the propensity to write poetry is incurable, and the abundance of the product makes it one of the common luxuries of life. While the term "lovers of verse" does not comprise the whole of human kind, it does include all sorts and conditions of men, and until the millennium dawns there will be an influential class who place a lower value upon an essay or a story than they do upon a ballad or a song. As with poetry in general, so it is with that which relates to André in particular: neither the demand nor the supply seems likely to fail.

In the *Magazine of American History* [viii. 61–72] may be found an elaborate "Bibliography of Major André," by Charles A. Campbell, which contains many valuable suggestions to collectors of Andréana. The subdivision of the article on "Poems and Ballads" is but briefly treated, and the following supplementary references are reported for the benefit of readers who take an interest in the subject, with the hope that they will add to the list and complete it.

That the number of poems relating to André must be large is indicated by the fact that the references given below were culled from a moderate-sized collection of books relating to the treason of Arnold, and from a miscellaneous library of similar proportions, neither of which had been gathered with reference to the subject-matter of this paper.

1. *Prophecy of André.* An ode written in 1780. London, 1782.

2. *Remembrance.* One of the last poems written by Miss Anna Seward. 1809. Refers to André and Honora.

3. *André.* By McDonald Clarke. *The Gossip.* Gray & Bunce, New York, 1823.

4. *André.* By Charles W. Upham. *The Bowdoin Poets.* Joseph Griffin, Brunswick, 1840.

5. *On Sir Henry Clinton's Recall.* Author unknown. Vol. I. p. 270;

6. *West Point.* By Margaretta V. Faugeres. Vol. I. p. 381;

7. *His Captors to André.* By G. W. Miller. Vol. III. p. 354;

8. *André's Request to Washington.* By N. P. Willis. Vol. III. p. 415. *Songs, Odes, and Other Poems.* Collected and published by William McCarty, Philadelphia, 1842. 3 vols.

9. *Arnold; or, the Treason at West Point.* A Tragedy in Five Acts. By Horatio Hubbell. Philadelphia, 1847.

10. *The Highland Treason.* By E. G. Holland. Essays and a Drama. Phillips, Sampson & Co., Boston, 1852. P. 241.

11. *Arnold and Other Poems.* By J. R. Orton. Partridge & Brittan, New York, 1854.

12. *André.* A Tragedy in Five Acts. By W. W. Lord. Charles Scribner, New York, 1852.

13. *David Williams.* By Alfred B. Street. *Centennial Celebrations of the State of New York.* Allan C. Beach, Albany, 1879.

14. *Sergeant Champe.* Author unknown. *Songs and Ballads of the American Revolution.* Frank Moore. Appleton & Co., New York, 1856.

15. *Washington.* A Heroic Drama of the Revolution in Five Acts. By Ingersoll Lockwood. New York, 1875.

16. *Washington.* A Drama in Five Acts. By Martin F. Tupper. James Martin, New York, 1876.

17. *At the André Monument.* By Minna Irving. Sunnyside Press, Tarrytown, N. Y., June, 1880.

18. *Lines on André and his Captors.* Author unknown.

19. *Commemoration of the Capture of André.* By "Elfride."

The History of the County of Westchester. Rev. Robert Bolton. New York, 1881.

20. *André.* By John Anketell. Centennial Souvenir of Monument Association of Captors of André. 1881. P. 129.

21. *Arnold's Treason.* By Henry W. Hurlbert. *Life and Writings of Frank Forrester.* Orange Judd & Co., New York, 1882. Vol. II. p. 272.

22. Lossing. *The Two Spies.* Poem found on Field Monument at Tappan. New York papers, February 24, 1882. D. Appleton & Co., New York, 1886. P. 118.

23. *Major André and Arnold's Treason.** J. J. Sabin & Son's *American Bibliophilist.* New York. Vol. IV. p. 132.

* This ballad is also given in McCarty's *Songs, Odes, etc.*, vol. iii., p. 70, under the title "Major André." The language differs widely in the two reprints, but Sabin's is a verbatim copy of a contemporary broad-sheet, and although Paulding masquerades as Spaulding in it, the poem is without doubt a correct transcript. Such variations in readings are very common, and sometimes equally curious as well. A comparison of two copies of the well-known "Acrostic on Arnold" may be of interest as an illustration of these facts. The first is in *Andréana*, Horace W. Smith, Philadelphia, 1865, p. 57; the second in *The Frontiersmen of New York*, by Jeptha R. Simms, Albany, 1883, p. 730. Other examples could easily be given, but this is selected on account of its brevity.

I.

"Born for a curse to nature and mankind,
Earth's broadest realms can't show so black a mind;
Night's sable veil your crimes can never hide,
Each one so great would glut *historic* tide.
Defunct, your cursed memory will live
In all the glare that infamy can give;
Curses of ages will attend your name;
Traitors will glory in your shame.

Almighty vengeance earnestly waits to roll
Rivers of sulphur on your treacherous soul;
Nature looks down, with conscious error sad,
On such a tarnished blot as she has made.
Let hell receive you, riveted in chains,
Doomed to the hottest of its flames."

24. *Paulding the Patriot.* By Minna Irving. *Songs of a Haunted Heart.* Belford, Clarke & Co., New York, 1888. 164.

25. *Major André's Ride.* By Thomas H. Farnham. The Sunnyside Press. Tarrytown, N. Y., February 23, 1889.

26. *West Point.* By Leon Del Monte. Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati, 1890.

In fiction add:

1. *Secrets of Arnold's Treason; or, Victors and Victims.* By Charles Porter Sumner. Hilton & Co., New York, n. d.

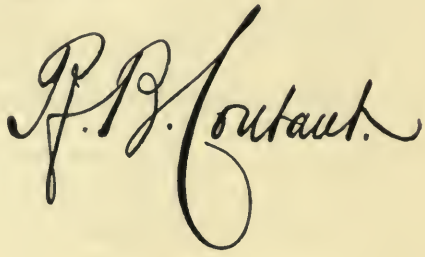
2. *A Great Treason. A Story of the War of Independence.* By Mary A. M. Hoppus. McMillan & Co., New York, 1883.

3. *Eventful Nine Days, September 23 to October 2, 1780.* A Story of André the Spy, and Arnold the Traitor. Tarrytown *Argus*, December 19, 1885.

2.

" Born for a curse to virtue and mankind,
Earth's darkest realm can't show so black a mind;
Night, sable night, thy crimes can never hide,
Each is so great it gluts historic tide.
Defunct, thy memory shall ever live
In all the glare that infamy can give;
Curses of ages shall attend thy name;
Traitors alone shall glory in thy fame.

Almighty vengeance waits to roll
Rivers of sulphur o'er thy treach'rous soul;
Nature looks back, with conscious error sad,
On such a tarnished blot that she had made.
Let *hell* receive thee riveted in chains,
D——d to the focus of its hottest flames!"



Tarrytown, New York.

THE UNITED STATES IN PARAGRAPHS

[*Continued from page* 144]

Arizona

One of the "South Pacific" group of states. Area, 113,020 square miles; 335 miles wide, 390 miles long. Latitude, 31° 20′ to 37° N.; longitude, 109° to 114° 45′ W. Population in 1890, 59,691. The name is from *Arizonac*, a district of the native Pima race. Its English meaning is not authoritatively defined. "Sand Hills," "Maiden Queen," and "Silver Bearing" are among the fanciful translations. Nicknamed "the Apache State," from a warlike native tribe; "the Sunset State," from the peculiar splendor of the evening skies. State motto, "Ditat Deus"=Let God enrich.

Prehistoric. Ruins, relics, and tradition indicate that about the beginning of the Christian era Arizona was peopled by a race well advanced toward civilization. The surviving remnants of this race are found in the Pueblo native tribes, whose dwellings were the first of permanent character that were built in America. (See Bancroft, vol. xii., Arizona and New Mexico.)

1539. Marcos de Niza, an Italian Franciscan, penetrates to the Gila valley with one Estivan (Stephen), a negro freedman.

March. Niza first hears at Vacapa of the fabled "Seven Cities," for which prospectors have searched ever since.

May 15–20. Estivan, sent in advance, reaches Cibola (Zuni), but is put to death for indiscreet attentions to the native women.

May 22 (?). Niza advances to within sight of Zuni, erects a cross, claims the country for Spain, and retires, reaching the coast in June or July.

1540, July. Vasquez de Coronado, with a considerable force of Spaniards and Indians, invades the territory from Mexico, and assaults the Pueblo towns, while Hernando de Alarcon ascends the Colorado river as far as the Grand Cañon. The river was named Buena Guia by Alarcon, and Rio del Tizon, by Coronado.—Expedition of Captain Tobar.

1541–1542. The breeding of horses and sheep probably introduced by the Spaniards of Coronado's army.

1542, April. Coronado marches to the coast, leaving missionary friars to convert the natives.

1543–1560. The Spanish records refer to the territory as "Primaría Alta," and "Moqui Province."

1563–1565. A somewhat mythical expedition of one F. de Ibarra, who is said to have reached the Pueblo cities.

1581–1583. Missions undertaken by the padres Roderiguez and Lopez, who are killed by Indians.—Don Antonio Espejo pushes a private exploration to the Pueblos, visiting seventy-four towns, and reckoning their aggregate popula-

tion at two hundred and fifty-three thousand.

1590, July 27. Gaspar Castaño de Soza, with one hundred and seventy intending settlers and a cumbersome wagon-train, marches from Texas.

1591, January. He reaches the Pueblo region.

March. Castaño is arrested by order of the crown for conducting a "contraband" expedition.

1598. Don Juan de Oñate enters the present territory from New Mexico. Little is known of his visit.—Expedition of Captain Marcos Farfan.

1599, March 2. Oñate reports the conquest of New Mexico and Arizona.

1600. First Jesuit missionaries visit the Pueblo towns but do not remain.

1604, October 7. Oñate undertakes and accomplishes a march from his headquarters, in New Mexico, to the Pacific.

1605, April 25. Returning, he reaches San Gabriel, N. M.

1617–1620. Arrival of Padre Geronimo de Zarate Salmeron, and renewed activity of missionaries.

1626. Alleged establishment of forty-six churches and conversion of sixty thousand natives.

1630. The name Gila or Xila (river) first appears in Spanish official reports.

1642–1660. Successive revolts of the natives against Spanish oppression, aided by the Apaches and other warlike tribes, leading to the final abandonment of the province.

1661–1664. Governor Peñalosa visits the Pueblo towns.

1680. The Spaniards are driven out by the natives.

1681. Governor Otermin partially resubjugates the province.

1692–1693. Reconquest by Don Diego de Vargos.

1696. Renewed and partly successful revolt.

1698–1711. Notable explorations and services of the Jesuit Father Eusebio Francisco Kino, probably the first resident Jesuit.

1701–1750. With the exception of the ever-present chance of an Apache or Navajo raid, the province is subjected to Spanish rule, and falls into the hopeless lethargy that inevitably resulted.

1706. Captain Holguin storms the pueblo of Tehua, but is subsequently defeated by the Moquis.

1736–1741. Silver mining excitement at Arizonac; lands claimed for the crown.

1748, December 20. Original issue of the Peralta grant, covering most of the Gila valley, subsequently confirmed, in its chief features, under American law.

1750. Revolt of the Pima tribes.

1751–1822. Period of confirmed Spanish rule. Natives practically reduced to slavery under plea of Christianization; fierce wars with the Apaches and other warlike tribes; the country ruthlessly drained of its wealth for the benefit of Spain.

1774. Expedition of Captain Juan B. Anza, reaching the California coast.

1776. Permanent Spanish occupation of San Augustin del pueblito de Tucson. (The claims of Tucson to alleged earlier settlement are not regarded as valid.)

1790. Beginning of mining operations.

1790–1810. Comparative peace with

the Apaches, and beginnings of prosperity.

1821. Archiepiscopal visit of Bernado del Espiritu Santo.

1824. Establishment of the Republic of Mexico, including the present territory of Arizona.

1828. Missions suppressed by the Mexican government, and the whole territory raided by the Apaches and other savage tribes.

1829–1836. Explorations of Kit Carson, Pauline Weaver, Ewing Young, David Jackson, and others.

1832–1836. Fierce wars with the Apaches; Mexican settlements practically exterminated.

1836. The Apaches, previously friendly, become hostile to Americans in consequence of overbearing treatment; twenty-two trappers (Kemp's party) killed on the Gila river.

1842–1843. War with the Pápagos and Gila tribes.

1848, July 4. A large part of the territory acquired by the United States by purchase ($15,000,000), and as a result of the war with Mexico. (Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo.)

1849–1850. Large numbers of emigrants cross Arizona *en route* to the California gold fields.

1850. Territory of New Mexico organized, including part of Arizona.

1850, November 27. Camp Independence, afterward Fort Yuma, established by Captain Heintzelman. This post became Arizona City in 1854.

1851, January. Survey under Lieutenant Geo. H. Derby, U. S. A. (Afterward widely known in literature under the pseudonym of John Phœnix.)

1851. First government exploration under Captain L. Sitgreaves. (Government Printing Office, Washington, 1853.)

1852, December. First steamboat on the Colorado, the *Uncle Sam*, Captain Turnbull.

1854–1861. Period of pioneer settlement and establishment of American military posts. No attempt at civic organization.

1854, January. Second steamboat, the *General Jesup*, Captain Johnson. (Boiler burst in August.)

Pacific Railway survey on the thirty-fifth parallel, under Lieutenant A. W. Whipple, U. S. A. (Report published, Washington, 1856.)

June 30. Proclamation of the "Gadsden purchase," transferring additional territory to the United States and re-adjusting the Mexican boundary to include Mesilla valley, etc. (Price $10,000,000.)

August 4. The Gadsden purchase added to New Mexico by Congress.

1855. Adjustment of boundary line with Mexico. Major (afterward General) W. H. Emory, commissioner for the United States; José Salazar Ilarregin for Mexico.

Continuous steam navigation established.

1856. Henry A. Crabb, of California, leads a filibusters' expedition into Mexico. He is defeated and killed.

1858. First newspaper published at Tubac, *The Weekly Arizonian*. Discovery of gold placers on the Gila river; mining towns established.

1860, April 2–5. Constitutional convention at Tucson. Provisional government established, with Dr. L. S. Owings, of Mesilla, as governor.

1861, August. Secession. A convention held at Tucson declares Arizona a part of the Southern confederacy and elects a delegate to its congress.

Lieutenant-Colonel John R. Baylor, C. S. A., invades Arizona from Texas. Retreat of United States garrisons. The Apaches murder all settlers remaining.

1862. Captain Hunter, C. S. A., takes possession of Tucson for the Southern confederacy.

1862, May. The "California column," under Colonel James H. Carleton, drives out the confederates, re-garrisons United States posts, and holds Arizona for the Union.

Mining towns on the Gila destroyed by floods.

1863, February 24. Arizona made a United States territory, with the capital at Tucson, John N. Goodwin, governor.

1864. Four counties formed; namely, Pima, Yuma, Mojave, and Yavapai. Mining laws of Arizona published at Prescott.

1865. Richard C. McCormick, governor. Publication at Prescott of the "Howell Code."

1868. Mormon colonization movement begins.

1869. Adventurous trip of Major J. W. Powell down the Colorado. (Washington, 1875.)

1869–1877. A. P. K. Safford, governor.

1870. Population by United States census, 9,658. Town site of Phœnix surveyed, but Apache raids prevented permanent settlement.

1871. Maricopa county formed.

1871. Massacre of Camp Grant. Many Apaches killed by citizens.

General George Crook begins operations against the Indians. (See *On the Border with Crook*, by Captain J. G. Bourke, U. S. A., Scribner's, 1891.) Futile peace negotiations by Vincent Colyer.

1871–1878. Surveys of Captain George M. Wheeler, U. S. A. (Reports United States Geological Survey.)

1872. "The Diamond Hoax." A district supposed to be in Arizona, but really in Colorado, "salted" with diamonds. Fraud exposed by Clarence King.

1875. Pinal county organized. Narrative of Chas. D. Poston published.

1877–1878. John P. Hoyt, acting governor. Prescott made the capital.

1878. The Southern Pacific Railway reaches the border of the territory.

1879. Apache county formed.

1879–1881. John Charles Fremont governor.

1880. Population by United States census, 40,440. The Southern Pacific Railroad reaches Tucson.

1881. Cochin, Graham, and Gila counties formed.

1881–1882. John J. Gosper, acting governor.

1882–1883. The Apaches break from their reservation and renew hostilities, but are subdued by General Crook.

1882–1885. Frederick A. Tritle, governor.

1883. Completion of the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fé railroad to the Colorado river.

1885–1889. C. Meyer Zulick, governor.

1886. Territorial Normal School established at Tempe, Maricopa county.

1886. Practical subjugation of the

Apaches by United States force under General Crook.

1889, January 24. Act passed by the legislature removing the territorial capital from Prescott to Phœnix, Maricopa county. (See February 4, 1890.)

1889. Lewis Wolfley, governor.

1890. Indian outbreak; many settlers killed.

1890. Population by United States census, 59,691.

1890, February 4. Phœnix, Maricopa county, becomes the territorial capital. (Act of January 24, 1889.)

1890, September. Resignation of Governor Wolfley; Nathan O. Murphy, acting governor until October.

1891–1895. John N. Irwin, governor.

Chas. Ledyard Norton.

(*To be continued*)

MINOR TOPICS

HON. FRANCIS AQUILA STOUT

In the death of Mr. Stout, suddenly from pneumonia, at the Thousand Islands, Alexandria Bay, New York, July 18, 1892, the American Geographical Society has lost its senior vice-president, and one of its ablest and most efficient supporters. Mr. Stout was educated as an engineer in Paris and as a barrister in New York; he was one of the founders and commissioners of the New York State Survey, and formerly president of the Nicaragua canal company; was one of the commissioners to the French Exposition in 1889, and one of the vice-presidents of the Geographical Congress at Berne in 1891. The *Galignani Messenger*, Paris, France, says of him: "Possessing an ample fortune he devoted himself assiduously to scientific studies, and to charitable works, and was president and director of many important charitable associations in New York. His vigorous intellect, his large experience, his varied culture, his charming manners, and his honorable character, won him a multitude of warm friends both in America and Europe, who will deeply feel his loss. Mr. Stout belonged to a historic family. His paternal grandfather owned and resided in the famous Philipse manor-house, now the city hall of Yonkers. His maternal great-grandfather, Colonel Lewis Morris, signed the Declaration of Independence, whose grandfather, Richard Morris, was founder of the manor of Morrisania. Mr. Stout's great-granduncles were General Staats Long Morris, M. P. and governor of Quebec, who married the duchess of Gordon; and Gouverneur Morris, a member of the Continental Congress, assistant minister of finance in the Revolution, one of the framers of the Constitution of the United States, and minister to France in the trying period from 1791 to 1794. It was Gouverneur Morris who endeavored to save the life of Louis XVI., failing in which he loaned two hundred thousand francs to Louis Philippe, and performed many other generous acts toward the French people. Mr. Stout married the eldest daughter of General Meredith Read, great-great-granddaughter of George Read the signer of Independence, who survives him, also his widowed mother at the age of eighty-seven in full possession of her vigorous faculties, and a sister, Madame de Vaugrigneuse, widow of Baron de Vaugrigneuse, formerly French charge d'affaires at various European courts."

THE EXHIBIT OF AMERICAN HISTORY

One of the largest exhibits at the World's Fair, and one that will give great satisfaction, is that of American history, from the earliest archæological times to

to-day. It is in charge of Professor Putnam, of the Peabody Museum of American Archæology and Ethnology at Harvard University, and will occupy the large space of one hundred and sixty thousand feet in the building of manufactures and the liberal arts. The exhibit will include archæology, history, cartography, and a Latin-American bureau, together with various collective and isolated exhibits. The archæological exhibit will be specially interesting. Until lately, it was thought that man was of far more recent origin in America than in Europe, but some late discoveries have proved to the contrary, and the oldest traces of mankind on earth have been found in America.

The second prehistoric period will be represented by objects from shell heaps, ancient village sites, burial places, mounds, earthworks, ancient pueblos, cliff houses, caves, and the ruined cities of Mexico, Central and South America, etc. The most distinctive earthworks and mounds of the central portion of this country, to which Professor Putnam has given special study, will be represented by sets of accurate models. Various state historical societies will make valuable contributions in this line. Portions of the famous great stone structures of Central America, Mexico and South America will be shown in actual reproduction from molds, with their elaborately artistic architecture. There will also be plans, photographs and paintings, illustrating many details, together with casts and photographs of inscribed tablets. A reproduction of the great "Portal of Labna" will form an imposing entrance to one portion of the exhibit. The material collected this year by the Peabody Museum Honduras expedition, including molds of the enormous monoliths and altars of the ancient ruins of Copan, elaborately ornamented with figures in high relief and strange hieroglyphs, will be loaned.

Much will depend upon what the Latin-American countries will do in this matter; for with proper coöperation from them, we may hope for a brilliant display. The ethnological section will show the primitive modes of life, customs and arts of the Esquimaux, Indians, Aztecs, and other natives. There will be representatives of the tribes of four hundred years ago, and of every Indian tribe living to-day.

The historical section will illustrate not only our political history but our artistic, architectural, etc., development; the inventions made; changes from the early log-cabin—of which there will be a perfect fac-simile—to the palaces of to-day; and from the primitive furniture to that now in use. In fine, there will be a complete exhibit of the history of America, there being but one limitation, that all exhibits relating to the civil war are to be excluded—perhaps a wise action.

When we consider that the exposition is held for the purpose of commemorating the four hundredth anniversary of the discovery of America and to show the progress the country has made during these four centuries, it must be frankly admitted that this is the most important exhibit of all, and it is fortunate that it promises to be so complete and satisfactory.—*The Times-Democrat*, New Orleans.

WISCONSIN'S PRICELESS HISTORIC TREASURES

The state Historical Society of Wisconsin is the trustee of the state, and is in many respects on the same footing as the state bureaus. In the management of this society no consideration is given politics, it being absolutely free from political control. It is a great public institution in which all take pride, and which embraces a membership made up of all shades of political and religious opinion. Those who visit the library expecting to find current literature stacked upon its shelves will be disappointed. The collection is purely historical. It is a great reference collection, the finest in some respects on this continent. It contains treasures that money could not buy stored away for the information of posterity—rare manuscripts, books and papers of inestimable value. From the files of Wisconsin newspapers a pretty fair history of the state might be compiled. In them are printed the tales and reminiscences of the pioneer antedating the advent of the press in the state. The old-fashioned advertisements tell the simple story of commerce in the days when men traded for value received, and when grain was bought and sold without knowledge of option trading. What people ate, drank and wore, what it cost to live and to die and be buried before the advent of railroads in the wilderness, or steamboats upon the lakes, can be found in the old territorial prints. And there is a wealth of them in these historical rooms.

In the eighty-five thousand volumes which line the shelves of the library are many rare books. The collection of seventy thousand pamphlets is almost as valuable, while the gallery of portraits and curios enchains attention. But the student of Dutch literature will find the Tank library the greatest collection of its kind on the continent. It is principally in the Dutch language, and was given the society in 1866 by Mrs. Otto Tank, now deceased, of Fort Howard, Wisconsin. The books, some five thousand, came to her by will of her father, and cost the society nothing except the freight from Amsterdam, where Mr. Van der Meulen died. Many are finely illustrated, and nearly half of them are bound in vellum and printed on paper that will hold the fadeless ink for ages. There are old editions of the classics, atlases, charts, several Bibles, historical works, early lexicons, religious prints, etc. The oldest printed book owned by the society is the sermons of Albert Magnus, issued at Cologne in 1474. Surely the art of printing was born full grown, for this rare old work, issued but nineteen years later than the first printed book in existence (dated 1455), can be studied by type founders with profit to-day, after four hundred and eighteen years of progress in the art. A medical treatise by Savonarola in 1479, and a rosary of sermons by Bernardino in 1503, *The Nuremburg Chronicle*, a huge six-hundred-page hogskin-bound folio, with twenty-two hundred and fifty illustrations by Wohlgemuth, printed in 1493, are also worthy the time given in seeing and describing. Possibly the *Chronicle* is the quaintest book in existence. It purports to be a history of the world from

the advent of man to the day of judgment, and the illustrations of what has been and is to come are simply indescribable. The prophetic and religious thought stands at a wonderfully higher level now than when the compilers of this old curiosity lived and dreamed.

Of the Lyman Draper collection of old manuscripts one might study it for years and not exhaust the subject. Very few of these have been published, but it doubtless will some day find an editor. They cover the entire history of the struggle for the northwest from the first fight (1742) with the Indians in the Virginia valley to the battles in 1813–14, when the Creeks were vanquished, and in one of which Tecumseh was sent to the happy hunting grounds.

The society is rich in autographs and letters from the famous men of America. The most notable collection is that of the signers of the declaration of independence and the constitution. There are but twenty-two complete sets of these in the world, and it is scarcely possible that another can at this late day be added. The first set was completed in 1835 by Dr. Sprague, of Albany, after twenty years of labor. It took sixty years of research to secure the sets now completed, these consisting not merely of signatures, but comprising letters or other documents inscribed by these old patriots, whose memories will live as long as the nation endures. The society is especially strong in Wisconsin documents, old merchandise accounts, books, etc. Of fur trade manuscripts alone there are about one hundred and twenty thick folios, which form quite a storehouse of information of value regarding pioneer families and early days. The society has published eleven five-hundred-page volumes of Wisconsin historical collections, and these will be added to as data accumulate.

The ethnological museum and the portrait gallery are places of absorbing interest, but the bound files of old newspapers are the centre of attraction. Dating from 1720 to this morning one may here study an unbroken series of American and foreign newspaper files. The thread of continuity has been preserved for a period covering about one hundred and seventy years. Publishers and publications have come and gone, but the records of the years and of their labors are here preserved so that some files cover every day of the time. About five thousand five hundred of these files are of papers printed outside of the state; many of them are from various foreign countries. In most cases the files date with the first issue of the papers and often end with the last, for newspapers, like men, have both a beginning and an end. The oldest American newspaper, if it can be so classed, that is shown at Madison is a religious weekly. It is a four-page leaflet in make-up, styled the Philadelphia *Independent Whig*. The numbers are from January to December, 1720, and bound in one thin volume. The modest editor says he wishes that others more gifted had essayed his task, but as they had failed of their duty his was clear. He was bound to reform the people, as they needed religious reformation very badly. His paper is filled with lay sermons and advertisements of religious books and tracts, in which the depth and intensity of the fires of Hades were

given occasional mention. Next in point of age comes the Boston *Gazette*, weekly, of February 17, 1724. This paper was right up to time with news from Paris, its advices being only six months old and dated August 14, 1723. Its London budget left that historic town just one month later. The first copy of the old Boston *Gazette* was issued Monday, December 21, 1719, but the Historical society does not possess that number.

The first newspaper printed on Wisconsin soil, then a part of the territory of Michigan, was the Green Bay *Intelligencer*. The initial number of this semi-monthly was issued December 11, 1833, and the editors were J. V. Suydam and A. V. Ellis. Navarino was the point of publication, and the *Intelligencer* was a very creditable four-column folio, neat typographically and well edited. The editors state that the "advancement of the interests of the country west of Lake Michigan" is their object in going into the newspaper business, and promise to issue the paper weekly "after navigation opens," if they are favored with due support. They spell it "Wiskonsin" and have no space for local pick-ups or personals, but find room for a fair amount of display advertising. There are about two thousand volumes of Wisconsin newspapers in the library, and now every publication of value in the state is received for binding.

MOSES HOPKINS, OF CALIFORNIA

Achievement may or may not be in consequence of ability, for much depends upon environment. I was struck by the recent remark of a friend: "How I would enjoy some knowledge of an unknown Roman! I have heard so much about Cæsar and the rest of his kind that I am tired of it." This brings me to the threshold of a biographical study of a man of substantial prominence in the metropolis of the Pacific seaboard. The family name of Moses Hopkins is a part of the history of this western world. His lineage is traced through an unbroken line of ancestry to England, and members of the Hopkins family exercised an important influence on the early history of New England. Among the potent agencies which were felt for years in the formative period of civilization in California—and the present is a part of that period—that of Moses Hopkins was pronounced and far-reaching. It is for the interest of the state, and of mankind, that he should be known and remembered. He was born in 1818, and in 1851 went to California with his brother, Mark Hopkins, who was one of the pioneers to that land in 1849, and they had many ventures in common. To plan and start the work, and to keep it going and finish it, are two different kinds of energy; and if Mark was fertile in conception, Moses was not less able in performance. To go forward with confidence and vigor constituted the distinguishing trait in the character of Mark Hopkins, and perhaps entered as largely into his great success as a factor in the development of the Pacific coast as any other force.—HUBERT HOWE BANCROFT'S *Chronicle of the Builders.*

NOTES

GOUVERNEUR MORRIS IN PARIS—On the 14th of December, 1789, Gouverneur Morris jotted the following in his diary: "At Madame de Chastellux's to-day we have a large breakfast party, and the Abbé Delille reads, or rather repeats, to us some of his verses, which are fine and well delivered. Go to the Louvre. The bishop is there; he mentions a plan for issuing *billets d'état*, bearing interest. I show him the folly of such a measure. He says it is a plan of Montesquieu's, to which I reply that as none of the plans likely to be adopted are good, they may as well take that of M. Necker, since otherwise they enable his friends to say that the mischief arises from not having followed his advice; that, besides, if paper money be issued, that of the Caisse is quite as good as any other. He says that by taking a bad step France may be ruined. I tell him that is impossible, and he may tranquillize himself about it; that whenever they resort to taxation credit will be restored, and, the credit once restored, it will be easy to put the affairs of the Caisse in order. Go to the Palais Royal, not having been able to leave Madame de Flahaut till four. I arrive when dinner is half over. After dinner the Abbé Delille entertains us with some further repetitions. Go to the club, and thence to the Comte de Moustier's. Sit awhile with him and Madame de Bréhan. Go together to Madame de Puisignieu's. Spend the evening. Conversation chiefly with De Moustier. I find that, notwithstanding public professions as to the public proceedings of America, both De Moustier and Madame de Bréhan have a thorough dislike to the country and its inhabitants. The society of New York is not sociable, the provisions of America are not good, the climate is very damp, the wines are abominable, the people are excessively indolent."

CANADA WEATHER IN 1777—In a private letter from an officer in Canada, dated March 9, 1777, the writer says: "Canadians unite in declaring that they have never experienced such a winter as the one we have just passed through. As for ourselves, we have noticed no perceptible difference between the cold here and that of our own country, though we were astonished at the even temperature. Since the 27th of last November, when we had our first snow and ice, we have had neither rain nor thaw; in consequence of which the snow and ice have been with us ever since. There have been numerous and heavy falls of fine, dry snow, which seldom last longer than twelve hours. It can therefore easily be imagined that the earth becomes covered with ice and snow to a depth of five or six feet. The natural weight of the snow, and the sun, which is warmer in Canada than with us at home, contract the snow into a solid mass, upon which you can walk, and ride, if necessary, on cold days."—*Revolutionary Letters*, translated by Wm. L. Stone.

TEACHING HISTORY—The following suggestions are the result of wide experience, and come to us from a notable

teacher: "Bear constantly in mind that the mere statement of historic facts will create no interest. Do not require your pupil to recite in the exact language of the text-book. An event always has a cause; you should induce your class to find the immediate, material, remote, and original cause of an important event in every instance where practicable, and thus teach intelligently the principles of research after truth. Make thinkers of your pupils, and encourage inquiry at all times. The conversational method in the class is usually an advantage, as it awakens enthusiasm and obviates the dullness of simple recitation. Study history, from time to time, through biography. Be prepared at all hours to assist your pupils in the acquisition of the knowledge of civil government. Call attention to the dates of great events through the celebration of their anniversaries. Encourage reading by selecting and recommending the clearest and most simply written historical books and essays."

QUERIES

GREAT LITERARY MEN AMONG THE ANCIENTS—*Editor Magazine of American History:* Will you or some of your readers, through your priceless magazine, inform me who stated that the greatest Pelasgian was Homer; the greatest Hebrew, Isaiah; the greatest Roman, Juvenal; the greatest Italian, Dante; and the greatest Briton, Shakespeare? And if the statement is supposed to be authoritative?

P. C. DILLINGWOOD

NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA

FIRST GREAT PAINTING IN THE WORLD—What picture is said to be the first picture in the world, and by whom was it painted?

TEACHER

MADISON, WISCONSIN

THE MOST IMPORTANT INVENTION—What is the most important invention ever made by man?

AMERICUS

BAR HARBOR

REPLIES

ORIGIN OF THE NAME CUBA [xxviii, 75, 152]—*To the Editor Magazine of American History:* In reply to the question by Mr. Ware, contained in the July number of your magazine, and in which he asks for the origin of the name Cuba, I have much pleasure in transmitting the following: The Indian name of the island was Cubanacan, which means, literally, the middle or centre. The Spaniards dropped the termination *nacan*, and so Cuba remained.

R. M. BARTLEMAN

LEGATION OF THE UNITED STATES

CARACAS, *July* 19, 1892

THE TUB OF DIOGENES [xxviii, 75]—This tub was a great earthen jar that

had been thrown away after much use in holding wine or oil for the sacrifices of the temple. It was long enough and large enough for Diogenes to lie in it at full length, and he kept house in it, so to speak. As Diogenes was a Greek philosopher who lived about 470 B.C., and wrote a work on *Nature*, it is interesting to note his philosophy of life at that early period in the world's history. When he went to Athens he visited and studied with Antisthenes, the founder of a society of philosophers called "Cynics"—the Greek word meaning "like a dog"—the members being severely democratic, despising the riches and arts of life. Diogenes dressed in the coarsest of clothing, and accustomed himself to endure all sorts of hardships: in order to be able to bear both heat and cold, he rolled himself in the hot sand in summer, and in winter embraced statues covered with snow. His whim of living in an old discarded jar was not his whim alone. The poor are said to have used such vessels for dwellings before and after his time. Diogenes would often walk out in mid-day with a lighted lantern, peering round as if looking for something, and when questioned would answer gravely: "I am searching for an honest man." One morning Alexander the Great saw him sitting in his tub in the sunshine, and in an arrogant tone said: "I am Alexander the Great." The philosopher curtly replied: "I am Diogenes the cynic." Alexander inquired if he could do him any service. "Yes," said Diogenes, "don't stand between me and the sun." Alexander, much surprised, remarked: "If I were not Alexander, I would be Diogenes." The philosopher was once captured by pirates, and offered for sale as a slave in the market in Crete. Some buyer asked him what he could do. "I can govern men," was his prompt reply, "and should be sold to some one who wants a master."

WORTHINGTON HAREBELL
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

HISTORIC AND SOCIAL JOTTINGS

The coming Columbian Exposition has now assumed proportions that the wildest stretch of imagination could hardly have anticipated a few months ago. The nation is deeply involved in its success, and the whole world is vigorously preparing to participate in its developments. Even in prospect it is vividly bringing to the front in every variety of pictorial and written language the knowledge that was possessed by the early discoverers of this western continent; and the extraordinary enthusiasm that is pervading every class of society, from ocean to ocean, is but the simple and eloquent expression of American intelligence and appreciation. The light which is being turned on to illuminate the centuries gone by will shine into the future with a brilliancy little anticipated by the projectors of this gigantic celebration.

Patriotism is a simple but very musical word of four syllables. The small boy defined it as "loving me-self lots," and when its meaning was carefully explained to him, he asked wonderingly and innocently, "isn't me-self me-country?" It may be that children of mature growth sometimes misplace self in their estimate of services for the public welfare; possibly have learned the little couplet by heart at some period of their early education:

> "Be self your first and greatest care,
> From all reproach the darling spare,"

and unify themselves so completely with their country as to lose the power to distinguish the relative magnitudes of the two ingredients. Heroism is consciousness of might. Patriotism is the use of power for the defense of country irrespective of self-interest. It is love in its highest and best sense, directed to the noblest of all objects. In the language of one of our greatest divines, "we are thrilled with a presentiment of the wider years and vaster ages of American history that are surely forward of us, and that in serious measure are to be determined in their character and in the quality of their pressure upon the world at large by living Americans. Civilization now has moved clear to the sunset. There remains no longer any new continent westward whither we can retreat in defeat, and try the experiment of civil liberty over again. All the world is congregating here, and the world's battles are to be fought to the finish here. A live American helps to make American history. A true American patriot helps to belt the globe with a better civilization. There is no work like that done at the constraint of long motives. Great achievement, like good sailing, is on the line of the great circles."

Patriotism should at this crisis take firm and ruling possession of every heart. It means more this year to be an American than ever before in our history. Things depreciate in the human mind in the ratio of the forgetfulness of their cost. It is well to brush up one's knowledge of American history; to become familiar with the country in its deep sleep of *unconsciousness*, when no voice disturbed its silence but that of the bird, the savage and the storm. What of those bold navigators who ventured in the vast un-

known? Compare that early picture with the sweeping inundation of population, civilization and commerce, and note the terrific energies that have been at work for four hundred years! Look at the great Chicago Exposition, if you please, in all its magnificence! You have the two views thus placed in juxtaposition—the successive glimpses of one continuous history—an eloquent and impressive lesson.

It is not enough that the schools are devoting more time and attention this year to American history than ever before. Every community and clique in the land should take it up in its literary and historical societies and clubs, if it has any, or in its social circles. The patriotic organizations of men and women should look to this, and show by their activity and usefulness that they are really what they claim to be, patriotic. If they wish to honor the founders of the country, now is their opportunity. If they wish America, their own beautiful country, to hold its proud place among the nations of the earth, now is the time to lend their influence, their efforts, and their material aid. We live under the only government that ever existed which was framed by the unrestrained and deliberate consultations of the people. We are reminded that we are in the presence of a commanding past. History is but a series of tales of men and women, says one. Yet not to know even such tales places us at great disadvantage, says another. Natural abilities, be they ever so great, will always do better with information. The true spirit of patriotism forces its way to recognition and commands attention through its magnificent accomplishments. Organizations can always do more than individuals. In this great tide of patriotism sweeping over the country let there be no friction, no heart-burnings, no jealousies; let organizations unite in one common cause. There is a larger incentive in a consolidated community and much greater enthusiasm than several communities can produce in themselves. The spirit of love and brotherhood is the genuine outcome of patriotism.

Columbus is beginning to rise before us more real and extraordinary than when we responded to the all-important question in childhood, "Who discovered America?" As ordinarily instructed what primary pupil has any possible interest in Columbus or his discovery? A New York school-teacher vouches for the following as a bona-fide composition written by an eleven-year-old boy in a Harlem grammar school, entitled "Columbus."

"Columbus discovered America in 1492 October 12.

The people was going to drowned Columbus when they did not see no land he had three voyages.

They tooked three days and three nights to go to America.

Columbus discovered america as far as Columbus Avenue he could not go no farther."

The voyages of Columbus teem with romance and never-failing interest, and we trust the author of the above quotation has ere this learned something concerning them to touch his heart and memory and show him that it was no commonplace event that made the existence of New York and Columbus avenue possible. The time is drawing near when the advent of Columbus is to be celebrated in all the schools of all the states. What sort of compositions will the boys and girls write after that? Will not the teachers give them a few extra lessons in advance, and make them understand the significance of the occasion and the bearing of the discovery of America upon the progress of the world? Any child of eleven years is old enough to appreciate the magnitude of the first voyage, when nothing whatever was known of the size of the earth and the perils of ocean sailing.

Emilio Castelar, the famous scholar and orator of Spain, occupant of the chair of history and philosophy for many years at Madrid, who has written so ably and well of Columbus in the *Century*, says, "When Columbus, greatest of discoverers, appears in an era when the intellects of men are ripening, and when mind and nature are becoming reconciled under the influence of religious and scientific reformation, his personality stands out in such exact proportions, drawn in colors so bright that it can never be confounded with another, or be hidden behind the glamourous mists that hang around other prominent historic characters, who, less fortunate, have never, with all their worth, risen so high as Columbus rose, nor won what he won—universal remembrance and recognition. I attribute the historical good fortune of this portentous hero to his martyrdom; or, in other words, to the virtue and efficacy involved in the nature of suffering. That persistent struggle of the discoverer with superstition, prior to his wonderful success, and that other struggle, after his wonderful success, with his own errors and with ingratitude encircled his brow with a crown of thorns, of which every barb that pierced his temples while he lived became at his death a shining ray of glory."

Alluding to the fabulous aspects of the career of Columbus, Emilio Castelar says, "I attribute the exceptional treatment of Columbus to the fact that discoveries and discoverers exert a potent influence upon the imagination; and yet they hold a lesser place in popular history than statesmen or warriors. How much more important would it be to know who invented the flour-mill than to know who won the battle of Arbela! The fact is that, comparing the volumes devoted to statecraft and to war with those treating of labor and industry, one is astounded and dismayed at the incredible disproportion. I can understand why this should have been so in ages when manual toil was considered degrading, and when trade, relegated to the common sort, who were politically debarred from coping with the patrician classes, was despised. But even in our day, transcendently the age of labor and of industry, while the names of great commanders are borne on the world-wide wings of fame, those of discoverers fall with the utmost ease into ungrateful oblivion. For one Galvani, one Franklin, one Daguerre, one Edison who has spread his renown among all classes and stamped an invention forever with his name, what a vast number of unremembered or unknown glories! The peoples of the future will not be so ungrateful. Without the astrolabe, invented by the Arab schools of Cordova and Seville for the study of the heavens; without the science of algebra, so greatly facilitating the labor of calculation; without the mariner's compass, which fixes a sure point to guide the bark lost in the infinitude of sky and sea; without the printing-press, which within a short half-century after its invention had already become a potent auxiliary to the development of the human intellect; the discovery of the New World—itself the logical result of a slow but sure evolution, wrought out in successive stages like all great human achievements, and not by sudden chance—could never have taken place."

BOOK NOTICES

MEMORIAL HISTORY OF UTICA, NEW YORK, FROM ITS SETTLEMENT TO THE PRESENT TIME. Edited by M. M. BAGG, M.D. Royal octavo, pp. 736. Syracuse, New York, 1892: D. Mason & Co.

It is well known that Dr. Bagg wrote, some seventeen years ago, the only history of the city of Utica that has heretofore appeared in print, and it is pleasant to find that he has incorporated much of that interesting material, in an abbreviated form, into this more extended and handsome volume. The early history of Utica is exceedingly interesting. Dr. Bagg begins with old Fort Schuyler and "Cosby's manor," which formed a part of what was known as German flats in Montgomery county, and introduces the procession of settlers coming from New England and elsewhere. The growth of the little town was slow for many years, but substantial at every step. In 1789 arrived one of the most remarkable men that new countries are apt to produce, Peter Smith, the father of the celebrated Gerrit Smith, and he first bought for himself a log-house with a few pounds of Bohea tea. By the year 1798 Utica had become a pretty village of some fifty houses, which stood mostly on a single street parallel to the river. In the spring of this year it received a new christening, with a village charter. Dr. Bagg says that Rev. Timothy Dwight, D.D., president of Yale College, visited the place that summer, and wrote of it: "Utica is built on the spot where Fort Schuyler formerly stood. Its site is the declivity of the hill which bounds the valley of the Mohawk, and here slopes easily and elegantly to the river. The houses (about fifty) stand almost all on a single street. The settlers are almost wholly traders and mechanics, and it is said that their business has already become considerable. Their expectations of future prosperity are raised to the highest pitch, and not a doubt is entertained that this village will at no great distance of time become the emporium of all the commerce carried on between the ocean and a vast interior. They labor (however) under one serious disadvantage. The lands on which they live are chiefly owned by persons who reside at a distance, and who refuse to sell or to rent them, except on terms which are exorbitant."

In April, 1805, the second village charter was granted to Utica, and Dr. Bagg traces the growth and development of the place until it received its third village charter in 1824, and was triumphantly incorporated into a city in 1832. The influence of the Erie Canal upon the progress and prosperity of Utica is clearly shown. We have in this excellent and well-prepared volume what may truthfully be called the biography of Utica, irrespective of the numerous biographies of its principal men with which the work abounds. Many citizens of Utica bore a conspicuous part in the civil war, not least among whom was Governor Horatio Seymour, whose portrait and an extended biography grace the volume. The schools, churches, financial institutions, the courts, charities, libraries, manufactures, street railways, and whatever is involved in the healthful development of such a city, finds a place in Dr. Bagg's narrative. The fifteenth chapter is entitled "The Press," and opens with the earliest newspaper issue of Utica, the *Whitestone Gazette*, commenced in July, 1793, a copy of which—its initial number—is in possession of the Oneida Historical Society; Dr. Bagg then gives a general account of all the principal Utica newspapers down to date. The chapter on the "Bench and the Bar of Utica" is perhaps one of the most readable and valuable in the volume, the sketches of Chief Justice Joshua A. Spencer, Judge William I. Bacon, Roscoe Conkling, Judge Greene C. Bronson, and many others, having been ably and discriminatingly written. Part I. contains the narrative history of Utica in 632 pages. Part II. embraces 94 pages devoted to brief biographical sketches. The work contains some fifty-five steel-plate portraits of Utica's prominent men, and other illustrations of interest. The work is, as a whole, a most valuable contribution to the history of the state of New York.

THE OLD SOUTH. Essays, Social and Political. By THOMAS NELSON PAGE. Pp. 344. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1892.

Mr. Page's stories and essays have within a few years won him an enviable reputation as a writer for the magazines, and no doubt the present volume, in which eight of the best of them are issued in book form, will be favorably received by the public. Several of the essays here collected were, as the author informs us, delivered as addresses before literary societies, and to use his own words, "revision has not wholly availed to clear them from the rhetoric which insensibly crept into them." One and all, they have to do more or less with that "Old South" of former days, which will be remembered as the feudal period of American history. Mr. Page is very strong in descriptive power. His pictures of plantation life in its best phases are altogether charming; and even a New-Englander cannot but recognize their beauty. Such a reader, however, cannot help reflecting when

told that the "Old South" has lain long under a misapprehension, that such misapprehensions are almost common property. Yankee and Fire-eater alike are convinced that their respective sections are misunderstood and misrepresented. So probably it will be till the end of the chapter; but generations are growing up now that are far more catholic in tastes and more temperate in judgment than were those who faced one another in battle thirty years ago. There were vital and irreconcilable differences then between the social systems of Virginia and Massachusetts, but they have drawn nearer together now, and another half century will see perhaps only friendly rivalries like those that subsist to-day on English cricket fields between Lancashire and York. Such writers as Miss Wilkins and Mr. Page can do much to remove the asperities of the past, but neither can reasonably hope that the other will admit wilful misrepresentation as among the sins of their forefathers.

A STUDENT'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND. From the Earliest Times to 1885. By SAMUEL RAWSON GARDINER. Crown 8vo, pp. 1023. Three volumes complete in one, with 378 illustrations. Longmans, Green & Co., London and New York. 1892.

This work is intended for schools where the pupils already have an elementary knowledge of the main facts of English history, and it is excellent in every respect. It is much more comprehensive than most books of its class, and is so skillfully and clearly written, and made withal so interesting, that any student of average ability may read it for itself, not merely as a text-book. It is brought down to 1885, though the last eleven years, from 1874, is little more than a terse record of facts, omitting any expression of the author's views. A word should be said of the illustrations, which are remarkably good, while in order to secure the best portraits of famous men and women the historian has sought and obtained permission to reproduce many paintings held in private collections. Two such portraits are engraved from pictures in Queen Victoria's gallery at Windsor Castle, with her permission, while Earl Spencer, the Earl of Essex, the Earl of Carlisle, the Earl of Warwick, and a number of other noblemen and gentlemen have contributed from their collections. The absence of maps in the volume is compensated by the preparation of a *School Atlas of English History*, edited by Mr. Gardiner himself and intended as a companion to this work, which contains, in addition to historic maps of the British Isles, many of continental countries, or districts connected more or less closely with English history.

THE LIFE OF THOMAS PAINE. With a History of his Literary, Political, and Religious Career in America, France, and England. By MONCURE D. CONWAY. Two volumes 8vo, pp. 380, 489. New York; London, 1892: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

"There has been a sad absence of magnanimity among eminent historians and scholars in dealing with Paine," says Mr. Conway in his preface to these volumes, adding the forcible words: "In writing the *Life of Paine* I have not been saved much labor by predecessors in the same field. The interest that led me to the subject has increased at every step: the story has abounded in thrilling episodes and dramatic surprises." Mr. Conway's enthusiasm in any literary undertaking, as well as his freedom from partisan prejudice, is well known, and he has produced a biography creditable alike to the author and the enlightened age in which we live. It has been a difficult and a very laborious task to get at the historical truth about Paine, and place him before the world as he really was. As a part of Paine's unhappy destiny, it would seem that the calumnies of his enemies formed public opinion concerning him. Yet he did not owe all his misfortunes to such malice or the apathy of friends. With all his political and financial ability, he evidently had not the capacity to administer his own affairs wisely, that is, according to purely worldly standards. He might have laid the foundations of a handsome fortune with the profits of his famous pamphlet *Common Sense*, but he chose to make a virtual gift of it to this country. The result was, that after more than two hundred thousand copies had been sold he found himself indebted to the publisher. He did not understand human nature, or he would have known better than to put dependence upon public gratitude. He really believed that it was unnecessary to make any provision for his own future, and that the people he had helped to save would take care of him. What must have been the thoughts of Washington's friend and companion at Valley Forge when, a few years after "the time that tried men's souls," he found himself hooted and pelted in the very vicinity of Trenton? Mr. Conway gives a graphic sketch of Paine's early life and Quaker training in England, and shows its influence upon his subsequent career. "He was born in a time semi-barbaric at its best, and savage at its worst. When he was a lad the grand gentlemen who purloined parks and mansions from the Treasury were sending children to the gallows for small thefts instigated by hunger. In his thirteenth year Paine might have seen the execution of Amy Hutchinson (ten miles away), aged seventeen, for poisoning her husband—'her face and hands smeared with tar and having a garment daubed with pitch; after a short prayer

the executioner strangled her, and twenty minutes after the fire was kindled and burnt half an hour.' Against the prevailing savagery a human protest was rarely heard outside the Quaker meeting." Paine himself says. in some of his casual reminiscences: "My parents were not able to give me a shilling beyond what they gave me in education. My father being of the Quaker profession, it was my good fortune to have an exceeding good moral education. The natural bent of my mind was to science. I happened when a school-boy to pick up a pleasing natural history of Virginia, and my inclination from that day of seeing the western side of the Atlantic never left me."

Paine came to America a few years before the Revolution. He had a letter from Franklin to Franklin's son-in-law, Richard Bache, and was not slow to make his way. He soon wrote his *Common Sense*, which, as Barlow afterward declared, "gave spirit and resolution to the Americans, who were then wavering and undetermined, to assert their rights." Barlow further said, though with no little exaggeration, that the cause "owed as much to the pen of Paine as to the sword of Washington." Mr. Conway reminds us that Paine's assistance to the cause was great in other ways. He not only enlisted and went into battle, but wrote some eighteen pamphlets that sold by the thousand, and gave the copyrights to the country. In securing the aid given by France, Paine also had a large share. But Paine had no worldly prudence. Wherever he saw a wrong he attacked it, and he let the consequences take care of themselves. Of course, this made him enemies, and tended to blight his career, a career which might be described as a career of making and then throwing away brilliant opportunities. It was not possible for the author of *The Rights of Man* and *The Age of Reason* to avoid persecution or to live a happy life. The British government hated him, and stirred up the clergy to pursue him with rancor. In France he was handicapped by his ignorance of the language; and he entirely missed the deep significance of the true Christian doctrine of the sacrifice of Christ. He thought himself a reformer, and like all reformers overestimated the value of his own religious opinions. Yet his life is full of pathos, and his philanthropy was genuine. Mr. Conway has performed his task conscientiously and impartially, presenting a collection of facts that tell their own stories, and he is to be congratulated on his vigorous industry in seeking rare data and for the genuine excellence of this elaborate work.

THE KANSAS CONFLICT. By CHARLES ROBINSON, ex-Governor of Kansas. 12mo, pp. 487. New York: Harper Brothers. 1892.

Following closely upon Thayer's *Kansas Crusade*, and indeed dedicated to the author of that work, comes what may be regarded perhaps as the most important, if not the concluding, personal history of that remarkable struggle. Ex-Governor Robinson gives two reasons for writing his experiences—first. the solicitations of friends, and, secondly, his own conviction that no one has yet written a true history of the Free State party. The author is a man of strong personality, a born leader, and does not hesitate upon occasion to denounce the acts even of John Brown himself. "Had the pioneers of Kansas," he says, "failed to make her a free state. slavery to-day would have been national and freedom sectional" The statement is rather startling, but may very probably have a considerable grain of truth in it. Certain it is that in the Kansas conflict the dominant party, as it then existed, met its first serious check, and the Civil War that followed was the direct sequel of the "free soil" campaign. Governor Robinson's style is admirably adapted to his narrative, and his account of those half-forgotten days will prove most interesting to any one who may care to read of genuine pioneer life from the hand of a man who had a leading part therein.

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF WILLIAM LOWNDES YANCEY. By JOHN WITHERSPOON DUBOSE. Octavo, pp. xvi + 752. Birmingham, Alabama: Roberts & Son. 1892.

Political Parties, 1834-1864, is the side-cover title of this handsome octavo, which bears within the imprint, somewhat unfamiliar to northern readers, of an Alabama publishing house. It is an evidence of the awakening enterprise of the New South that such a work can be issued with a not unreasonable confidence in a remunerative demand from collectors of important contributions to our political history. During the momentous decade that preceded the Civil War, the name of William L Yancey was a synonym at the South for patriotic statesmanship, and at the North—at least among the anti-slavery element—for all that was most objectionable in southern partisanship. The period covered by his active public life included the inception and culmination of those great sectional interests that have resulted in a union of states more powerful, and probably more enduring, than any that has ever before existed under a popular form of government. The author has naturally surveyed his field of work with a mind somewhat predisposed in favor of the southern view of the questions involved, and doubtless there may be many among his readers who will be inclined to take issue with him, where—as must always be the case in questions touching international interests—facts, authorities, and conclusions are alike in dispute. Mr. DuBose has manifestly devoted many years of

laborious study and research to the preparation of the work in hand, and from first to last he evinces a desire to be fair, even when, as in the great questions touching the sovereignty of states, the march of events has decided against him. With these phases of his work, however, we need not concern ourselves. The volume is a biography, and as such will no doubt stand forever as an authority to which students may confidently refer for information on matter not elsewhere to be found in such convenient shape.

A brief sketch of Mr. Yancey may serve to indicate the important bearing that his life had on the events of his time. On his father's side he was of Welsh descent, four brothers having immigrated to Virginia in 1642. His mother, Caroline Bird, was of the prominent Virginian family of that name. He was born in Warren county, Georgia, August 10, 1814, and died at Montgomery, Alabama, July 27, 1863, just as it began to be evident, even to the most sanguine of the southern leaders, that the confederate cause was hopeless. Like nearly all young Southerners of talent and fortune, he early saw that politics offered the most attractive career, and that the law was the path that led naturally in that direction. His early manhood saw the rise and fall of the nullification heresy in South Carolina, and in 1841 he was elected to the legislature of Alabama, where he at once took an active part in the affairs of the day and laid the foundation of his fame as an orator. In 1844 Mr. Yancey was elected to congress, and from that time forward was identified with national affairs, and became more than any one man the recognized leader of the southern movement which resulted in the secession of the slave states and the disastrous war that desolated the South and ended negro slavery in the great American republic.

Mr. Yancey's career is full of meaning for the young men of our time. His speeches, here reported in their more noteworthy passages, present the argument for secession in its most seductive shape; and were it not for the inexorable verdict of defeat it might well seem to the interested reader that the success of the South was a foregone conclusion—a logical necessity. The reading of Mr. Yancey's life does not afford quite the education that one would select for a young American of the present day, but, taken in connection with the disastrous failure of the cause that he so ably championed, it should teach a lesson of patriotism on both sides of the line that was once so deeply dyed with the best blood of the land.

OCEAN STEAMSHIPS: A Popular Account of their Construction, Development, Management, and Appliances. By F. E. CHADWICK, U.S.N.; J. D. J. KELLY, U.S.N.; RIDGLEY HUNT, U.S.N.; JOHN H. GOULD, WILLIAM H. RIDEING, A. E. SEATON. With ninety-six illustrations. 8vo, pp. 298. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

The value of such a work as the one before us is too apparent to need any special words of commendation. The volume has been designed for the general reader, and its information on a subject of the first interest will be welcomed all over the land. The chapters embrace such conspicuous features of the theme as "The Development of the Steamship"; "Speed in Ocean Steamers"; "The Building of an Ocean Greyhound"; "Ocean Passenger Travel"; "The Ship's Company"; "Safety on the Atlantic"; "The Ocean Steamship as a Freight Carrier"; and "Steamship Lines of the World." The illustrations are very effective in style and subject, and contribute largely to the pleasure and instruction of the student. The region of ice and its perils, for instance, is forcibly shown by a picture of a vessel among the icebergs; while the text discloses the source of field ice, the chief origin of the bergs, and the months when they are the most likely to appear. The earnest scholar will find himself within reach of a mine of important knowledge as he turns these handsome pages, particularly if he intends to make the tour of the world at any time in the future.

JAMES II.
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HISTORIC HOMES AND LANDMARKS

WHITE PLAINS IN THE REVOLUTION

CENTRALLY located between the beautiful Hudson river on the one side and Long Island sound on the other, less than a dozen miles above the present city limits of the metropolis of the western continent, is a picturesque village that will always hold an honored place in American history. It is built on rolling land, with broad streets, and spacious gardens and grounds about its pretty dwellings, and is surrounded with hills of all sizes and shapes which have echoed to martial music and the roar of embattled hosts, and its whole surface is shaded more or less with venerable trees that might tell of many a heroic deed, if gifted with speech. It was the arena of some very important events in the early part of the Revolution touching the whole future of our country, and while very little for popular information has ever been published about the place, its name and its thrilling associations are well known to all historical scholars.

The aggressive measures of the British government which provoked the colonies into resistance form no part of the concern of this paper. The war had actually begun. The year 1775 had come and gone. The year 1776, one of the most romantic and remarkable years for its sequence of civil wonders in the history of the world, was rolling by. The greatest of all these civil wonders was the critical step from the past into the untried future through which the American colonies entered into the business of founding and governing a nation for themselves. Naturally, the public mind was intensely strained and apprehensive because of the undefined features of the new life in prospect, and the obstacles to be overcome in securing it. Never was there a community more blunderingly misapprehended than New York at this juncture. She stood out alone, as it were, a distinct character among the colonies. Possessing a certain vital force acquired unconsciously through ceaseless contentions with royal edicts, and with moderation, inflexibility, and an inherited predilection for republicanism, she instituted and conducted a self-organized government side by side with that of the king, from the birth of the

famous committee of "Fifty One," in the spring of 1774, until the final overthrow of British power. Lieutenant-Governor Colden wrote despairingly to Dartmouth: "You will not be surprised to hear that committees and congresses are established here and acting with all the confidence and authority of a local government. It is not possible to prevent such measures; they are supported by individuals in their private characters, and do not come within the energy of the laws." New York encountered difficulties which had no parallel in any of the other colonies, yet it should be remembered that a responsible body was constantly in session which represented the people; whenever this local congress adjourned, for however short a time, a committee of safety delegated from its members managed affairs in the interim. Among the leaders were trained jurists who understood the English laws, and who could boast of an ancestry which had proven to the world that a small people under great discouragements could found a republic. In their elections they were scrupulously careful that all power should *visibly and actually* come from the people.

The British ministry regarded New York as the geographical and financial backbone of the rebellion, and resorted to every possible device for breaking it. George III. was amazed when told that the sessions of the revolutionary New York congress were opened and closed with prayer by the leading clergymen of the city, those of the Episcopal church officiating as well as those of other denominations! He knew that New York had more at stake in the contest than either New England or Virginia, without realizing that she was much better prepared through generations of schooling in the methods of government to cope with British power. He was confident of crushing New York into subjection, but at that very moment her daring sons were preparing to make the age illustrious in defiance of his authority. As the time drew near for the momentous decision of independency, the New York members of the continental congress were doubtful about the powers that had been conferred upon the third New York congress in the matter of qualifying them to act for the province on the serious question of the total dissolution of all ties with the mother country: John Jay advocated implicit obedience to the popular will, and with rare legal acumen pointed out the breakers ahead if they should exceed the authority in them vested. On the motion of John Jay, June 11, the New York congress called for a new election of deputies, who should have full powers for administering the government, framing a constitution for New York, and deciding for her the great question of the hour. This election, turning on the pivot of independency, occurred on June 19, and nearly all the former members were returned; its object was

THE VILLAGE OF WHITE PLAINS FROM CHATTERTON HILL, 1892.

to give free scope to the latest wishes of the New York voters, and it was called and conducted with the knowledge that the British were already in possession of the harbor, that Canada was teeming with military preparations, and that the shadow of a great horror was hanging over the defenseless northern frontiers of the province with its countless savage warriors—when, indeed, the public fever was at its highest ebb in view of expectant calamity. Without ceremony and with great secrecy, on Saturday, June 30, the very day that the British landed on Staten Island, the treasurer and secretary of the new congress (or convention, as it was called), Peter Van Brugh Livingston and Robert Benson, conveyed its money and its papers to White Plains, where it was thought best for it to hold its sessions for a time.

White Plains was then a part of the township of Rye; it was a tract which had been purchased from the Indians in 1683, and derived its name

from the white balsam tree which grew there in great abundance. Its soil was rich and its inland situation delightful. Its area was about eight and one-half square miles. The Bronx river bathed its western boundary, and its sweet-scented fields had attracted prospecting farmers and caused its early improvement and settlement. Branches of many of the ancient families of Rye planted homes within its limits—nearly all of its original settlers were of the educated class. As early as 1697 it had a broad, level street laid out, a mile or more in length, then named and still known as Broadway, which rivaled in its proportions the far-famed streets that characterized the New England villages in those historic times. So rapidly did the population increase that in 1725 White Plains elected its own town officers, and assumed the care of its own public affairs, although it was not constituted a town by law until 1788. The first minister was Rev. John Walton, a Yale graduate, who bought an extensive farm partly bordering on Broadway, from which he donated about three-quarters of an acre as a site for the first Presbyterian church, which was built in 1727. He was a man of marvelous activity, preaching on Sundays and devoting the rest of the week to divers secular enterprises.

A school-house had been in existence so long that it was old in 1737, and a new one was built. In 1749 Dr. Robert Graham, a young physician of genius, came to dwell in White Plains from Woodbury, Connecticut. He was the son of Rev. John Graham, a Scotch clergyman, whose father was the marquis of Montrose, and he was probably a brother of the James Graham who was the first recorder of the city of New York, in 1683, and subsequently attorney-general of the province, speaker of the assembly, and a stirring member of the royal governor's council. Dr. Graham bought a farm in White Plains and at once became interested in whatever concerned the welfare of the town, and through his energy, public spirit, and learning he was for more than thirty years the ruling spirit in all matters of common interest. It was chiefly through his efforts that the county courts were removed to White Plains from Westchester in 1759, and he gave the land on which the first court-house was erected in Broadway. He also built the first country store in the town, which stood for more than half a century opposite the old court-house; and he stocked it, and must have watched with intense satisfaction the uses made of it by the farmers of the region who came to sell their produce, and then loitered to gossip and discuss the politics of the period. Dr. Graham was a member of the New York congress, as were also Stephen Ward, and Major Ebenezer Lockwood of White Plains.

The old court-house had been well dedicated to liberty prior to July 9,

THE SECOND COURT-HOUSE, WHITE PLAINS.

[*Built on the site of the first court-house and stood until about* 1872.]

1776 when the fourth New York congress assembled under its roof. Judge Isaac Newton Mills, in his eloquent address on July 9, 1892, one hundred and sixteen years later, said: "All the more important meetings of the patriots of this county had been held there, and the daring and patriotic resolves of those meetings had become widely known throughout all the provinces. On the 11th of April, eight days before the battle of Lexington, the patriot freeholders of Westchester county had assembled within its

walls, and, in spite of a large body of the loyalists headed by the celebrated Isaac Wilkins, had passed bold resolutions and elected delegates to the first provincial congress. Since that date the old court-house had often echoed with the patriotic eloquence of Lewis Morris, Stephen Ward, John Thomas, Jr., and other noted leaders of the Revolutionary party. The edifice, by its associations, traditions, and recent history, was in itself an inspiration to bold, independent, and patriotic action. It was the 'Fanueil Hall,' the 'cradle of liberty,' of Westchester county."

Thirty-eight men of strong character and sound judgment, who represented the Dutch, English, and Huguenot elements of the province, and who were not only well known to the people but not afraid to do their whole duty, comprised the congressional body, and nearly all were present on the hot summer morning of July 9, 1776, at the old court-house, and were called promptly to order by the president, General Nathaniel Woodhull. This brave, generous patriot was then fifty-four years of age, had served as a colonel under Amherst in the French war, 1755–1763, and was many years a member of the New York assembly. His wife was Ruth, sister of William Floyd, an active member of the continental congress, who had just signed the Declaration of Independence. They were children of Nicoll Floyd, grandson of the noted Matthias Nicoll, first secretary of the province of New York. The illustrious John Jay was present, who, it is well said, was "perhaps all in all the most eminent citizen this state has ever had"; also Colonel Pierre van Cortlandt; the two energetic Morrises, Lewis and Gouverneur; two Livingstons, John Sloss Hobart, John McKesson, Major Ebenezer Lockwood, Robert Benson, those mentioned in preceding paragraph, and others whom history delights to honor. The news of the final action of the continental congress at Philadelphia had traveled slowly, for there were no long-reach telephones in those days, and a man on horseback found it a hard road to travel over with celerity from Philadelphia to New York, and then thirty miles further to White Plains. The document was read at the head of each brigade of the army in New York and vicinity that evening (July 9) at the same time and hour that it was read at Nassau Hall, Princeton, which was grandly illuminated for the occasion. The rules of the continental congress were such that its action in declaring independence needed confirmation by the provincial congresses or conventions, and New York has the distinction of being the first among the thirteen colonies to officially adopt the immortal state paper, the confession of faith of a rising empire. It was a solemn moment when John Thomas, Jr., in front of the White Plains court-house, read in a ringing voice these and other impressive words: "Prudence, indeed, will dictate that governments

long established should not be changed for light and transient causes; and accordingly all experience hath shown that mankind are more disposed to suffer, while evils are sufferable, than to right themselves by abolishing the forms to which they are accustomed. But, when a long train of abuses and usurpations, pursuing invariably the same object, evinces a design to reduce them under absolute despotism, it is their right—it is their duty, to throw off such government, and to provide new guards for their future security. . . . We, therefore, the representatives of the United States of America, in general congress assembled, do, in the name, and by the authority of the good people of these colonies, solemnly publish and declare, that these united colonies are, and of right ought to be FREE AND INDEPENDENT STATES; that they are absolved from all allegiance to the British Crown, and that all political connection between them and the state of Great Britain, is, and ought to be, totally dissolved; and that as free and independent states they have full power to levy war, conclude peace, contract alliances, establish commerce, and to do all other acts and things which independent states may of right do. And for the support of this declaration, with a firm reliance on the protection of DIVINE PROVIDENCE, we mutually pledge to each other, our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honor."

It is impossible for us to fully appreciate the courage of these men or the perils they confronted. The bill of rights was before them for humanity at large and for all coming generations, without any exception whatever. They knew its meaning and the train of immediate consequences that it must necessarily involve. And there was no faltering, even while impoverishment and death stared at them from every side. Resolutions of approval were drawn up by a committee of five, with John Jay at the head, and passed without delay, by which the vassal province of New York became a sovereign state. A messenger, seated upon a restless horse, waited at the court-house door for the letter to be written empowering the New York delegates at Philadelphia to vote for the people of New York, and as he rode swiftly away he also bore orders from the convention for the declaration to be proclaimed with beat of drum in every district throughout the new state. This was done from the city hall in Wall street, on the 18th of July, in the most public manner, and in the very face of the enemy's guns; and at the same time the king's coat-of-arms was brought from the court-room and burned, amid the most rapturous applause.

There is a curious irony in these facts. New York has for one hundred and sixteen years given them so little attention that they have buried themselves, so to speak, from public view, as if to aid, with incomparable

READING OF THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE AND BURNING OF THE KING'S COAT-OF-ARMS, BEFORE THE CITY HALL IN WALL STREET, JULY 18, 1776.

[*From Mrs. Lamb's "History of the City of New York."*]

generosity, the other states in commemorating their own glorious deeds. Now they suddenly blossom in the strong light like a revelation, and all the world is shown that New York was not only intensely patriotic as a community, but bold and powerful in the most painful emergency of the conflict.

Events crowded upon and overlapped each other during that never-to-be-forgotten summer of 1776. The city was like a furnace, and there was sickness on every side. Alarms were perpetual. It was confidently rumored that the British intended to "put all to the sword." It was supposed that they would attempt to surround Manhattan Island. The convention in the court-house at White Plains had almost as many conundrums brought to it for solution as Washington himself. Governor William Livingston wrote that the British army "had eaten up all the cattle on Staten Island, and were now killing and barreling the country horses for food"; and the convention ordered General Woodhull to proceed with a troop of horse to places eastward of the British encampment, and, as far as practicable, prevent foraging incursions. Judge Jones, writing contemporaneously from the tory point of view, says: "The rebel army that entered England headed by the Pretender, in 1745, though perfectly undisciplined, were martinets compared to the rebel hosts in New York, who are badly clothed, half armed, and without discipline—such an army of ragamuffins no general ever commanded (the arch-rebel Washington excepted)." From the patriots' point of view was an armada in the bay outnumbering in both ships and men that which Philip II. organized for the invasion of England in 1588, and it was snugly anchored in a safe haven between Sandy Hook and Staten Island, with no possibility of being scattered by any providential storm. Thirty-seven men-of-war and four hundred transports formed a spectacle of surpassing brilliancy. It was currently reported that the British force numbered forty thousand disciplined warriors. What would be their place and mode of attack it were impossible to predict.

White Plains, situated in the very heart of the neutral ground so graphically described by Cooper in *The Spy*, was affected seriously by the arrival of the British army. The tories were numerous, and they were tempted with bounties and became insolent and boastful. Foraging parties of the enemy came into the sound with small vessels to intercept provision-boats, and frequently landed and plundered from the farmers along the coast. Rye suffered severely, but the troubles of Westchester county had only begun. The battle of Long Island occurred on the 27th of August, and there were plenty of people to murmur and complain

because of the results. Disappointment makes men captious. General Howe was not, however, applauded by England for his apparent conquest. Why did he allow an army of nine thousand troops, with all their munitions of war, to retire successfully from a position in front of his victorious legions, so near that ordinary sounds could be distinctly heard? He was himself impressed with the fact that the movement of Washington was conducted with great military skill. There seemed to be little or nothing thereafter to prevent Howe from sailing up both rivers, landing, and extending his lines across Manhattan Island, thereby cooping up the patriots without means of exit even by the sea.

Yet nearly three weeks passed before the British made any further advance, being evidently unwilling to precipitate the destruction of the richest city in America. Washington and his generals decided that it would be folly to attempt to hold New York, and one of the most thrilling chapters of revolutionary history is that which records the evacuation of the city on the 15th of September by the patriot army, and its occupation by the British. The battle of Harlem Heights, which occurred on the next day, was the most important in far-reaching historical results of any fought during the Revolutionary war, for the victory of the patriots in a well-contested action with the flower of the British soldiers gave them confidence in themselves, and very much embarrassed the subsequent movements of the enemy. Howe wrote to the ministry concerning the encampment of Washington on Harlem Heights: "He is too strongly posted to be attacked in front, and innumerable difficulties are in the way of turning him on either side."

The British generals took ample time for consideration, and then made elaborate preparations to throw their army in the rear of Washington by way of Westchester. In the meantime, they published another address to the people, promising pardons and favors to all who would join them and fight under their flag. This cunning scheme gave the congress at White Plains great trouble. Robert R. Livingston wrote from there: "We are constantly engaged in the detection of treasons, yet plots multiply upon us daily, and we have reason every moment to dread an open rebellion." William A. Duer wrote from the same body: "The committee to which I belong make daily fresh discoveries of the infernal practices of our enemies to excite insurrections among the people of New York."

Washington held the lines of interior communication with New England, and the Hudson river, which controlled the approaches to New Jersey and the southern colonies, and he watched and guarded every headland, point, and inlet, along the main land to the east. He was much

in the saddle, visited all these outposts, and explored the entire ridge of hills to the west of the Bronx river as far as White Plains, and beyond, and laid out intrenched camps to be occupied by his troops when Howe should make it necessary. All his movements were dependent on those of the enemy, which were not yet developed, and might change at any moment. On October 11 great activity was observed within the British line: on the 12th that army was in motion. Ships passed up the East river, and flat-bottomed boats with bright scarlet burdens floated upon

THE MILLER HOUSE: WASHINGTON'S HEADQUARTERS AT WHITE PLAINS.

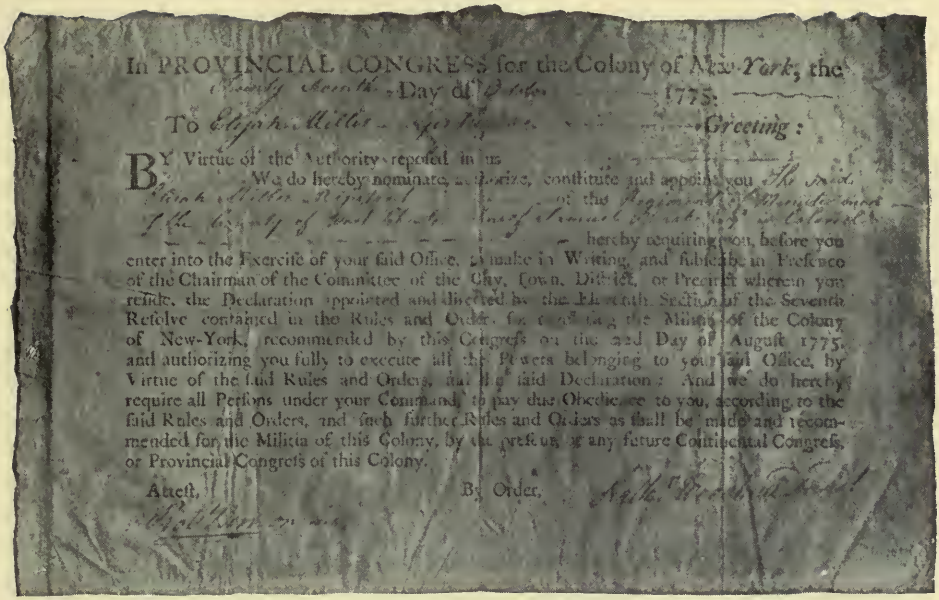
[*The homestead of Elijah Miller, adjutant of Drake's regiment of militia.*]

the bosom of the shining waters. Their first landing-place was at Frog's, or Throg's, Neck, practically a tide island, then connected with the main land by a bridge over a mill-dam, built by Caleb Heathcote in 1695. The patriots were there to receive them: Colonel Edward Hand, with his riflemen, pulled up the planks of the bridge, and Colonel Prescott, of Bunker Hill renown, and his command, from behind breastworks hastily thrown up, resisted every attempt of the enemy to cross. Knyphausen, who was in the lead here with his Hessians, finally fell back and threw up earth-

works. After losing five days of precious time about this point, the British general reëmbarked his troops and effected a landing at Pell's Neck, a few miles above, but they were opposed and worried on their march to Eastchester by Colonel John Glover's brigade, and others, in a sharply contested action. The British halted near New Rochelle on the 18th, with their left on Hutchinson's river, and remained two days for Howe to study the geography of the region and make arrangements to advance with military precision.

Meanwhile Washington's forces were moving north with celerity on the other side of the Bronx, having the advantage of a shorter route: one brigade was folded behind another, dragging guns by hand, and carrying luggage on the shoulder, keeping along the ridge of high ground which Washington had designated, and throwing up a continuous line of intrenchments with each day's progress. Both armies were deficient in the means of transportation. During the whole march to White Plains Howe was hindered by the destruction of bridges, the felling of trees across the roads, the difficulty of obtaining food for his troops, and the dashes upon his outposts by the resolute patriots. It took him longer to overcome these obstructions than it did Washington to throw up stone walls and cover them with earth. His chances for getting across the path of his foe at the north grew less each day. He resumed his march on the 21st, passed New Rochelle to the high ground two miles to the northwest of the village, and then encamped on both sides of the road to Scarsdale, remaining there until his men had drank the wells dry and ate all the mutton in the vicinity. Washington's army was nearly abreast with him on the 21st, and out-marched him and out-maneuvered him by moving on. It was a novel proceeding, these two hostile armies traveling in the same direction, side by side, in those balmy October days. Howe was in a perpetual state of alarm, being in the dark about Washington's exact movements; and all his marching was in solid columns, and all his encampments were well guarded by artillery. Colonel Tilghman, Washington's military secretary, wrote: "We press him close to the sound, from which he has made no westing, in the sea phrase, and if he makes much more easting and endeavors to stretch across, he will need as large an army as that of Xerxes to form a line."

On the 23d Washington was in White Plains. General Heath had arrived there at four o'clock on the morning of the 22d and thrown up a few earthworks on Chatterton hill, the commanding eminence west of the Bronx river, and, leaving troops at that outpost, he had commenced work on the intrenchments for the main army under the direction of a French



In PROVINCIAL CONGRESS for the Colony of New-York, the
Day of 1775.
To Greeting:
BY Virtue of the Authority repofed in us
We do hereby nominate, authorize, conftitute and appoint you
of the
hereby requiring you, before you enter into the Exercife of your faid Office, to make it Writing, and fubfcribe in Prefence of the Chairman of the Committee of the City, Town, Diftrict, or Precinct wherein you reflde, the Declaration appointed and directed by the Eleventh Section of the Seventh Refolve contained in the Rules and Orders for regulating the Militia of the Colony of New-York, recommended by this Congrefs on the 2nd Day of Auguft 1775, and authorizing you fully to execute all the Powers belonging to your faid Office, by Virtue of the faid Rules and Orders, fubfcribing faid Declaration: And we do hereby require all Perfons under your Command, to pay due Obedience to you, according to the faid Rules and Orders, and fuch further Rules and Orders as fhall be made and recommended for the Militia of this Colony, by the prefent or any future Continental Congrefs, or Provincial Congrefs of this Colony.
Atteft, By Order,

FACSIMILE OF THE COMMISSION OF ADJUTANT ELIJAH MILLER, 1775.

engineer, which consisted of a square fort of sods in the principal street, with breastworks on each side, running westerly over the high land to the Bronx, and easterly across the hills to Horton's pond, with covering positions on either flank. Washington's headquarters were established in a house at the foot of a lofty hill, which was then surrounded by dense woods. It was the home of Elijah Miller, adjutant of Colonel James Drake's Westchester regiment of minute men,* a frame building covered with clapboards, with the roof on the southeast front projecting so as to form a pretty portico, the same pattern, architecturally, as many of the country cottages of that period. It is still standing, well preserved, and an object of much historic interest to visitors.

On the 25th General Howe halted at Scarsdale, with his right only four miles from the American lines at White Plains; but he did not even then seem to realize that the whole American army was before him, already

* Miller's commission as adjutant was signed by General Nathaniel Woodhull, president of the New York congress, and dated October 27, 1775. Before the war Miller held a commission as first lieutenant of Captain Fowler's company of foot, Westchester county militia, signed by William Tryon, governor, under King George, of the province of New York, and dated June 25, 1772. Both of these commissions are still extant in good condition, and owned by Mr. F. L. Halsted, of Brooklyn, a descendant of Adjutant Miller. His sword was in existence until a few years ago, when, unfortunately, the silver hilt was taken off, melted up, and made into silver spoons for heirlooms.

faced about and awaiting an attack. He made no further movement of any importance for three days.

The convention at White Plains had information of every move in the military game, and naturally changed its own base of operations to more northern and safer quarters; but not in haste, for it had multifarious duties to perform. Mindful of the danger to which the public records were exposed, lodged in private houses in different parts of the county, a committee was appointed, October 15, to collect and remove them to Kingston, in Ulster county, of whom were William Miller, Theodorus Barton, and John Cozine, who were authorized at the same time to call for a military guard "to attend the said records in their removal," to be delivered to Dirck Wyncoop, Abraham Hasbrouck, and Christopher Tappan, in Kingston. The convention, as far as possible, took care of the live stock, by causing it to be placed in pastures further north, and saved in various ways the agricultural productions of the finely cultivated farms in the county, that the enemy might be deprived of them. On the same 15th of October mentioned above, John Jay obtained leave of absence from the convention to assist in the removal of his aged parents, with their effects, from their home in Rye to a place of safety. On the 19th of October the convention assembled in Fishkill. The majority of the inhabitants of all the towns in the line of the enemy's march vacated their houses and sought temporary refuge in the woods, or among friends in remote localities.

On the morning of the 28th Howe's troops moved forward in grand style, as if expecting to fight a great battle. Sir Henry Clinton and the brave De Heister commanded the two chief divisions. At Hart's corner they drove back a party under Major-General Spencer who had been sent out to delay their progress, and paused on high ground opposite Chatterton hill, within a mile and in open sight of Washington's army between two parallel lines of intrenchments, in order of battle, waiting for them with apparent confidence. Howe carefully measured his chances: should he carry one line there would remain another; if he scaled both, the northern hills would provide for the retreating soldiers—"the rebel army could not be destroyed." When Howe was called before a committee of the House of Commons a few months later to defend his conduct at White Plains, he said: "If the assault had been made, and the lines carried, the enemy would have got off without much loss; and no way had we, that I could ever learn, of cutting off their retreat by the Croton bridge. The ground in their rear was such as they could wish for securing their retreat, which, indeed, seemed to be their particular object."

THE HISTORIC MITCHELL HOUSE:
ADJOINING AND OVERLOOKING THE SITE OF THE OLD COURT-HOUSE.*
[*From a photograph made July* 9, 1892.]

But having come so far, the great general must do something; thus he ordered four thousand warriors to dislodge the little command from its position on Chatterton hill. His main body, as well as that of Washington, looked on as spectators. The red-coated division waded through the Bronx, and ascended the rocky steep through a deadly shower of bullets

* The Mitchell house was built in the early part of this century by Minott Mitchell, and is a relic of the period when domestic architecture was in a transition state, neither colonial nor modern, yet partaking of the elements of both.

from above. Artillery on either side was useless, as the British guns could not be elevated, nor the American depressed for an efficient fire. The conflict was too unequal to be long sustained; the assailants numbered six times as many as the defenders of the little outpost, who performed their duty satisfactorily to the commander-in-chief. The wonder is that, without the support of defensive works, and with the British climbing the hill at several points, they were not cut off entirely from the main body of the army; but McDougall conducted them safely over the Bronx bridge and by the road to the American lines. The acquisition of the hill was of no consequence to Howe. It really enfeebled him, by dividing his forces. No attempt was made to pursue McDougall; but the tired conquerors prepared dinner, to do which they tore down and burned a barn belonging to John Hunt. The next morning it rained. Howe watched the skies, waiting for fair weather. Washington spent the day in removing the sick and his stores to the hills some two miles north in his rear, where he was also throwing up strong fortifications, the traces of which may yet be seen. The 30th was unfavorable for Howe's progress and favorable for Washington's plans. On the morning of the 31st there was another drenching rain, which gave Howe a valid excuse for inactivity. That night Washington silently "swung back" to the new position he had prepared, where the enemy could not approach him without certain defeat. Howe saw that he was completely out-generaled by the commander of the forces whom his associates in arms had so contemptuously ridiculed. He gave orders for the occupation of the lines from which the Americans had withdrawn, but another pouring rain interposed, and the project was abandoned. At a later hour in the day, however—November 1—the Hessian grenadiers were moved from Chatterton hill to the deserted lines in the village. All day on Saturday, November 2, the belligerent armies remained passive, looking at each other, within long cannon shot. In the night time the British lighted up a vast number of fires, some on the level ground, some at the foot of the hills, and some on the tops which seemed to mix with the stars. The American sentries heard the rumbling sound of carriages to the southeast on Saturday night, and again on Sunday night, November 3, which was supposed to be that of moving artillery. On Monday night, November 4, the entire encampment of the British was broken up, and in the early morning of Tuesday, November 5, the whole of Howe's army was on its march towards Dobbs Ferry and New York.

About twelve o'clock that night, the glare of a conflagration in the village of White Plains illuminated the skies, and shocked Washington in his camp as well as the inhabitants of the surrounding country, for the

HOWITZER PEEPING FROM AN EARTHWORK, AT WHITE PLAINS, 1892.

historic court-house was being converted into dust and ashes; also the Presbyterian church and several dwellings, including that of Dr. Robert Graham. The torch had been applied by a scouting party of the Americans, without orders, and under the singular delusion, as afterwards expressed, that it "would strike terror into the tories." Washington condemned the act in severest terms. The second court-house in White Plains, of which we give a picture, was subsequently built upon the same site. Washington left White Plains on Sunday, November 10, to take command of the divisions of his army that had already crossed the Hudson, and he was presently engaged in the disastrous retreat through the Jerseys.

The fair fields, the foliage, and the flowers of White Plains to-day do not suggest the sites of battles and the munitions of war. Yet in driving along its principal street the visitor's attention is attracted by the remains of a strong earthwork, bearing an old revolutionary howitzer *en barbette*, near the site of the first meeting-house—upon which has gracefully arisen a worthy modern successor—and the relics of fortifications are to be seen in many other places not far away. It can never be forgotten that White Plains was a town of soldiers as well as statesmen, at a momentous crisis in American history. Almost all the distinguished men of the Revolution were associated with White Plains in one way or another. The military characters that loom up before us in the foreground are peculiarly interesting. Many of those who subsequently became famous were young in

1776. Alexander Hamilton was but nineteen—a slight, boyish-looking youth to command an artillery company. Aaron Burr, the aide of General Putnam, was only twenty. Samuel B. Webb, Washington's private secretary, who was wounded at White Plains, was twenty-three. Benjamin Tallmadge was a brilliant young brigade-major of twenty-two, under General Wadsworth. William Hull, afterwards governor of Michigan, was then twenty-three, and a captain in Colonel Charles Webb's regiment, participating in the fight on Chatterton hill. Colonel Hand, who figured with so much bravery on the march, was thirty-two, of fine martial figure, and one of the best horsemen in the army; after the war he was a member of congress, and his name is affixed to the Pennsylvania constitution of 1790. Knox, the artillery colonel, although brave as a lion, or any braver thing, was only twenty-six, and fresh from a Boston bookstore. General Heath, the born organizer, who was an officer of parade and discipline, breathing the very spirit of control, was not yet forty, nor corpulent nor bald-headed as yet; and General Parsons, the Lyme lawyer and military genius, who divided with the untiring Wadsworth the honor of commanding the flower of the Connecticut soldiery, was only thirty-nine. General McDougall, the hero of Chatterton hill, had just rounded his forty-fifth year; after the war he was elected to congress, was in the New York senate, and became the first president of the New York Society of the Cincinnati. Lord Stirling was fifty, and had the most martial appearance of any general in the army save Washington himself, was quick-witted, far-seeing, and vociferous among his troops; but his vanity concerning the title of lord gave rise to many humorous anecdotes. The story was told how, "at the execution of a soldier for desertion, the criminal at the gallows cried out, 'Lord, have mercy on me!' Lord Stirling exclaimed, with warmth: 'I won't, you rascal! I won't have mercy on you!'"

General George Clinton when so active in White Plains was but thirty-seven years old, and the next year was elected governor of the new state, and for twenty-six subsequent years was the most conspicuous figure in the annals of New York. Adjutant-General Joseph Reed, who had been in 1775 the president of the first Pennsylvania convention, was thirty-five. General Nathaniel Greene, who became so famous later on, was thirty-four. The oldest of the major-generals was General Joseph Spencer, then sixty-two, with valuable experience in the French wars. An incident occurred in connection with his exploit in trying to check the advance of the British on their approach to White Plains, October 28, that was amusing. Major Tallmadge describes the retreat of the detachment, the fording of the Bronx, and the fierce pursuit by the Hessians. He says:

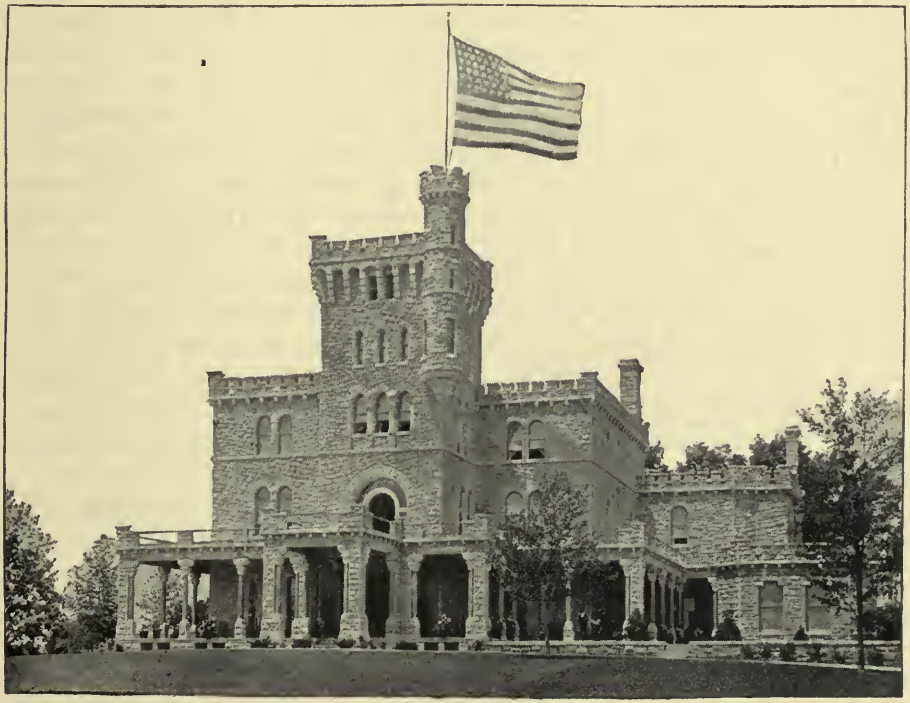
"Being in the rear and mounted on horseback I endeavored to hasten the last of our troops, the Hessians being within musket shot; when I was about to enter the river our chaplain, Rev. Dr. (Benjamin) Trumbull, sprang up behind me on my horse, with such force as to carry me with my accouterments together with himself headlong into the river. This so disconcerted me that by the time I reached the opposite bank the Hessian troops were about to enter it, and considered me their prisoner." Tallmadge escaped, however, by way of "Mill lane" and the road to Dobbs Ferry, and reached headquarters in safety. The clerical Trumbull, then a man of forty-one, was the pastor of North Haven, and became an author and historian of eminence.

General Israel Putnam was at White Plains, with his wide experience and fifty-eight years of life, possessing all the elements of character except caution to successfully engage an enemy; he was a great comfort to Washington because of his readiness at all times to confront serious emergencies. His cousin, Colonel Rufus Putnam, the famous engineer, aged thirty-eight, was there also, and he was sent by Washington on the 20th to make a personal reconnoissance of the enemy's strength and position, which he accomplished through traveling over the roads alone in disguise; he reached Washington's headquarters in White Plains at nine o'clock the evening of the 21st, and his report and sketches led to the removal of army supplies to a point farther north, a matter of the utmost consequence. Colonel John Glover, who so ably opposed the landing of the enemy at Pell's Neck, and harassed him with vigor on the march to Eastchester, was forty-one, diminutive in person, but quick in thought and action, and ranked among the brightest and the bravest of the young officers. General Sullivan reached White Plains with his command on the 22d. He was a lawyer of thirty-six, who had won the good opinion of congress by the fearless execution of certain important trusts, and had been made a major-general, with enthusiasm, while older and more pretentious military characters held less important posts. General Scott was ten years older, and invaluable from many points of view, but more valorous than discreet, and violently headstrong under excitement. And the strange, whimsical, scoffing General Charles Lee left his footprints upon White Plains soil. He abused congress vehemently for not giving him a separate and independent command, instead of ordering him to the camp of Washington. He said: "Congress seems to stumble at every step. I do not mean one or two of the cattle but the whole stable." He took possession of a house in White Plains, near the road which Washington frequently traveled, who one day with his aides called and took

dinner. After they departed, Lee said to his men: "You must look me up other quarters or I shall have Washington and his puppies calling till they eat me up." The next day he ordered his servant to write with chalk on the door, "No victuals cooked here to-day."

The entire American army, except the troops who had been left at Mount Washington and at Kingsbridge—about fourteen hundred of the former and six hundred of the latter—was concentrated at this time at White Plains, and its masterly leadership in the face of a powerful and well-disciplined enemy reflects the greatest honor on Washington, and on the intelligent men he so ably commanded. In 1778, after the battle of Monmouth, a portion of the American army was quartered for three months in White Plains, from the middle of July until the middle of September. Washington again established his headquarters in the old historic town at the Miller house, and had his usual number of officers and aides in his military family. He went to West Point frequently, and was at the various posts in New Jersey from time to time. Dr. Thacher, in his journal, speaks of visiting Washington's camp in White Plains in August of that year, in company with Gouverneur Morris and Dr. Brown, the surgeon-general, and dining at headquarters. Lafayette was there in the early part of September, and a most welcome guest at Washington's table. The Miller family have cherished many reminiscences of these events. Adjutant Miller had seven children—Sarah, Martha, Zipporah, James, Elijah, John, and Abraham. His eldest daughter, Sarah, was the wife of Captain Samuel Cornell, was married October 19, 1774, and was living in her father's house while General Washington was there. The Miller farm was covered with tents, and, as it included the highest land thereabouts, it was chosen for a permanent fortification, which overlooked the house in the rear, and was in frequent use until the close of the war. The road passing the house was traveled by both armies, and by the cowboys and the skinners at their pleasure. "At one time Mrs. Elijah Miller and Sarah were sitting in the kitchen, when they heard some cowboys riding up to the door, and knocking with their muskets demanded admittance. Mrs. Miller had that day received some money in gold and she threw it through the window into the garden. It struck a heap of stones and the clink was heard in the house. When the cowboys were admitted they ordered supper, which was provided for them, and before they left the captain snatched a shawl from off Sarah's shoulders, wrapped it around his throat and disappeared. Just after the departure of Washington in October, 1776, the Miller family discovered that their cattle had been stolen, and Sarah mounted her horse and rode to the remaining army

encampment demanding their restoration. She encountered General Lee, who, struck with her beauty and address, permitted her to reclaim all bearing her brand." Mr. Thomas L. Cornell, to whom our readers are indebted for these anecdotes, further says: "While the British troops were passing the Miller house one day, an officer rode up on horseback and demanded a drink of water from Sarah. She gave it to him from a dipper. He, a surly fellow, kept in check by her dignity, said, 'You should give a British officer a glass to drink out of.' She replied, 'Your



SUMMER RESIDENCE OF WHITELAW REID: OPHIR FARM, WHITE PLAINS.

soldiers have stolen them all.' One of her nephews wrote regarding her: 'I have heard her speak of many officers, whose names I cannot recall. As the headquarters of Washington were at her house, she spoke often of seeing Lafayette. Many anecdotes of revolutionary times are fresh in my memory. I have heard her talk of Washington's fondness for her children, and of his taking them in his arms.'" Adjutant Miller died in the latter part of 1776, and his sons John and Elijah both died that year. His widow lived to be ninety-six years of age, dying in 1819. Mrs. Sarah

Miller Cornell lived until August 29, 1838, and died at the age of eighty-four; thus it would seem that she was married at the age of twenty.

During the spring and summer of 1781 White Plains had a new and agreeably varied experience. The allied armies occupied the town and vicinity, and the ceaseless tramp of soldiery gave the inhabitants tranquillity instead of alarm, for there were no depredations. Every inch of the ground had long been familiar to Washington, and it is not surprising that he should have chosen Chatterton hill for the encampment of the legion of Duke de Lauzun. This French nobleman was not only of illustrious birth and courted by the most exclusive aristocracy of Europe, but he was a conspicuous figure in the revolutionary drama of Europe as well as America. He was in his thirty-fifth year when he received the command of the legion which bore his name, and was distinguished for the elegance of his person and the fascinating charm of his manners. His headquarters at White Plains were in the Falconer house, in Broadway. The encampment of the commander-in-chief of the French army, Count de Rochambeau, was among the rocky heights at North Castle, which some one has described as "rolling land on an elevated plateau, below which lies the famous White Plains, on which an army might deploy in perfect symmetry." Rochambeau's headquarters were at the house of Colonel John Odell, a little to the west of Hart's corners. The tents of the French made a fine display, stretched among the rugged hills in almost every direction. Some of the young officers vied with each other in the cultivation of little flower gardens in the vicinity of their tents, and in decorating their encampments. The uniform of the Frenchmen was a delight to the eye. Their white coats were immaculate, and their white, red, and green plumes set them off to great advantage. Their artillerymen wore iron-gray coats, with lapels of red velvet.

The brothers Vioménil held the highest rank in the French army after Rochambeau, both being major-generals. The Chevalier de Chastellux had been a brigadier-general since 1769, and was one of the famous French Academy of Forty. The regiment of Bourbonnais, formed in 1595 of the ancient bands of Montferrat, was under the command of the Marquis de Laval, assisted by the Vicomte de Rochambeau, son of the commander-in-chief. Each of the general officers was attended by a large and brilliant staff. An old chart was found in Paris some years ago, showing with remarkable precision every detail of the encampment of the French army in White Plains and vicinity, and is even now a complete guide to the ground—each elevation and depression, every road, etc., being plainly indicated.*

* *Magazine of American History* for January, 1880 [iv. 12].

The American forces were encamped in two lines, the right resting on the Hudson. Washington's headquarters were at the old Livingston house, at Dobbs Ferry. He was frequently in White Plains, and was entertained with great ceremony by the French officers. When he dined with Rochambeau in the Odell house, long tables were spread for the military staffs in the stables, for want of room elsewhere, and the manger was the repository for hats and coats. Several balls were given at headquarters, in which the young people of White Plains participated with enthusiasm. The drills and the reviews brought the French and American soldiers into sharp contrast, and the French were astonished at the admirable discipline of the Americans, and the Americans were charmed with the perfect equipment and martial array of their allies. The famous reconnoissance of the country between the Hudson and the Sound by Washington and the French officers kept all parties busy and mystified the British. For several long summer weeks New York was tossed in a tempest of apprehension. Five thousand American and French troops paraded, July 22, on the heights north of the Harlem river, their arms flashing in the morning sunshine, and the flags of both nations unfolded to the breeze. The Count de Dumas was constantly engaged in reconnoitering the roads about the army encampments, and has left some records concerning them that are worth preserving. The French ambassador, Chevalier de la Luzerne, visited White Plains and spent part of a day with Lauzun, on Chatterton hill. "Our situation," writes Dr. Thacher, "reminds me of some theatrical exhibition, where the interest and expectations of the spectators are continually increasing, and where curiosity is wrought to the highest pitch." Suddenly, on the 19th of August, the powder-horns went into their packing-boxes, and the troops of both armies started for Virginia. White Plains must have been as dull thereafter as any summer resort at the end of a brilliant season.

In the autumn of 1782, when New York was threatened by the allied forces to prevent the British from attacking the French possessions in the West Indies, White Plains and the entire region between the Hudson and the sound was picketed and patrolled. The injuries inflicted on the people in the absence of regular soldiers caused the greatest suffering. The cowboys were chiefly refugees on the British side, and their vocation, stealing cattle and driving them to New York, suggested their name. The skinners generally professed attachment to the American cause, and lived within the American lines; but they were treacherous and vicious, and more detested by the patriots than their avowed enemies, the cowboys. One day they would be skirmishing and fighting with the cowboys,

CELEBRATING THE ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTEENTH BIRTHDAY OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK, JULY 9, 1892.

[*On the site of the old White Plains court-house, where the Declaration of Independence was officially adopted, July 9, 1776.*]

and the next in league with them in plundering their own friends, and the proceeds of sales were divided. The unfortunate residents of the neutral ground were sure to be robbed by one party or the other: if they took the oath of fidelity to the Americans the cowboys punished them; if they did not, the skinners called them tories, seized their property, and abused them without mercy.

In the severe school of the Revolution there was a continual dramatic movement. During the entire seven years White Plains had very little exemption from trouble. From the outlook of the present nothing looms up more sharply in the foreground than the soldiers of three nations, with their uniforms blending into a gorgeous combination of colors, which only the autumn leaves and wild flowers could ever rival. But there are other features of the picture, of greater moment. The astute commanders and philosophers were masters of the situation through the sweep of vast impulses behind them. Standards of duty, rules of action, and habits of thinking destined to impart a tinge and a flavor to the broader culture and sweeter disposition of later days, were constantly bursting into life. The future was painfully uncertain; the events of each day and month and year were of unknown value to the principal actors in them. They did not live to see our prosperity as a nation; and they little dreamed of the magnitude and results of their operations. Their descendants have the knowledge which they had not, and after a sleep of one hundred and sixteen years they came together, July 9, 1892, led by the Sons of the Revolution, and celebrated upon its exact site the anniversary of the magnificent performance by which New York became a sovereign state—the official adoption of the Declaration of Independence. One's chances of discovering new truths are exactly in proportion to one's knowledge of truths already discovered. The celebration has aroused an interest little expected by its projectors—an interest destined to live and thrive perennially. It brought together a large army of citizens of distinction, nearly all of whom were descended from actors in the great drama of the Revolution, and White Plains suddenly regarded itself through a new lens. It was a felicitous suggestion of the orator of that memorable occasion that the grand event should be emphasized and its memory perpetuated by a suitable monument erected on the site of the old court-house, which was ably seconded by President Tallmadge, the grandson of Colonel Benjamin Tallmadge who, as we have seen, participated in the battle of White Plains.

The historic landmarks of White Plains are not only too numerous for one chapter, but they touch the history of the entire country. As we

study their associations, we seem in palpable connection with the long train of distinguished characters who have performed deeds of moral grandeur for millions of fellow-beings and for all time.

The founders of the town of Rye, who were also the founders of White Plains, which for upwards of a hundred years was a part of Rye, represented the best blood of the countries beyond the sea from which they came; and they brought hither many of the best qualities that contribute to good citizenship. The first of the settlers were direct from New England, then in its infancy, and were sharp-sighted enough to see the advantages which the Rye coast offered. A beautiful island, about a mile in length, called by the Indians Manussing, invited their attention as just the spot for the commencement of a plantation, and it was purchased from the Indians in June, 1660, by Peter Disbrow, John Coe, and Thomas Stedwell. The first dwellings were built on this island the same summer, and the little village was called Hastings, after the famous seaport in the British channel. Seventeen or more families formed the village, and lived there three or four years, as it was comfortably safe from the wild beasts and Indians. But Peningo Neck was only separated from the island by a narrow creek, and enterprising new planters joined in the scheme, and the whole territory was shortly acquired from the natives now occupied by the town. One of the first buildings erected on the neck was a mill; the first houses formed a suburb to the "old town," on the island, and it was named Rye by the Brownes, Thomas and Hachaliah, for their ancestor, Sir Anthony Browne, standard bearer of England, of Rye, Sussex county, England. These young brothers were friends of Peter Disbrow; and Dr. Baird says they were "men of substance," styled "gentlemen," and grew up with the town among the most public-spirited and prominent of its founders. Hachaliah Browne built his first house on the bank overlooking the beach in order to be near his friends on Manussing island. His father was Peter Browne who with Governor Bradford and thirty others were in 1652 the purchasers of Dartmouth, and his grandfather was Peter Browne who came over in the *Mayflower* in 1620, and died in 1633. The general court of Connecticut passed an act on the 11th of May, 1665, to "conjoyn and make one plantation of the villages of Hastings and Rye, and call it by the appellation of Rye." Thus Manussing island was soon deserted, for it was desirable that the settlers should build substantial habitations in tolerably close proximity until there was less danger from the Indians. The families of Disbrow and Browne were among the most progressive of the beginners of Rye. Disbrow was young, active, intelligent, and self-reliant, the first delegate to the general court of Connecticut, and a born

leader in affairs. He acquired a large landed estate, as did John Budd, who was associated with him in some important transactions—who held Budd's Neck for sixty years under a distinct patent. Budd had been one of the planters in New Haven in 1637, and in Southold before coming to Rye. Among others who bought real estate largely were William Odell, John Ogden, Joseph Purdy, Joseph Horton, and the Brownes. Hachaliah Browne had shares in all the lands of the region, and was foremost among the purchasers and proprietors of White Plains. He and his son Deliver-

HOMESTEAD OF JUDGE NEHEMIAH BROWNE.

[*Summer residence since 1855 of his daughter, Mrs. Samuel K. Satterlee, and family.*]

ance were on the committee to treat with Caleb Heathcote in the great historic controversy about the validity of the purchase. Hachaliah's son Peter married Martha, daughter of Peter Disbrow. The Brownes were the most extensive landowners of the period, and the vast property has been handed along to their descendants. The great-grandson of Hachaliah Browne, Judge Nehemiah Browne, built the mansion of the sketch upon the site of the old homestead of his fathers, on the high ground overlooking not only the sound but a broad landscape of unrivaled

beauty. It has been the residence since 1855 of Judge Browne's daughter, Mrs. Satterlee, whose husband, Samuel K. Satterlee, was one of the founders of the St. Nicholas club in New York.

In numerous other instances descendants of the parent settlers occupy ground purchased directly from the Indians. There were serious boundary troubles to afflict Rye. From 1664 to 1683 the town was under the jurisdiction of Connecticut, and sent a delegate every year to the general court. Then through a chapter of disputes about the boundary between the provinces, caused by the obtuseness of King Charles II. and his obtuser brother, James II., Rye was ceded to New York. In 1695 John Harrison made a trade with the Indians for the tract comprised now in the town of Harrison, notwithstanding that Disbrow and his associates bought it of Indians, in good faith, in 1662! There was an animated quarrel, as a matter of course, and finally the governor of New York granted a patent to Harrison! Rye was indignant, revolted, and went over to Connecticut. That is, the town claimed allegiance to and protection from Connecticut, and Connecticut smiled sweetly on Rye; but persons living near the border refrained from paying taxes or voting in either province, and for some four years Rye was practically in a condition of rebellion, until in 1700 the reigning king ordered that the town be a part of New York. The boundary line was still unsettled, causing much dissension and inconvenience until about the year 1730. The history of this zigzag line between New York and Connecticut is of rare interest to the curious.

About 1744 Peter Jay, son of Augustus Jay, the first of the family in this country, bought a large estate in Rye of the descendants of John Budd, and removed there from New York. His house stood on the site of the present Jay mansion, and it was where his son John, the eighth of his ten children—the future jurist and statesman—spent his boyhood. Both Peter Jay and his wife, the daughter of Jacobus Van Cortlandt, exerted a marked influence on the community. There is no more interesting historic landmark in Rye than the Jay mansion; and on the estate is the cemetery of the Jay family, where a monument may be seen to the memory of the illustrious John Jay.

Slavery existed in Rye and White Plains all through the eighteenth century. In 1798 one hundred and twenty-three slaves were owned in Rye. The records show that for the punishment of trivial offenses Rye had the *stocks* and the *whipping-post*, and the town elected a "public whipper." The magistrate who administered justice was at first called a "commissioner," later on a "justice of the peace," as in New England.

The inequality of the surface renders Rye a locality of varied attrac-

HOMESTEAD OF WILLIAM P. VAN RENSSELAER ON MANUSSING ISLAND.
[*With view of the waters of Long Island Sound from the island.*]

tions, and it has naturally become a suburban centre for handsome villa homes. The clusters of wigwams in the wilderness which the pioneers found are literally succeeded by palaces as if by magic. The ex-king of Spain, Joseph Bonaparte, visited Rye in 1816 or thereabouts, in search of a building site. He is said to have been much pleased with Theall's

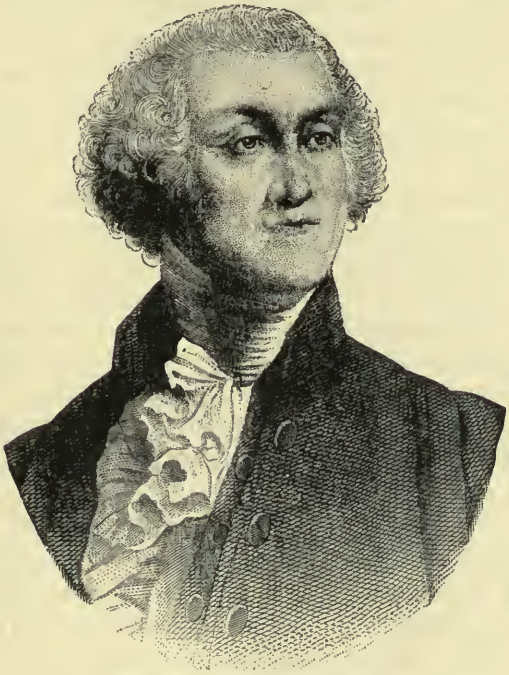
hill, but was unable to find sufficient land in one body for a park. The famous Ophir Farm is about half-way between the villages of Rye and White Plains, which is well known as the summer residence of Hon. Whitelaw Reid. The town of Harrison, which was a part of Rye until 1788, is an odd-shaped bit of territory, jutting into the peculiar proportions of its neighbors on either side apparently at its own sweet will. But boundary lines are to be excused, even when they cross the highways without regard to angles, provided they do not tie themselves into knots.

The period of settlement was a period of romance which nothing ever chronicled in the old world could eclipse. Manussing island passed through a series of incidents that has invested it with an inspiring atmosphere of antiquity and enchantment. It was the site of an Indian village, and partially cleared and cultivated when the founders of Rye landed upon its soil. It was also the site of the first dwellings of the founders of Rye and White Plains, traces of which are not altogether obliterated. And it was the scene of a war about ownership of property in 1720, that in a small way rivaled the contests between New York and Connecticut, and Rye and Harrison. About the middle of the present century Mr. William P. Van Rensselaer, of Albany, son of the patroon General Stephen Van Rensselaer, bought Manussing island, and established a permanent summer home upon it. Dr. Baird tells us that the summer-house in the extreme rear of the spacious grounds indicates about the site of the village of Hastings. When laborers were excavating the earth for gardens an Indian skeleton of extraordinary size was found, which had been buried in a sitting posture. Manussing island is suggestive of poetry rather than prose; it is an instance of age and beauty symmetrically combined. Every window of the old mansion is the framework of a picture. The grounds slope to a wide expanse of water, while the house is guarded with the jealous foliage of stately trees, flowers blossom from tasteful beds, and choice shrubbery is nurtured tenderly.

One can easily understand what this beautiful island must have been to the lone settlers who were bent on successful colonization. It was within easy reach of assistance from Greenwich in case of need, and the infant settlements of Hempstead, Oyster Bay, and Huntington were just across the sound, here only five miles wide. The island mansion is now the summer residence of the daughters of William P. Van Rensselaer, Mrs. Anson P. Atterbury and Mrs. Hamilton R. Fairfax, and their families.

It would have made the ambitious founders of Rye happy could they have looked far enough into the future to survey the fine roads that connect Rye and White Plains at the present hour; for of all their tribula-

tions the making of roads was the chief. They followed the Indian trails in exploring the inland country, and bridle paths of their own creation were for many years a luxury. There were roads constructed long before the Revolution, but they were narrow and rough when brought into com-



GENERAL GEORGE WASHINGTON.

parison with their wide and smooth successors. Even as late as the beginning of the present century the favorite mode of traveling the thirty miles between Rye and New York was by sloop. The drives in all directions are now numerous and delightful, and the homes both old and new with which the entire country is dotted are so embowered in their cherished seclusion that it is like looking for birds' nests among the forest leaves to pursue explorations for the old landmarks. This fruitful territory is in itself a perpetual reminder that it has had a romantic past. It has made marvelous progress in material things since Washington led his warrior hosts over its surface, but his stately and controlling presence at a critical hour will ever be its greatest source of pride and congratulation.

Martha J. Lamb

COLUMBUS IN ROMANCE

While so many historical works are being written and read about Columbus at this time of celebration of the four hundredth anniversary of his epoch-making discoveries, it may not be amiss to call to mind what has been said in his glorification by some of the poets, novelists, and dramatists of various countries. As he cuts a grand figure in historical literature, so too in the romantic literature of the world does he fill no inconsiderable place.

In the English language the first poetical allusion to Columbus is thought to have been made by Baptist Goodall, who styles himself a merchant, and who published at London in 1630 a small quarto volume called *The Tryall of Travell.* On its title page is the following quotation from Psalms cvii. 24: "They that travaile downe to the sea in shipps, and passe upon the great waters, such see the wordes of the Lord, and his wonders in the deepe." After a long interval, a century and a half, the famous discoverer was again poetically treated by Joel Barlow, and made the subject of what aimed to be a great American epic. Barlow's *Vision of Columbus* appeared at Hartford in 1787, and in the list of subscribers occur the names of Louis XVI., Washington, and Lafayette. This poem the author afterwards expanded into *The Columbiad*, which in 1807 was published at Philadelphia in a fine quarto volume, with steel engravings after paintings by Fulton and Smirke. *The Columbiad* is divided into ten books, and is dedicated to Robert Fulton. Perhaps this ambitious epic attempts altogether too much, for Columbus in it is simply used as a peg upon which to hang the whole history of America. He is shown lying in his prison at Valladolid, where Hesper, the guardian genius of the Western World, appears to him, and in a long series of visions discloses all that has happened and is to happen in the lands he discovered. Barlow's work was somewhat of a failure, and now it is only dipped into by the profoundest students of early American literature, but a contemporary critic wrote of the author in the *Edinburgh Review*: "We have no hesitation in saying, that we consider him as a giant, in comparison with many of the puling and paltry rhymesters, who disgrace our English literature by their occasional success."

Another epic poem, with the same title as Barlow's, but not so well known, is *The Columbiad*, by the Rev. James L. Moore, master of the Free Grammar School in Hertford, Herts. It was published at London in 1798, and an article in the *Critical Review* of that year calls it one of

the dullest books remembered, and says that Joel Barlow, though not a great poet, rises into respectability when compared with Mr. Moore. This Columbiad, the one that was fired off in England, begins with Columbus at the end of 1492, when "The Passions that like Daemons afflict mankind, occasion the destruction of his ship, which splits on a rock," and in the course of the poem the Almighty sends the angel Raphael to give the explorer a vision of America's future; and when the Orinoco is discovered, a spirit rises up out of the waters and declaims a tedious history of the American Revolution in a couple of books or cantos.

The poet of the American Revolution, Philip Freneau, is said to have meditated an epic on Columbus before leaving Princeton College, and perhaps his short poem, *Columbus to Ferdinand*, may be a fragment of it. In the edition of his poems issued from his own press, Monmouth, N. J., 1795, there is a longer effort, called *The Pictures of Columbus*, in sixteen sections, bearing the date of 1774. As a sea-captain, a country editor, and a captive of the British in a New York prison-ship, Freneau certainly had a varied experience of life; but most singular of all was his end, the old man of eighty attempting towards evening to walk across lots to his New Jersey home and getting mired in a bog meadow, where his corpse was found next day.

The English banker-poet, Samuel Rogers, published in 1812 *The Voyage of Columbus*, purporting to be from an old Castilian manuscript by one of the discoverer's companions. This poem aims higher than it often attains, is hardly more than a fragment, and was alluded to by its author as the least valued of his works. In the illustrated edition of Rogers's poems, the engravings for this piece, after Turner and Stothard, are very fine, the first in order being Columbus and his son begging at the monastery gate. At one of Rogers's famous breakfasts he remarked, sarcastically, of Irving's life of Columbus, "It's rather long," when Cooper, the American novelist, turned on him and said, sharply: "That's a short criticism."

In 1821 the British poetess, Joanna Baillie, put forth a volume of *Metrical Legends*, one of which was called *The Legend of Christopher Columbus*. In sixty-two stanzas it races through the discoverer's entire life, and the accompanying notes embody many excerpts from the old Spanish historian Herrera. Perhaps these lines on the effect of Columbus's achievement are a fair specimen of the work:

> "No kingly conqueror, since time began
> The long career of ages, hath to man
> A scope so ample given for trade's bold range,
> Or caused on earth's wide stage such rapid mighty change."

Considering Miss Baillie's eventless life of retired spinsterhood, it is a credit to her intellectual strength that she could grapple at all successfully with so great a theme.

One of the chief of American poets, James Russell Lowell, wrote a poem on *Columbus*. It is something in the nature of a soliloquy, but the ideas enshrined in it must be regarded as proceeding from Mr. Lowell rather than from the adventurous Genoese navigator. Another great writer on this subject is Tennyson, whose *Columbus* represents the hero bedridden, and in a continuous speech giving some account of his woes to a visitor.

Many poetical pens less known to fame have sought inspiration in Columbus, and among them may be noted poets of college commencements, forgotten geniuses, and some authors of considerable merit. Thus, George Waddington, of Cambridge University, wrote a poem entitled *Columbus* in 1813. John Headlam, of Durham University, was the author of *The Discovery of America*, published in 1835 at Richmond. *Columbus in Chains* is an Oxford prize poem of 1848. J. V. Huntington delivered a poem on *America Discovered* before the Alumni Association of the University of the city of New York in 1852, and it was afterwards printed. Another and a longer poem, with precisely the same title, said to be "by an American," appeared at New York in 1850. Archibald Tucker Ritchie published *The Columbiad, a poem*, at New York in 1843. A volume came from the press at London in 1797, bearing the seductive title of *Reflections on the Tomb of Columbus; by a Lady.* James Freeman Coleman's *The Knightly Heart*, Boston, 1873, also has a place in Columbian romantic literature. Under the pseudonym of Britannicus, Mr. Robert Smith published in London about 1860 a poem with the title of *Columbus; or, The New World.* "Ada," whoever she may be, is put down as the writer of a poem, running through several numbers of the *Democratic Review* of 1848, and called *The Adventures of Christopher Columbus*, the opening stanza describing the hero as follows, being neither better nor worse than the rest:

> "What form is that, of stately port,
> Athwart my mind that beams,
> With visage grave, and eye of fire,
> That, as a meteor, gleams?"

Among Mrs. L. H. Sigourney's poetical works there is a piece on *Columbus before the University of Salamanca.* Miss Lucy Hooper wrote a short poem, entitled *The Jewels of Castille*, alluding to the story of Queen Isabella's pledging her jewels to aid Columbus. H. H. Brownell's *War-*

Lyrics and other Poems includes an effusion on *The Tomb of Columbus.* In Volume 25 of the *Magazine of American History*, S. H. M. Byers has a poem of five pages, called *The Ballad of Columbus.* By Sir Aubrey de Vere there are three sonnets on the subject of Columbus, and doubtless much other fugitive Columbian verse might be unearthed by an exhaustive search through English and American literature.

Just a hundred years ago, in 1792, Thomas Morton began his career as a successful dramatist by having a historical play performed and printed in London, with the title of *Columbus; or, A World discovered.* Five years later, September 15, 1797, it was first produced in New York city at the old Greenwich street theater. The well-known actor and playwright, John Brougham, wrote a burlesque entertainment, afterward published, called *Columbus el Filibustero*, and it was brought out in New York at Burton's new theater on the last day of 1857, with the author in the part of Columbus.

The most famous novelist that has ever woven the adventures of Columbus into a romance is assuredly James Fenimore Cooper. His *Mercedes of Castile; or, The Voyage to Cathay* appeared November 24, 1840. It has, perhaps, an excess of moralizing and introductory matter, and the inevitable love story is not wildly exciting, but the account of Columbus's first voyage, embodied in the novel, is given with all the accuracy of a naval historian, and makes the work peculiarly interesting. Some recent writers of fiction have essayed to follow in Cooper's footsteps. Mr. John R. Musick in 1891 put forth a little book called *Columbia: a Story of the Discovery of America*, the heroine of which, Christina Ovilares, marries Hernando, the son of Columbus. Then, among later publications, there is a novel by Miss Constance Goddard Du Bois, entitled *Columbus and Beatriz*, relating to the discoverer's second marriage, about which historians have been unable to find anything recorded. And juvenile literature has recently been enriched by a story called *Diego Pinzon*, by Mr. John Russell Coryell, having something to say about Columbus's memorable voyage.

A feminine Joel Barlow is first to be noted in French. Madame du Boccage was her name, and she made a bid for immortality by writing a poem in ten cantos—*La Colombiade*, published at Paris in 1756. Voltaire praised this fair poetess to the skies, put a laurel crown on her head when she visited him, said she united the empire of beauty to that of mind and talents, and some of her other admirers enthusiastically declared that she was in person Venus and in art Minerva. A certain Monsieur Bourgeois, of La Rochelle, to relieve the tedium of his long residence in San Domingo, dropped into poetry concerning the hero of that island to

the alarming extent of twenty-four cantos, or about twelve thousand lines, and his work, *Christopher Columbus; or, America Discovered*, was printed in two volumes at Paris in 1773. *The New World* is the title of an extravagant Columbian poem appearing at Paris in 1782, and its author, Robert Martin Lesuire, was vain enough to confess that he regarded himself as a man of extraordinary genius. There seems to have been an epidemic of poetical frenzy in France on the subject of Columbus in this same year of 1782, for the Chevalier de Langeac then issued his *Columbus in Chains*, supposed to be the discoverer's epistle to the Spanish monarchs in response to their invitation for him to appear at court; and there was published also a work by Pierre Laureau, entitled *America Discovered*, and described as a sort of poem in prose.

The story of Columbus has more than once been dramatized by French authors. Lemercier wrote in verse his historical play, *Christophe Colomb*, and when it was first put upon the Parisian stage, in 1809, the riotous students so hissed it for its violation of the three unities that the police and soldiers were called in to preserve order, and several hundred students were arrested and sent off to serve in the army by command of Napoleon. A melodrama, entitled *Christopher Columbus; or, The Discovery of the New World*, came from the facile pen of Guilbert de Pixérécourt in 1815. Without collaborators, this dramatist wrote over a hundred pieces. He was called the Shakespeare or the Corneille of the boulevards. He collected a large and valuable library, and ever since he had to part with his beloved books in order to repair the loss of money incurred by the burning of a theater, they have been eagerly sought after by bibliophiles, who pay high prices for volumes with his book-plate, inscribed with the motto, "A book is a friend that never changes." Messrs. Eugène Mestépès and E. Barré collaborated on the drama *Christopher Columbus*, which in 1861 was produced with success in Paris; and Gustave Pradelle was the author of a play with the same title published in 1867 and 1869.

An historical novel in French, called *Ismael ben Kaïzar; or, The Discovery of the New World*, was in 1829 printed in Paris in five duodecimo volumes, and its author was Jean Ferdinand Denis, a traveler, and for a long time librarian of the Sainte-Geneviève library in the Latin quarter of Paris.

In the literature of Germany, several Columbian dramas may be mentioned. Besides writing a *Faust* to compete with Goethe's masterpiece, Ernst August Friedrich Klingemann was the author of a play on Columbus, that was printed in 1812. August Milo published his dramatic poem, *Christoph Columbus*, in 1838; and a tragedy with the same title was put

forth in 1843 by Heinrich von Ampringen. The celebrated poet, Friedrich Rückert, wanted to show the development of mankind in dramas, but the public esteeming them far less than his poems, he gave up the attempt, after the appearance in 1845 of his historical play, *Christofero Colombo; or, The Discovery of the New World.* Karl Werder, professor of philosophy and writer on logic, was also the author of a tragedy, *Columbus*, printed in 1858, and several times put upon the German stage. Considerable fame as a dramatist was acquired by Karl Kösting with his historical tragedy of *Columbus*, published and performed at Wiesbaden in 1863. Another German tragedy called *Columbus* was issued in 1875 as the work of the lawyer and government official, Hermann von Schmid. In poetry, Schiller wrote a single stanza on Columbus, which has been translated into English by Bulwer. The Swiss reformer of German literature, Johann Jakob Bodmer, was the author of a poem entitled *Die Colombona*, dealing with Columbus, and published in 1753. The muse of the Jewish journalist and poet, Ludwig August Frankl, is said to have reached its highest flight in the romantic epic of *Christoforo Colombo*, first printed in 1836. There appeared at Prague in 1861 a novel, historical in character, entitled *Columbus and His Times*, and written by Marie Norden.

In Swedish, Frans Michael Franzén published a poem on Columbus at Stockholm in 1831.

Spanish literature, of course, is not deficient in Columbian romance. Juan de Castellanos wrote an interminable poem, extending to nearly ninety thousand lines, and called it *Elegies of the Illustrious Men of the Indies.* Only the beginning, however, has to do with Columbus, and this first portion was printed in 1589. The author was an ecclesiastic of New Grenada, and earlier in life, as a soldier, he had been in some of the countries and battles he describes. Good poetry cannot usually be poured out in such a flood, so this work is more valuable as a chronicle than as a poem. In 1701, at Barcelona, an unfinished heroic poem was published under the title of *The New World.* Its author was Francisco Botelho de Moráes e Vasconcellos, a Portuguese gentleman of rank living in Spain; but his work abounded in such extravagant allegories that it quickly dropped into deserved oblivion. Narciso de Foxa was the writer of *Colon: Epic Canto on the Discovery of America*, a short prize poem appearing at Havana in 1846. In a printed collection of Cuban poetry, Prieto's *Cuban Parnassus*, may be found two poems on Columbus; a long one called *Colon*, by Francisco Iturrondo, and a shorter one by José Zacarias Gonzalez del Valle, entitled *The Ashes of Columbus in Our Cathedral.* Don Ramon Campoamor wrote the poem of *Colon* which was published

at Valencia in 1853, and again at Madrid in 1859. In the plays of Lope de Vega, Spain's greatest dramatist, Columbus is twice introduced. Incidentally only he appears in *The Perfect Prince*, but another drama is devoted entirely to his career—*The New World Discovered by Christoval Colon*. This latter work is said to be wild and extravagant, though marks of Lope's talents are not altogether wanting in it, and its scenes are laid in Portugal, the plains of Granada, Columbus's caravel during the mutiny, the West Indies, and the royal court of Spain.

About a year after Columbus discovered America his exploit was commemorated in Italian poetry. The printed Latin letter announcing the discovery was paraphrased in Italian verse by Giuliano Dati, a popular poet, and very probably his work was sung around the streets. Two editions of this poor poem seem to have been printed at Florence in October of 1493, but it has now become excessively rare. The first stanza to mention the discoverer has thus been translated by Harrisse, the most thorough of Columbian scholars, in that mine of information, *Notes on Columbus*.

> "Back to my theme, O listener, turn with me,
> And hear of islands all unknown to thee!
> Islands whereof the grand discovery
> Chanced in this year of fourteen ninety-three;
> One Christopher Colombo, whose resort
> Was ever in the King Fernando's court,
> Bent himself still to rouse and stimulate
> The king to swell the borders of his state."

Tasso refers to Columbus in Canto xv. of his great poem, *Jerusalem Delivered*. An Italian poem by Giovanni Giorgini, *The New World*, was published in 1591 and 1596, and early in the next century a long poem came out with the same title, by Tomaso Stigliani. A single canto appeared in 1602, of the poem *Colombo*, written by Giovanni Villifranchi, and but one canto exists, also, of *Oceano*, which Alexander Tassoni hoped to make into a great poetical monument to Columbus. Cardinal Sforza Pallavicino is said to have celebrated the discoverer in verse in his *Sacred Annals*, 1637. Gabriel Chiabrera wrote an ode to Columbus. Ormildo Emeressio was the *nom de plume* under which Alvise Guerini published a poem, entitled *The Admiral of the Indies*, in 1759. Tamburini figures as the author of the heroic-mythological poem, *The Columbiad*, appearing in Corsica in 1823, and three years later a like-named epic was published by Bernardo Bellini. In 1846 Lorenzo Costa's poem, *Cristoforo Colombo*, appeared at Genoa in a finely printed volume; and a play

with the same name, by Giorgio Briano, was published at Turin in 1842. *Columbus; or, The Discovery of the Indies* is the title of a comedy by Francesco Cerlone, printed in 1775 at Naples. Fifteen or more operas in Italian and other languages have Columbus for their hero; and he is commemorated in an ode-symphony by Félicien David, and an overture by Richard Wagner.

While Latin was still the language of the learned, Columbus naturally came to be celebrated in Latin verse. Julius Cæsar Stella, a precocious youth of a noble Roman family, composed a Columbian epic that was read to the cardinals at the Villa Farnese, and printed in 1585 and 1590. Spoiled by early success, the young poet thought he had done enough for the rest of his days, frittered away his life in idleness and pleasure-seeking, and at last was accidentally choked to death while drinking. Lorenzo Gambara was the author of another Latin poem, *The Voyage of Christopher Columbus*, editions of which appeared in 1581 and 1585. *Atlantis Discovered; or, The First Voyage of Christopher Columbus to America* was the title of a Latin poem, printed at Hamburg in 1659 as the work of Vincentius Placcius. The Jesuit Ubertino Carrara published at Rome in 1715 the earliest of the three editions of his Latin epic, entitled *Columbus*, the twelve cantos of which are said to be more poetical in conception than in style. Last may be mentioned the very first of all the Columbian poems ever printed. This is the short Latin epigram, addressed "to the invincible King of the Spains" by the Bishop of Montepeloso, and appearing in the early editions, 1493, of the Columbus letter. It has been translated by Harrisse as follows:

> "Less wide the world than the renown of Spain,
> To swell her triumph no new lands remain!
> Rejoice, Iberis! see thy fame increased!
> Another world Columbus from the East
> And the mid-ocean summons to thy sway!
> Give thanks to him—but loftier homage pay
> To God supreme, who gives its realms to thee!
> Greatest of monarchs, first of servants be!"

O. A. Bierstadt.

Astor Library.

A BIT OF COLLEGE HISTORY

HOW YOUNG MEN WERE EXPELLED A HUNDRED YEARS AGO

The condition of a country, intellectual and moral, may be said to be mirrored in its institutions of learning. Looking back at the customs and ideas of our Puritan ancestors, we find that the spirit in which our colleges and schools were at that time conducted was much the same as that which is so vividly brought before us in the pictures of those sedate gentlemen, as they sat in straight-back chairs with their black suits and large collars, waiting for a funeral service to be performed or a Thanksgiving turkey to be served.

At the beginning of the eighteenth century the Puritans of New England had lost much of that religious fervor for which they had been so famed. Under the influence of an established church there were few disputes to enliven ecclesiastical affairs; the arguments and reasoning, being all one-sided, caused no ill feeling and much general satisfaction. The pastors preached their orthodox sermons and the congregations listened in the orthodox fashion, the men dozing, the womenfolk rustling with their fans or giving an occasional poke at their delinquent helpmates, who, in spite of their Sunday clothes, could not but sleep in the ordinary noisy manner. But it only required a Whitefield to awaken the country from its dreamy monotony and to add new fire to the smoldering embers of New England faith. The party of "New Lights" under the inspiring influence of such a leader quickly increased in number, while the "Old Lights" became even more conservative than formerly. The excitement due to this religious struggle spread throughout the country. Every village was wrought with religious dissension. Nearly every one became a member of one party or the other. The village store, usually monopolized by those who talked of farming matters or carried on political discussions before an easily impressed audience, was now turned into a meeting-house, where the quoter of scripture was held in high esteem. At home and abroad the same interest was taken in church matters. The younger members of society imbibed party zeal and party opinions, and left home with strong party feeling. The students returning from college became accustomed to discuss this leading topic of the day at every opportunity, and went back to their classmates with the desire and material for a

verbal bout with all unbelievers. And so the war going on outside could not but be carried within the college walls. In general, this difference of opinion regarding the church only gave rise to discussions among the students.

But at Yale it went further. This institution was indeed considered by some to be a "religious society." The founding of the college was claimed to have been by "several well-disposed and Publick spirited persons," who desired that there should be a collegiate school where youth might be educated for "employment in Church and Civil State." Placed in a position of much importance, it was considered necessary that a decided stand be taken. The president at the time, the Rev. Dr. Clap, was a zealous advocate of the "Old Lights," and as, with few exceptions, the members of the faculty were conservative, it was natural that the college should be opposed to the "Separatists." The students, impressed by the fiery eloquence of Whitefield, were forbidden to attend "Separatists'" meetings, and, a chapel having been built, attendance at college services became compulsory. But the students rebelled against this infringement on their liberty. They regarded their college course as decidedly distinct from a religious training, and, as rules are at best little less than a challenge for their violation, it was not long before the faculty felt themselves compelled to take severe measures to stay the "intemperate and imprudent zeal" of some of the students.

About the time of these disturbances, when the usual calm of college life was being interrupted, there were two brothers at Yale—John and Ebenezer Cleaveland. One had just entered on his first year, while the other had reached the dignity of a senior. They were both rather given to their books and not at all men who would be picked out as offenders against the rules of the college. As their diaries afterwards showed, they were also religiously disposed and were what would now be termed "devout young men." But, with the rest of their fellow students, they chafed under the restraint imposed upon them. Nothing seemed to be left undone which might increase the general dissatisfaction. A "Separatists'" meeting happened to be held within a few blocks of the college, and the students, who were not allowed to attend, became all the more aggravated. Even then nothing of importance had taken place of which the faculty might complain. But in the midst of exciting debates the students sometimes forgot themselves, and did not pay the respect to the opinions of the instructors which was thought their due. As the committee appointed to look into the "unhapie circumstances of the Colege" reported: "Some of the Students have fallen into the practice of Rash

Judging and censuring others, even some of the Governors, Teachers, and Instructors of the Colege." In this account the faculty threatened to expel any one who spoke against the religious views of the college officials.

Offenders against such a rule were easily found, and soon one David Brainerd was overheard to remark, in regard to the praying of a certain tutor, that "he had no more grace than his chair." For such remark Brainerd was immediately expelled, but although obliged to leave college for a religious offense, he, in after years, ended his life as a missionary among the Indians. This example for the time daunted the students, who became more careful of what they said, although one is supposed to have very pithily stated that he had not attended chapel on account of the coldness of the building and of the preacher.

When the vacation time had arrived the students, as usual, dispersed to spend the holidays with their families or among friends, and the Cleavelands, with the rest, left for their home in Canterbury, a small town in the northern part of Connecticut. After the strict discipline under which they had been living, the liberties of home were fully appreciated. All restrictions were for the time removed, and those views which, at college, they held but were afraid to express, they there had ample opportunity to defend. For even as far as Canterbury the dissension in the church had spread, and in that small village the parish had been divided. The greater part of the congregation had seceded and established a party of "New Lights." But there they were met with the difficulty of obtaining a preacher, and in lack of an ordained minister, they were obliged to install a layman, Solomon Paine, in the pulpit. The parents of the Cleavelands had joined this church and, when their sons returned from college, had expressed the desire that they should meet where their parents met. The two brothers therefore attended with their family the meetings held by Paine, little dreaming of the fearful crime they had committed.

As soon as college had again opened, the faculty seemed resolved to carry out their plans to the last point, and command observance of all rules, however oppressive to the student body. Not long after the Cleavelands returned to the college, they were charged with "going to hear a neighboring minister preach, who is distinguished in this provence by the name of a New Light," and were threatened with expulsion. One may well imagine the state of mind into which the two brothers were thrown. Obliged to leave college for having principles and living up to them! Nowadays it is the great grief of many parents that their sons do not attend the service of any church. Then it was considered an offense to

worship God in any but the conventional manner. A petition was sent to the faculty which was probably the first of its kind. In this the clemency of the college authorities was earnestly, and indeed meekly, entreated, as the offense had been committed unwittingly—one clause reading: "Hon^{d} fathers, suffer me to lie at your feet and entreat your compassionate forgiveness to an offending child, wherein I have transgressed." The young Cleavelands expressed their ignorance of any law which excluded them from the church where the majority of their village met for social worship. After waiting for a time in suspense, they were called before the president, and told to make what defense they could. At first they attempted to justify their course by citing precedents out of the Old Testament; but when they found that they were making little impression on their judges by this course, one of them replied that he did not see how they could expect to stay in college in any case, for if they pleased their parents and themselves, the college would expel them, while if they did not do as their parents wished, they would have no means of support. Finally, it was decided that the offenders be pardoned, if they publicly proclaimed that they had acted "in violation of the laws of God, and of the colony, and of the college." With this demand they could not comply, and still be innocent in their own sight of breaking the college rules and sacrificing their own beliefs to those of others. They were accordingly expelled. Thus, within four years three students were obliged to leave college on account of what seems to us a petty disagreement.

The story of David Brainerd and the two Cleavelands brings before us one of the great questions which even now agitate the college world in America. We can see the different manner in which religious matters were regarded by the men of a hundred years ago and by society of to-day. Our grandfathers disputed whether a student might attend any church but the college chapel. Now the advisability of compelling students to attend church at all is doubted. At the time of the Cleavelands, Yale and the other institutions of the same character were in a transition period. The collegiate school was just becoming accustomed to the new title of college, and was endeavoring to meet the greater obligations imposed upon it by this name. Now the college is casting aside its old garb, and struggling with the more important and more dignified questions which confront a university.

Roger S. Baldwin.

New Haven, Connecticut.

CAREER OF GENERAL JAMES HOGUN

ONE OF NORTH CAROLINA'S REVOLUTIONARY OFFICERS

North Carolina in the Revolution furnished ten regiments to the regular service—the continental line. Five of the colonels of these became general officers, the only generals North Carolina had in the regular service. They were General Robert Howe, who rose to be major-general —our sole major-general—and four brigadiers—General James Moore, who died early in the war; General Francis Nash, killed at Germantown and buried near the field of battle—a brother of Governor Abner Nash; General Jethro Sumner, and General James Hogun.

The lives and careers of the first three named are well known. For some reason the data as to the last two have been neglected. The Hon. Kemp P. Battle, by diligent search in many quarters, was able to restore to us much information as to General Jethro Sumner, of Warren county, and, indeed, to rehabilitate his memory.* As to General James Hogun, of Halifax county, the task was more difficult. Little has been known beyond the fact that he was probably from Halifax county, and that he was a brigadier-general. The late Colonel William L. Saunders requested the writer to investigate and preserve to posterity whatever could now be rediscovered as to this brave officer.

It may be noted that North Carolina has not named a county, or township, or village, in honor of either of the four generals—Howe, Moore, Sumner, or Hogun. Moore county was named in honor of Judge Alfred Moore, of the United States supreme court. General Nash was the only one of the five thus honored, the county of Nash having been formed in 1777, the year of General Nash's death at Germantown.

General James Hogun was born in Ireland, but the year and place of his birth are unknown. The name is spelt Hogun, though usually in Ireland, where the name is not uncommon, it is written Hogan—with an *a*. He removed to Halifax county, in this state, and to the Scotland Neck section of it. He married, October 3, 1751, Miss Ruth Norfleet, of the well-known family of that name. In the provincial congress which met at Halifax, April 4, 1776, and which framed our first state constitution, James Hogun was one of the delegates for Halifax county. He was appointed

* *Magazine of American History* for December, 1891 [xxvi. 415-433].

paymaster in the third regiment (Sumner's), but the 26th of November, 1776, he was elected colonel of the seventh North Carolina regiment, and December 6th of that year an election was ordered to fill the vacancy in congress caused thereby. Colonel Hogun marched northward with the seventh and Colonel Armstrong with the eighth, and both regiments arrived in time to take part in the battles of Brandywine and Germantown. Colonel Sumner was appointed to fill the vacancy caused by the death of General Francis Nash. For the vacancy caused by the promotion of General Howe from brigadier-general to major-general, our legislature recommended Colonel Thomas Clark, of the first regiment; but General Washington stated that, while not undervaluing Colonel Clark's services, Colonel Hogun by his distinguished gallantry at Germantown had earned the promotion, and he was therefore elected and commissioned a brigadier-general, January 9, 1779, and continued to serve with the army at the north. When Charleston was threatened, all of the North Carolina line which had not previously gone south with General Lincoln, under Sumner, was ordered to that point. Owing to losses, the North Carolina regiments then north were consolidated into four, and General Hogun placed in command. At the head of his brigade he passed through Halifax and Wilmington in February, 1780, and took part in the memorable defense of Charleston. When General Lincoln surrendered that city on May 12, 1780, though he surrendered five thousand men, only one thousand eight hundred of them were regular troops, and the larger part of these were General Hogun's North Carolina brigade. General Sumner, our other brigadier, who had commanded that part of the North Carolina line which was at Charleston before General Hogun's arrival, was home on furlough, as were many officers that had lost employment by the consolidation of the depleted companies and regiments. With that exception, North Carolina's entire force was lost to her at this critical time. The surrendered militia were paroled, but the regular troops, headed by General Hogun, were conveyed to Hadrell's Point, in rear of Sullivan's Island, near Charleston. There they underwent the greatest privations of all kinds. They were nearly starved, but even a petition to fish, in order to add to their supply of food, was refused by the British. These troops were also threatened with deportation to the West Indies. General Hogun himself was offered leave to return home on parole. Tempting as was the offer, he felt that his departure would be unjust to his men, whose privations he had promised to share. He also knew that his absence would aid the efforts of the British, who were seeking recruits among these half-starved prisoners. He fell a victim to his sense of duty, and

fills the unmarked grave of a hero. History affords no more striking incident of devotion to duty, and North Carolina should erect a tablet to his memory, and that of those who perished there with him. Of the one thousand eight hundred regulars who went into captivity on Sullivan Island with him, only seven hundred survived when they were paroled.

We do not know General Hogun's age, but as he had married in 1751 he was probably beyond middle life. In this short recital is found all that careful research has so far disclosed of a life whose outline proves it worthy of fuller commemoration. Could his last resting-place be found, the tablet might well bear a Lacedæmonian inscription.

General Hogun left only one child, Lemuel Hogun, who married Mary Smith, of Halifax county. To Lemuel Hogun, March 14, 1786, North Carolina issued a grant for twelve thousand acres of land in Davidson county, Tennessee, near Nashville, as "the heir of Brigadier-General Hogun." In October, 1792, the United States paid him five thousand two hundred and fifty dollars, being the seven years' half-pay voted by congress to the heirs of brigadier-generals who had died in service. In 1814 Lemuel Hogun died, and is probably buried at the family burial ground. General Hogun resided in Halifax county, North Carolina, about one mile from the present village of Hobgood. In 1818 the widow of Lemuel Hogun, with her children, moved to Tuscumbia, Alabama. Numerous descendants are to be found in that state, and in Tennessee and Mississippi. In the late war General Hogun's papers, which might have furnished materials for history, were seized by the federal troops and presumably destroyed, though it is barely possible they may be yet preserved in some northern historical collection. It is known that among these papers was at least one letter from Washington to General Hogun.

These five heroes—Howe, Moore, Nash, Sumner, and Hogun—were, as has been said, the only generals from this state in the regular service.

We had several generals who commanded militia, ordered out on three months' tour or on special service, at sundry times, such as General Griffith Rutherfurd and General Davidson, for whom those counties have been named; Generals Butler and Eaton, and others. General Davidson had been a major in the continental line, but was a brigadier-general of militia when killed at Cowan's Ford. There were others, as Colonel Davie, Major Joseph Graham (who commanded the brigade sent to Jackson's aid against the Creeks in 1812), and several who acquired the rank of general after the Revolution.

The militia figured more prominently in that day than since. The important victories of King's Mountain and Ramsour's Mills were won

solely by militia, and Cowpens and Moore's Creek by their aid. Rutherfurd and Gregory commanded militia brigades at Camden, as Butler and Eaton did at Guilford Court House, and as General John Ashe did at Brier Creek. It may be of interest to name here the colonels of the ten North Carolina regiments of the continental line: First regiment, James Moore. On his promotion to brigadier-general, Francis Nash. After his promotion, Thomas Clark. Alfred Moore, afterwards judge of the United States supreme court, was one of the captains. Second regiment, Robert Howe. After his promotion to major-general, Alexander Martin. He being elected governor, John Patton became colonel. In this regiment Hardy Murfree, from whom Murfreesboro, in North Carolina and Tennessee, are named, rose from captain to lieutenant-colonel; and Benjamin Williams, afterwards governor, was one of the captains. David Vance, grandfather of Governor Vance, was a lieutenant. Third regiment, Jethro Sumner. After his promotion it was consolidated with the first regiment. In this regiment Hal Dixon was lieutenant-colonel and Pinketham Eaton was major, both distinguished soldiers; and William Blount, afterwards United States senator, was paymaster. Fourth regiment, Thomas Polk. General William Davidson, killed at Cowan's Ford, was major of this regiment, and William Williams, afterwards prominent, was adjutant. Fifth regiment, Edward Buncombe, who died of wounds received at Germantown, and for whom Buncombe county is named. Sixth regiment, Alexander Lillington, afterwards Gideon Lamb. John Baptiste Ashe, of Halifax, who was elected in 1802 governor but died before qualifying, was lieutenant-colonel of this regiment. Seventh regiment, James Hogun. After his promotion, Robert Mebane. In this regiment, Nathaniel Macon, afterwards speaker of congress and United States senator, and James Turner, afterwards governor, served together as privates in the same company. Eighth regiment, James Armstrong. Ninth regiment, John P. Williams. Of this regiment William Polk was major. Tenth regiment, Abraham Shephard. The state had in the continental line a battery of artillery commanded by John Kingsbury, and three companies of cavalry, led, respectively, by Samuel Ashe, Martin Phifer, and Cosmo de Medici.

My object in writing has been to give the few details which, after laborious research, I have been able to exhume as to General Hogun, his origin, his services, and his descendants. I trust others may be able to bring to light further information, so that an adequate memoir may be prepared of so distinguished an officer.

Raleigh, North Carolina.

SOME RELICS OF JOHN HOWARD THE PHILANTHROPIST
1726–1790

At this late day, these are very scarce and meagre. The great philanthropist left but few behind him. That ubiquitous, persistent creature, the modern autograph collector, finds it almost impossible to obtain any of his manuscripts.

Howard wrote but little, excepting his works on *prisons*, and letters to a small circle of chosen friends. The pen was not his forte, and he had no place amongst the *literati*.*

His name has become generic for philanthropy. This was the grand, absorbing idea of his life, and everything was subservient thereto. Fame and reputation he despised, and nothing so grieved him as any attempt to perpetuate his actions and memory. His individuality was strongly developed; so was his isolation of character. All his energies were concentrated, to use his own language, upon his "jail schemes." He was a wanderer over Europe, as Burke declared, "not to survey the sumptuousness of palaces, or the stateliness of temples, but to dive into the depths of dungeons, to plunge into the infection of hospitals, to take the gauge and dimensions of misery, to remember the forgotten, to attend to the neglected." This being the case, he collected no pictures, gems, books, or articles of vertu. His correspondence, never large, reflected his occupation. He looked with disdain upon curios, musty tomes, and kindred objects. Is is not natural, then, that but few mementos of him exist? The earliest in the writer's possession is an autograph letter, of which the following is a verbatim copy:

"Sir: In answer to yr favour have wrote to Mr. Price of Houndsditch my surveyor to begin the Repairs as soon as the Weather will permitt, as to the Workmen being about and of consequence some litter that you

* John Howard was born September 2, 1726, at Hackney, near London. He spent his youth in the study of medicine and in traveling, but having come into public notice through his schools and model cottages for the peasantry, he was elected sheriff in 1773. This brought him into an acquaintance with the miserable condition of the jails. He traveled through the whole kingdom, visited all its prisons, and in 1774 presented a report to the House of Commons, which resulted in the passage of reform bills. He then visited all the French, German, Holland, and other prisons of the continent, and wrote his famous works on *prisons* after his return, the immediate result of which was the adoption, on trial, of the hard-labor system in some of the English prisons. Later on he made a tour through Turkey and Asia Minor, and wrote his *Account of the Lazarettos of Europe*.

must expect as the present Tenant had who entered just as you do at Lady day. The Lease Sir you know is customary the Tenants expence so may at yr leisure leave the draft at Mr. Barmardistons as I shall be in Town for ten days the beginning of April. permitt me to wish you & yrs Health & Happiness therein, as I know but few so comfortable Habitations.

The best of Water goods soil dry House no smoaky Chimney, excuse me if partial to a House I truly love more than all my other Houses.

I am Sr

Yr m^{t} Hum Serv^{t}.

JOHN HOWARD.

WATCOMBE, *Feb.* 6, 1760.

To Mr. Rosewell in Angel Court, Throgmorton Str^{t}. London."

The house referred to was doubtless his favorite residence at Cardington. Mrs. Howard's health was delicate, and her husband had purchased a property at Watcombe, where this letter was written, in hopes that a change of air and scene might restore the fair invalid. Howard's chirography reveals his character. All the letters are large, carefully formed- and almost like copperplate; there is no evidence of haste or impulse, The paper was not ruled, although the spaces would so indicate, as they are remarkably regular and even; the *i*'s and *t*'s are dotted and crossed with the greatest precision. There is a total absence of flourishes. A peculiarity is observable in the formation of the letter *d* wherever it ends a word. Its terminus is invariably brought up over the letter. The manuscript is perfectly legible, yet characterized by a certain stiffness, indicating a lack of freedom in the use of the pen. Both orthography and spelling were at fault with Howard, and far below the present standard. His correspondence, particularly, shows great abruptness and want of continuity. His sentences are short and awkward, and abbreviations are of constant occurrence. The next letter was written twenty-two years later; it is addressed to Doctor Farr, London.

"GREAT ORMOND ST.,

Nov. 11, 1782

SIR: When I had the pleasure of seeing you at Plym^{o} you favoured me with the acceptance of an Appendix, may I now request your acceptance of the former part as a small testimony of my esteem; with my best Complim^{ts} to your Lady I am Sir Yr Mt. Ob. Serv^{t} JOHN HOWARD.

P. S. Should the drawing of your Hospital be finished & a sketch of the Cradles, or any improvem^{t} you think might be made in them, it may be sent by Coach or Post."

Howard eventually presented the doctor with his two famous works, *The State of Prisons in England and Wales*, and *An Account of the Principal Lazarettos in Europe*.

They each bear this inscription on the title pages: "W. Farr: ex dono Auctoris. I. H Amici, virtute, clarissimi." Both are in the writer's possession.

Howard had no eye to pecuniary gains or literary honors in the publication of his books; they were altogether *pro bono publico*, and the outlay was very great. Whilst many copies were sold, he distributed gratuitously a large number to persons whose official position or rank in life would assist him in the furtherance of his philanthropic labors. A fly-leaf from a presentation copy of *The State of Prisons*, now owned by the writer, reads thus: Mr. Howard requests Mr. Devaynes will be kind enough to accept this book from him, as a small testimony of his esteem." This gentleman was a member of parliament in 1786 and 1787, and active in the suppression of the slave trade.

Howard not only thus circulated his own works on *prisons* and *lazarettos*, he was ever on the alert to seize any opportunity to make known their wretched condition, and, whilst abroad, met with a pamphlet exposing the horrors of the Bastile. The author, now unknown, had been an inmate, and after his escape wrote this *brochure*. It aroused the wrath of the government, which prohibited its sale under the severest penalties, and it became almost impossible to obtain it. The argus eyes of the police were searching for it in every direction; but Howard, at great risk, bore off a copy in triumph to England, had it translated and scattered broadcast. This is another instance of considerable expenditure without any remuneration. It is an octavo of thirty-three pages, with an excellent plan of the Bastile, and now quite scarce and seldom seen. It was published by Cadell in London at sixpence, and ran through two editions.

Howard's patriotic spirit may be seen in the preface he wrote for it, in which he says: "It soon occurred to me, that it would be acceptable to my countrymen: and this not merely as an object of curiosity, from the celebrated name of the place it describes, but as affording a very interesting and instructive comparison between the horrors of despotic power, and the mild and just administration of equal laws in a free state. I therefore procured a faithful translation of it to be made: and if its publication shall in any degree tend to increase the attachment and revenue of Englishmen to the genuine principles of their excellent Constitution, my purpose will be fully answered."

In 1786 there was a book published in Pisa, which, when brought to

Howard's notice, impressed him so favorably that he had it also translated and published gratuitously. This was the *Edict of the Grand Duke of Tuscany for the Reform of Criminal Law in his Dominions.* It bears this singular imprint: "Warrington. Printed by W. Eyres, 1789. A few copies to be had gratis of Messrs. Cadell, Johnson Dilly and Taylor. This Pamphlet not to be sold." A copy belonging to the writer has the following inscription in Howard's own hand: "The Gift of Mr. Howard the Editor. Never published for sale."

Leopold was far in advance of the age when he framed this admirable code. Its mildness and leniency are apparent throughout, and contrast vividly with the severity of English criminal jurisprudence at that period. This now almost forgotten volume is an octavo of sixty-seven pages, handsomely printed, and espensively bound in full calf with elaborately tooled edges, at no small expense. The author deserved a better fate than awaited him. Wraxall says he was presented with poisoned confectionery by a lady at a masquerade, and died in consequence.

Notwithstanding Howard's reserve and fondness for retirement, he had now become a public character, and he was beset in every direction. He was the apostle of philanthropy and prison reform, and honors were freely accorded him, which he positively refused. They pained and annoyed him excessively, and he shunned his kind tormentors. Dr. Lettsom was active in raising a fund for a statue commemorative of his labors, and over one thousand pounds were secured, but Howard would not sanction it, and the matter was kept in abeyance. Two poems, in large type, quarto, called *The Triumph of Benevolence* and *The Vindication of Fame*, appeared in consequence of this effort, but all was lost upon their hero, who cared for none of these things. The following letters, from the pen of the celebrated Dr. Richard Price, copied from the originals in the writer's possession, will best show the views of Howard on this well-meaning but injudicious measure:

"NEWINGTON GREEN, *Nov.* 3rd, 1786.

Dr. Price presents his respects to Dr. Lettsom and requests his attention to the following copy of part of a letter which he has just received from Mr. Howard. He hopes it will engage Dr. Lettsom and the other gentlemen belonging to the Committee for erecting a Monument in honour of Mr. Howard to give up this design, and to apply the whole money subscribed to the Fund for prison charities and reforms. But should they not consent to this, Dr. Price will think himself bound to publish, for the information of the public, the letter he has received, and to employ every other method in his power to prevent a design from being carried into

execution which he knows will hurt Mr. Howard extremely. Copy of part of a letter from Mr. Howard to Dr. Price, dated from the Lazaretto at Venice, Oct. 13, 1786:

'My difficulties have hitherto left me in possession of my usual resolution and calm spirits. But alas now, since the receipt of my letters from London, they have forsaken me and I can hardly lift up my head. Could not my friends have prevented this sad event? Can nothing now be done? To a statue or public picture I have a great dislike. When desired some time ago to sit for the latter, I declared my aversion to it. Any advertisem^{t} you will put into the papers with my name agst this design I will confirm. That long friendship with you which I esteem my honour and happiness must make you fully acquainted with my temper. I will have no bust, nor will I ever sit for any picture. P. S. My truest and best and most intimate friends have I see by the papers been so kind as not to subscribe to what you so justly term a hasty measure. Indeed, indeed (*sic*) if nothing can be done (I speak from my heart) never was a poor creature more dragg'd into public view. Yet I have my hope that some happy expedient will occur to you.'"

Dr. Price's second letter reads: "Dear Sir: I have received with pleasure your letter and return you thanks for your attention and candour. I know so well the delicacy of Mr. Howard's feelings and the purity of his views as to be assured that a perseverance in the design to erect in any form a statue or monument in honour of him would be a discouragem^{t} and punishm^{t} to him. He has authorized me to endeavour to prevent such a measure; but I am glad to learn from the letter with which you have favoured me, that I need not give myself any farther trouble.

The establishm^{t} of such a Fund for prison charities and reforms must I apprehend, give him pleasure; and he will probably (should a kind Providence continue to protect him till his return about Christmas next) be very ready to give his advice and assistance with respect to the best method of carrying such a design into execution. But I fear he will not admit of its being called the *Howardian* fund. It would undoubtedly be best, as you observe, to preserve the principal of this fund and to apply only the interest. The chief objection to this seems to be, the smallness of the capital, and consequently the insufficiency of the interest to give any considerable relief, but it may be well hoped that the capital will in time become much larger than it is.

With great regard I am, Dear S^{r}

Your very obed^{t} and humble Servt

NEWINGTON GREEN, *Nov.* 8th, 1786. RICH^{D} PRICE

To Dr. Lettsom, Basinghall Street."

Like all famous men, Howard's likeness was in great demand, but he would never sit for his picture. He declared to one of his friends: "It has cost me a great deal of trouble, and some money to make this insignificant form and ugly face, escape a pack of draftsmen, painters, &c that are lying in wait for me. I have detected a fellow at work upon this face of mine, even as I have walked in the streets of London." He eluded him by jumping into a hackney coach and driving home. Before, as well as after his death, the magazines and journals of the day printed numerous so-called portraits of him, which bore little resemblance, however. Indeed, many were but caricatures. Out of a large number collected by the writer, but very few give any correct idea of his features. The only authentic portrait was taken by Thomas Holloway, an artist of reputation, and a friend of Howard's, and even this was drawn from recollection. It was engraved by Freeman for Baldwin Brown's *Life of John Howard*, published in London in 1818. Whilst an admirable specimen of the engraver's art, it does not convey an accurate view of the features, as may be seen on comparison with the original in India ink, beautifully executed, in possession of the writer of this article. The difference is quite perceptible. This is the basis of the best portraits. Nearly all agree in one particular, the prominent nose resembled that of the Duke of Wellington.

In 1788, about two years before Howard's death, there was an engraving published in London from a drawing by the celebrated Gillray, in size about twenty-four inches by twenty-two, representing Howard in a prison, handing an unfortunate military officer a purse of gold to relieve his necessities. The victim is seated on a bench, supported in his illness by his faithful wife, and surrounded by a number of young children. This picture is well executed in every particular, excepting the *features* of the philanthropist. Here, the artist has failed. They are widely different from the original. It is now very scarce and difficult to obtain.

In April, 1790, three months after Howard's death, there appeared another picture, painted by Wheatley, and engraved by James Hogg, far superior to the former, and about the same size. It shows Howard in a jail of enormous strength, accompanied by the obsequious keeper, and revealing a sick, old, gray-haired man, in the arms of his daughter, attended by a numerous family, children and grandchildren. Despair, hunger, and poverty are accurately depicted. Two attendants are seen, one bringing bedding, the other, provisions. Howard, of course, is the central figure. He is dressed in knee breeches, long, closely buttoned coat, ruffled wrists, and cocked hat. He is pointing to the miserable beings around him as he addresses the jailer, who stands hat in hand, and holding the ponderous

prison keys. His features agreed exactly with those delineated by Holloway in the India ink portrait already referred to.

This is one of the most expressive pictures of the kind ever taken, and tells the story of Howard's work at a single glance. It is extremely rare, and now almost impossible to obtain. The writer has two impressions, and another is in the Philadelphia library where it has been from time immemorial.

Among the intimate friends of the philanthropist was the Rev. William Lawrence Brown, D.D., professor of theology in the Marischal college, Aberdeen, who furnished many anecdotes and reminiscences for Brown's *Life of Howard.* Dr. Brown's original manuscripts of sixty-nine pages, attested by his autograph, belong to the writer; as its contents have already appeared in the *Life*, of course they are not repeated. The introduction, however, may be appropriately quoted. "I regard it as one of the most pleasing circumstances of my life to have formed the acquaintance of this illustrious character, and as one of the most honourable and advantageous, as far as mind is concerned, to have acquired his attachment and friendship."

One of Howard's greatest admirers was the poet William Hayley, who wrote the *Eulogies of Howard*, a vision. The original manuscript of this curious production in Hayley's hand is now before the writer, a quarto of sixty-nine pages. In a letter to Nichols, the author says: "The chief aim of this performance is to honour the memory of our departed friend, the excellent Howard, with a view to quicken and extend the generosity of the nation in subscribing to his monument. To show how much all ranks of men are interested in his glory, I have represented, in this visionary form, persons of different professions pronouncing different panegyrics on his incomparable character."

Briefly stated, this resembles somewhat an apotheosis and a rhapsody, but diametrically opposite to the hero's wishes had he been consulted.

The most interesting relic in possession of the writer is a fragment of Howard's memorandum book, found amongst his effects after his death at Cherson, January 21, 1790, and brought to England by his servant, who died in an infirmary in Liverpool. The paper is small, and stained with age and exposure, but otherwise in excellent preservation. On the top of one page is the following sentiment, in Howard's own large hand, in ink: "God grant that I may not be ashamed of, or a shame to my profession; but may I be faithfull unto death holding fast the profession of my faith without wavering."

Then come these detached sentences in pencil, faint, but still discern-

ible: " My salvation will be of free, rich grace. Is my main care to appear great in the eye of Man, or good in the Eye of God? What you have once wisely purposed, stick to as a Law not to be violated without Guilt, and mind not what others say of you; Fix your character and keep to it whether alone or in company: How happy shd. we be of saving our fellow Creatures from misery. All Drs. [Debtors] be by their Crs. [Creditors] to state a Bill; reasons for it in my publn. [publication]. The Lord my Helper & deliverer may I live to Thy Glory & made fit for ye better world endear thy word & ordain to. to. Psa 130. 1 v. read it inc. He was 1, describe this trouble 2 means to be delivered. Convict of Sin: [2] more dependence of. 3. from an awful apprehension of the displeasure of God. 4. ye sense he has of his own impotence [1] it is various in its degree. 4 the action is ye accuser of ye brethren. 5. it is a most salutary affliction."

Numerous half-penny tokens, commemorative of Howard, were put into circulation. Strange to say, his likeness on these was far more accurate than the engravings. One bore the motto, " Remember the Debtors in Gaol," and a device of Howard opening a prison, exclaiming, " Go Forth! "

Such are some of the relics of John Howard, who, in the cause of philanthropy, traveled fifty thousand miles, and spent thirty thousand pounds.

Howard Edwards

PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA.

HOWARD EDWARDS

A HISTORIAN IN COLOR

On the pages of colonial history the figure of John Trumbull stands out unique and interesting. He is unique because he was imprisoned in England on suspicion of being an American André, because Edmund Burke and Benjamin West were his bondsmen, because the French David wrested him from Parisian authorities, because he was an unsuccessful picture dealer and wine merchant. He is interesting as the son of a governor of Connecticut, as a university man, as an aide-de-camp of Washington, as a founder of art at Yale. Living in a land of soldiers, and in an atmosphere laden with the fragrance of true patriotism, his life in the field lost all novelty. It was not so with art. As his father once pithily remarked, "Connecticut is not Athens." Art and artists had no existence in the war-enamored towns of New England. Thus to find in Trumbull not only a painter of repute, but one whom Thackeray called "the head of American art," is certainly a phenomenon, and when considered in connection with his military service makes him a noteworthy character.

Biographies of artists read alike, particularly those portions which relate the deeds of their childhood. They invariably decorate, as best they may, whatever surfaces admit of ornamentation. Trumbull was no exception to this rule. His father's sand-covered floor served as his canvas, and it requires little effort of imagination to fancy the admiration or jealousy of the Uncas chief, Zachary, as he compared the rude sketches of the pale-faced child with the barbaric color creations of his own squaw. Yet the proper development of these talents was no easy task. Copley had left Boston, leaving no one in America capable of giving instruction. With a wild zeal for art, the young man hastened abroad and placed himself in the jaws of the British lion, from which he barely escaped. In this way he became a pupil of West, and thus he learned his profession. It is as a historian, however, that he is conspicuous, and it is interesting to see how the medley of circumstances in which his life was spent influenced him in this direction, and affected his success.

War always leaves its impress strongly stamped upon the mind of the soldier. No one can gaze upon the realistic canvases of Verestchagin and fail to realize that the painter himself witnessed the awful realities of battle. So it was with Trumbull. Oftentimes the grandeur of a scene, even though accompanied by defeat and horror, touched his sense of beauty,

arousing that admiration for bursting shell and blazing city which made him essentially a war painter. His whole being was tinged by the Revolution. Perhaps this was due to the fact that he had seen various phases of the struggle. While he had shared the luxury of the headquarters at Cambridge, he had also endured the campaign on Lake George, where he beheld the sufferings of the fever-stricken army as it slowly retreated to the Hudson.

Nor was his life abroad without its effects. In New England the Trumbull family bore a proud name, and doubtless the home of the colonial governor was the rendezvous of many of the most prominent men in the political arena of those days. Thus in Europe there awaited the young artist the warm friendship of men no less famous than the habitués of his father's house. Lafayette he knew intimately. In fact, the French general placed such confidence in Trumbull that he commissioned him to inform Washington regarding the true condition of France. This insight into the affairs of the country, together with the ghastly picture of the French Revolution which the streets of Paris presented, made the artist more thoroughly American and inspired him to push on in an enterprise dear to his heart. Long before he had conceived the plan of painting a series of pictures commemorating the most noteworthy scenes of the American Revolution, his own army experiences were engraven on his mind. The battle-field seemed easy to picture. As to the men who should loom up in the foreground—they were his friends. Paris, Berlin, and Dresden had already been enthusiastic over his works. Thomas Jefferson and John Adams had heartily commended his scheme. Everything promised success. At home there was a different feeling; there art afforded but a precarious foothold to the painter. Trumbull, however, believed that in the newly born republic there would be a demand for the engravings from these historical works. The result was contrary to his expectations. The infant nation recovering from war, and establishing herself in commercial lines, had no leisure to attend to the memorials of her own achievements. On this account the number of his subscribers was limited, but a more royal list could not at that time have been secured. Washington's name was followed by those of Samuel Johnston, Alexander Hamilton, and John Jay.

As a historian through his brush, Trumbull obtained a triumph in 1798, when he was commissioned by the government to paint four large pictures illustrative of prominent scenes of the struggle for independence, to be placed in the capitol at Washington. This was indeed an opportunity to immortalize the Revolution. It required seven years of labor,

yet it was labor well spent and well paid for. It is evident, however, that the artist had little conception of the importance of the work. His friend, L'Enfant, had just planned the city of Washington; the country was bounded by narrow limits; the capitol seemed rather the meeting place of local politicians than the assembly house for the senate and representatives of a vast nation. Doubtless it would have been a surprise to the artist if he could have looked forward a century to find these paintings gazed upon by the countless throngs which year after year pass through the rotunda of that important edifice. With untiring energy he continued in his work as a historian, intermingling the scenes of war with the portraits of many a distinguished officer and statesman, thus arousing that interest in Americana which at the present time exists so widely throughout the country. As Trumbull grew old, poverty bore heavily upon him. A number of unsalable pictures were on his hands. How it must have grieved the old artist to part with scraps of plate and furniture which were perhaps the last relics of his early home at Lebanon. It suddenly occurred to him that some institution of learning might desire to have his collection. He writes: "I first thought of Harvard college, my alma mater, but she was rich and amply endowed. I then thought of Yale; although not my alma mater, yet she was within my native state and poor." The university at New Haven was not slow to act. She gave him an ample annuity for life, at the same time securing for herself his valuable pictures. The present treasury building she reared as his gallery, and gave it his name. Finally, at his death his dust was made part of the campus, thus forever uniting Yale with one whom she affectionately calls an "artist and patriot" and whom she would be proud to claim as an alumnus.

Chas. Chauncey Hyde.

New Haven, Connecticut.

THE SUCCESSFUL NOVEL OF FIFTY-SIX YEARS AGO

"HORSE SHOE ROBINSON"

[*Third Chapter, continued from page* 214.]

Captain Butler was finally conducted to his apartment, and a half-hour later Captain Jermyn came to break to him the unhappy tidings that he was to receive his sentence, and, being conducted back to the court, he was told that he was immediately to "be shot to death."

"Here is a letter," exclaimed one of the officers of the court at this juncture, "which I have just found under my sword belt. It seems from its address to contain matter of moment. How it came here does not appear!" Upon the outside of this letter was written, *For life or death, with speed!* All eyes were turned upon it, as Colonel Innis opened and read the enforced words of Edgar St. Jermyn. He at first pronounced it a clever forgery, with a smile of derision, but Captain St. Jermyn turned pale as he took it in his hand. "This is no trick; it is my brother's own handwriting," he said, and he argued so eloquently that the execution was delayed. At this juncture a trooper rode into the camp with the startling news that Sumter had defeated three hundred of their men on the Catawba, capturing all who were not killed and fifty or sixty wagons of stores. On being asked if Sumter was approaching, the messenger said "no," he was still tending northward.

Meanwhile David Ramsay had departed with Mary Musgrove for her father's mill, and Horse Shoe's horse had been quickly saddled, also one for Christopher Shaw and another for St. Jermyn, and they started for the "Devil's Ladder," a wild spot some twenty miles to the north, in a defile of the mountains known only to some of the woodsmen. The prisoner was bound by a surcingle to the horse's back, Horse Shoe remarking, with grim humor: "Fast bind, fast find, is a good rule in the dark: I take no pleasure in oncommoding you, but it is my intention to lead your horse by the rein to-night, and this friend of mine will keep in the rear. It is military punctilium to tell you this." They reached their destination about daylight, the last part of their journey following the ascending course of a brook, fringed with a profusion of bush and brier. On a high point among the cliffs they rested, and the prisoner was allowed to dismount, and rest and refresh himself, for Horse Shoe was provided with

tempting eatables from Mrs. Ramsay's storehouse. The next morning, a little after sunrise, as Horse Shoe was holding the watch on the outer ledge, where he could see the approaches to the valley, he heard a noise as of something breaking through the bushes on the margin of the brook, and presently saw a man on horseback picking his way towards him, who every now and then hallooed cheerfully, as if in search of a lost companion. "Who goes there?" and the quick response, "A friend to Horse Shoe Robinson," disclosed a friend indeed. John Ramsay, on his way from Sumter with despatches to Colonel Williams, had turned aside to visit his parents, and thus learned of Butler's danger, and how well Mary Musgrove had played her part in the delivery of the letter from St. Jermyn which had delayed Butler's execution. He saw the whole situation at a glance, and the necessity for immediate action. His home and family were in peril, and the absence of Christopher Shaw would bring the Musgroves into trouble. Thus he had briskly followed Horse Shoe to take Christopher's place, and send him home, and, if possible, take the prisoner to the camp of Williams.

He was not long in laying his plans before Horse Shoe, and the hill was speedily descended. Christopher started for the mill, and Horse Shoe and Ramsay, with the prisoner, forded the Ennoree, and plunged into the deep forest beyond. In a few hours they reached an open country, inhabited chiefly by tory families, and rested in a thicket until after dark, prosecuting their tiresome journey slowly during the night. At break of day Ramsay ordered St. Jermyn to exchange clothes with him, and he was transformed into a gay young officer of the enemy's line. As they moved on, Horse Shoe surveyed the prisoner with a smile, then said, with austerity: "Ride now like the honest whig you look, or I mought find occasion to do a discomfortable thing by putting a bullet through and through you."

They had not proceeded far when they heard voices and light laughter from among the trees by the roadside, and became in the next breath aware that a squad of loyalist cavalry were but a few paces distant. "They are upon us," exclaimed Ramsay; "take care of the prisoner, retreat rapidly, leave me to myself, meet me at the Blockhouse" (the appointed rendezvous with Williams); and while Horse Shoe wheeled his horse and struck that of the prisoner, whispering, "Fly, your life is in your horse's heels," Ramsay dashed across the open field in full view of the enemy with the speed of a whirlwind. The clever ruse was a success. The troopers thought they had aided in the escape of one of their own officers, and formed a platoon to cut of the pursuit, making no attempt

to follow Horse Shoe. Ramsay did not pause until he had crossed the Saluda and advanced a considerable distance on the opposite bank, where, to his great delight, he met a look-out party of Williams's regiment, which had reached the Blockhouse the preceding evening; and Colonel Elijah Clarke, since the fall of Charleston employed in keeping together the few patriots in that part of Carolina near the Savannah who were ready to be mustered any moment at a preconcerted signal, and Colonel Isaac Shelby, who was prepared to summon followers from the mountain region, were fortunately with Williams, having just arrived by appointment. These three gallant officers were organizing that combination of resistance to British rule which proved such a striking feature in the history of the Revolution at the South, and which it was the special mission of Butler to promote. Ere long Horse Shoe came up with his prisoner, to the joy of all, having pursued his journey without molestation since the adventure of Ramsay.

In the camp of Innis tidings came during the same day of the victory at Camden ; and rumors also that Sumter had been attacked by Tarleton and defeated. There was wild excitement throughout the camp. The officers formed themselves into groups and made merry over their cups, and the men drank and huzzaed. In the midst of the tumult Connelly's troopers returned and reported the successful escape, as they supposed, of young St. Jermyn; they had seen him burst away from his captors, with his horse's head turned toward Innis's camp; and they were handsomely commended by Innis for having favored his retreat, who, indeed, at once ordered the execution of Butler, saying : " We must get that job off our hands ; to-morrow we shall move towards Catawba."

Mr. Kennedy's description of the tragic scene, when Butler was again led forth to be shot, is one of intense interest, and occupies several pages. He was denied the use of pen and paper, and treated with the utmost rigor. Of Captain Jermyn, whom he met outside his prison-door, he asked that he might be buried as then dressed, and with so much earnestness that the promise was given. The escort moved slowly across the plain towards the river-bank where the execution was to take place, with funeral observances. Meanwhile there was a sudden commotion at headquarters, caused by the hasty arrival of a mounted patrol, crying : " We are followed ; they'll be here in an instant ! " At the same moment a cloud of dust was seen rising above the trees in the direction of the road on the Ennoree, and by the time the commander had shouted " To arms ! " the cavalry of Williams came into full view and charged upon the royalists with telling force, while a second and third corps, led respectively by Shelby and Clarke, galloped

upon the two flanks of the encampment. Never was a surprise more complete. Innis sprang to his horse and succeeded in inspiring a few of his men to fight, but they only took post behind trees and fired in a desultory fashion. The leaders of the continentals saw their advantage in the confusion of the royalists, and pressed forward. Side by side in the thickest of the battle, with a restless and desperate valor that nothing could withstand, were Horse Shoe Robinson and John Ramsay. But, to their great disappointment, Butler could not be found. When Innis saw that it was a total rout for his party, he fled as fast as spur and sword could urge his horse onward. But Horse Shoe was close behind him, and with one broad sweep of his sword dislodged him from his saddle and left him bleeding on the ground. Captain St. Jermyn, with Curry and some others who had mounted their horses to escort Butler to his doom, fled on the first approach of Williams, taking the prisoner with them.

The condition of the country was such that Williams made no effort to carry off his prisoners, with the exception of three or four officers: the forces of the enemy were too strong in the vicinity. He simply buried the dead, cared for the wounded, allowed his troops to refresh themselves from the captured stores, and at daylight next morning there were no traces of the continentals to be seen on the field, which was abandoned to the loyalist prisoners and their wounded comrades. Williams had gone with much despatch to the mountains, and encamped in a sequestered nook called Fair Forest. This engagement is known in history as the battle of Musgrove Mill, and was one of the important victories of the summer of 1780.

Among the spoils Williams captured the document containing the proceedings of the Innis court-martial, and perceiving its malignity, determined to submit the whole matter to Lord Cornwallis and demand that Butler be placed at once under the protection of the laws of war. The spirited paper was prepared and an officer directed to proceed with it, under a flag of truce, to the headquarters of the British general. It was then decided that Horse Shoe and John Ramsay should venture back towards the Ennoree and apply themselves to the service of Butler. Horse Shoe was armed with a letter from Williams which was to inform the commandant of any post of the loyalists whom it might concern, that an application had been made to Cornwallis in Butler's behalf, and that the severest retaliation would be exercised upon the prisoners in Williams's custody for any violence offered to an American officer. They shaped their course directly to the Ramsay farm, and were shocked to find the house had disappeared, and in its place a few upright frame-posts, scorched black, a stone chimney with its ample fireplace, and a heap of ashes, were all that

remained. John Ramsay put spurs to his horse and galloped to the ruins. It was for him a moment of intense distress. "The savages have done their worst," he said. The barn—all the outbuildings, indeed—was gone also. In the distance, about a quarter of a mile, were some negro cabins, and with eager haste our horsemen rode to them, finding both Mr. and Mrs. Ramsay. They learned that a few of the retreating loyalists on the day of battle paused long enough to set the buildings on fire; and that Butler had been first taken to Blackstocks, but a day or two later was placed in Musgrove's house at the mill, to be kept a close prisoner there.

Just after dusk that evening Horse Shoe and John Ramsay were guiding their horses cautiously by a tedious detour (partly through forest paths) towards the mill, hoping for some means of communication with the family of the miller. When within about two miles of the place they left their horses fastened in a thicket and maneuvered on foot. When they were near enough to see a light in the window, Horse Shoe seated himself under a tree, and Ramsay reconnoitered alone. It was after ten o'clock when Ramsay came back, accompanied by Mary Musgrove. It was the maiden herself who explained that she heard her lover's signal, and made an excuse to leave the room and slipped through the garden, and followed the whistling as folks say they follow a jack o' lantern; "and so by a countermarch we came round the meadow and through the woods here," added Ramsay. Mary informed them that about twenty men were detailed to guard the prisoner, and that the orders were for him to be kept at the miller's house until it was settled what was to be done with him. Colonel Innis was ill and had been carried out of the neighborhood. "Can you give him a letter?" asked Horse Shoe. Mary explained that she had to pretend she knew much less about Butler than she really did, but she thought she could manage to have a letter placed in his hands. It was the piece of writing from Williams that Horse Shoe wished to have conveyed to Butler, as it might save him from harm; and the girl was, if possible, to tell him personally that his faithful friends were in the neighborhood. "We will be here again to-morrow night," said Horse Shoe, "so that if he has any message for us he can send it by you. But be very careful how you are seen talking with him by the guards, for if they should suspect you it will spoil all."

Allen Musgrove was allowed to visit the prisoner as a spiritual counselor, and was sometimes alone with him in his chamber. Mary told her father of her midnight interview with Butler's friends, and the good man placed the letter from Williams safely in the prisoner's hands. This produced the most cheering effect upon Butler, and he resolved to write to

Philip Lindsay and ask him to contradict the principal accusation against him, that which related to his pretended design of delivering Lindsay over to the wrath of the republican government. Whatever Lindsay's antipathy to him might be, he relied upon his high sense of truth for protection. He would appeal to Mildred, also, to fortify her father's statement, and thus satisfy Cornwallis of the groundless character of this charge. Mary Musgrove managed to convey writing materials to Butler—the paper in the family bible, and the ink-horn and pen in her pocket—as she spread his little table for dinner; and when the letters were written, and directions given for Horse Shoe to convey the two letters with all possible haste to the Dove Cote, the same were placed in her hands for delivery. But the course of her romantic interviews with Ramsay did not run smoothly on the second evening. She heard his signal as she stood on the porch of her father's dwelling; some of the royalist officers were there also, and she could not go out unobserved. The whistling freshened upon the evening air and the tune came forth blithely and boldly, showing that the wayfarer was trudging down the main road towards the mill. It halted, and the whistling continued, with no symptom of retreat. Mary, while trying to exhibit her unconcern, was in an agony of mind. Presently the officer on duty ordered two files "to patrol the road and see who was making himself so merry." "It is not worth your while to be sending after Adam Gordon: he is only half-witted; and almost the only thing he does for a living is to come down of nights here to the mill-dam and bob for eels. If it was not for that his mother would go many a day without a meal," said Mary, carelessly. "No matter, we will bring Adam in," said the officer. But after an absence of half an hour the patrol came back and reported that the person they were in quest of had left the place, and in the darkness they had no clew to follow him.

Mary retired to her own room, but rose early in the morning and hurried to the mill to consult with her cousin Christopher, who, to avert suspicion from the family, had offered his services to the British, and been appointed quartermaster, or purveyor, for the little garrison during Butler's confinement—a post that did not interfere much with his daily work in the mill. He listened to Mary's story, and said he had provisions to collect in the vicinity and she might go with him, as if to buy eggs or something for the table, and they would go to David Ramsay with the letters. The guard suspected nothing, and soon the maiden and her escort were on their horses, cantering over the road. They found Horse Shoe and John Ramsay concealed in one of the negro huts, and after a consultation in David Ramsay's cabin, it was resolved that Horse Shoe

should start at once for the Dove Cote, taking the route through the mountain country of North Carolina, as least likely to be invested with troops of the enemy. He was to travel at night only, through the most perilous part of his journey. The letters were sewed into a leathern pouch, which was buckled about his body by a strap inside his clothes; his firearms were in order, and provisions stowed away for himself and horse, and when daylight disappeared he rode forth with as stout a heart as ever went with knight of chivalry to the field of romantic renown.

The days rolled by—many of them. One bright September morning, as Mildred Lindsay was riding with her brother Henry along the road at some distance from the Dove Cote, a flock of wild turkeys beguiled her escort into a race across the fields, and she waited in her saddle by the roadside for his return. Presently she saw a traveler on horseback approaching, both man and horse bearing the marks of long and fatiguing service. With respectful salutation, the rider paused and addressed her. "If I mought be so bold, ma'am, how far mought it be to a river they call the Rockfish?" "It is scarce two miles away," she said. "And there is, if I don't disremember, a house kept by the widow Dimock—the Blue Ball—and about two miles beyont is Squire Lindsay's, a place they call the Dove Cote?" he continued, inquiringly. "Does your business take you there?" asked Mildred. "Beg pardon, ma'am, but I am an old sodger, and warry about answering questions that consarn myself. I suppose I mought see Mr. Lindsay?" "Pray, sir, tell me what brings you here, and who you are. I myself live at the Dove Cote," exclaimed the lady. "Then, mayhap, you mought have hearn of one Arthur Butler?"

"Horse Shoe Robinson!" shouted Henry, rushing into the road with a large turkey in his hand which he had shot, and greeted the traveler warmly, asking in the same breath with his sister about Butler. They soon learned what the reader already knows, and all three rode toward the Dove Cote with celerity. The letters were read and reread, and the situation of Butler discussed with anxious faces. Horse Shoe learned that Squire Lindsay was absent, that he had left home in company with Mr. Tyrrel, whose servant, James Curry, had been concerned in ambushing Butler at Grindall's Ford. Horse Shoe suspected Tyrrel was on mischief bent, and Mildred, alive to the possibility of Tyrrel's villainy, declared she would go to Cornwallis herself and expose the whole affair to his lordship. Horse Shoe tried to dissuade her from such an expedition in vain. "It is onpossible for you to know what you would have to put up with. Mr. Henry and me can take the letter," he said. "I may not trust my letters—I must go myself; my brother and I will

form some good excuse that shall take us through safely: and you will protect me?" "Sartinly, ma'am; I will stand by you through all chances, if you go." As Horse Shoe disappeared, to rest and refresh himself at Mildred's order, Henry said: "Sister, you never thought a better thought, and you never contrived a better act than just taking this matter in hand yourself, under mine and Horse Shoe's protection. We can finish the thing in two or three weeks, and when I have seen you safe home I'll go and join the Rangers."

The following day the little party started on their hazardous and uncertain journey, accompanied by Isaac, the trusty gardener. They were well provided with necessaries, and the saddle-bags of Horse Shoe were stuffed with a plethora of provisions. Mildred left a letter to be handed her father should he return before herself, but no information was given to any one in the household concerning the object or route of their travels. There were then few inns in the thinly settled districts; thus Henry took it upon himself to learn where the gentlemen's seats could be found, that they might secure accommodations whenever his sister's comfort required it. They followed the mountain paths chiefly, and not until the fifth day from the Dove Cote did they cross the river Dan and enter North Carolina, where they took quite a detour to avoid meeting any part of Gates's shattered army at Hillsborough. They were told that Cornwallis was near the Waxhaws. The country over which Mildred rode was a dreary waste of pine forest, through which a sandy road crept in melancholy shade. A few huts were passed, the inmates exhibiting signs of squalid poverty: but the inhabitants lived chiefly on the banks of the streams, which were some twenty to thirty miles apart. After several days they came into an open country, where Horse Shoe posed as Mr. Lindsay's gardener, and was called Stephen Foster, and Isaac acted as Mildred's waiting man.

The travelers stopped one night, very much fatigued, at the little cabin of a continental soldier named Wingate, who was serving under Francis Marion; and they were all comfortably asleep except Horse Shoe, when about midnight an armed trooper rode furiously up to the door of the dwelling and struck several rapid blows upon it, shouting: "Mrs. Wingate, for God's sake open your door quickly: the tories are afoot—open to Dick Peyton!" "Bloody Spur—is it you?" cried the woman, appearing. He hurriedly explained that a gang of tories who had been thieving and burning as far as Waggaman were on the road, and would reach that house in less than half an hour. "How many mought there be of them?" asked Horse Shoe, awake in every fibre, and when told there were between two and three hundred, he roused his party without ceremony. For a few minutes

everything was in confusion; Bloody Spur sprang from his horse to help his comrade's wife remove a few articles of value, and drive the cattle into the swamp. Meanwhile the marauders were heard laughing and rattling their sabers not far distant, just as Mildred was placed on her horse and, with Henry by her side, rode into the darkness in an opposite direction, followed by Isaac and Horse Shoe, the latter taking the precaution to learn of Bloody Spur that about a mile distant a path struck into the woods on the right; "it will lead you up the river to the falls of Pedee; if you should meet any of Marion's men, tell them what you have seen—and say Dick Peyton will be along close after you." They rode swiftly, and from the diverging road, through an opening in the trees, saw the cabin on fire from which they had just escaped. For an hour or more in the black darkness they hurried on, totally ignorant of the country through which they were passing, when suddenly they were challenged at one of the outposts of General Marion's camp. Horse Shoe asked to see the general himself, saying he had a report to make to him for Dick Peyton, and they were guided through several thickets and across a morass to a thinly timbered piece of woodland, where were encamped in the rudest fashion of the bivouac some two hundred cavalry. Sentinels were pacing their limits on the outskirts, and small bodies of patrols on horseback moved across the encampment with the regularity of military discipline. The strangers were conducted to a large tree, near which a group of officers were seated on the ground. "Make way for a squad of travelers picked up on the road; they wish to see General Marion," said the scout in a loud voice. Mildred alighted, and was conducted to a bank, where a few blankets were thrown down. "This is but an uncouth resting-place, though heartily at your service," said the officer in attendance. Presently Mildred observed an alert figure approaching with a quick step—a man who wore the blue and buff uniform of the staff, with a pair of epaulets, a buckskin belt, and a three-cornered hat. He was short, of delicate frame, with bright dark eyes and sharp, decided features. "General Marion, madam, is too happy to have his poor camp honored by the visit of a lady," was his courteous greeting. "They tell me the tories were so uncivil as to break in upon your slumbers to-night, and it adds greatly to my grudge against them." In the brief conversation that followed, Mildred told him her father's name and of her travels under the protection of her brother and servants. But General Marion recognized Horse Shoe, and asked him to step aside and relate the particulars of the attack upon Wingate's cabin.

(*To be continued.*)

THE UNITED STATES IN PARAGRAPHS

[*Continued from page* 225]

Arkansas

One of the Southern central states. Area, 53,045 square miles; 240 miles north and south, 285 miles east and west. Latitude, 33° to 36° 30′ N.; longitude, 89° 45′ to 94° 40′ W. Arkansas is the French and Spanish spelling of a native local name (pronounced Arkansaw; see 1881), meaning, doubtful; possibly "smoky water." State motto, "Regnant Populi"="The people rule." Nicknames: "The Bear State," "The Toothpick State"—the latter from "Arkansas' toothpick," *i.e.*, a bowie knife.

1541, May. Hernando de Soto entered the territory at present covered by the state, ascending the St. Francis river and spending several weeks in exploration.

1673. Jacques Marquette and Louis Joliet descend the Mississippi to the Arkansas, and return to Canada. "Arkansas" first appears on Marquette's map.

1680. Partial exploration by Louis Hennepin, the Jesuit missionary.

1682. Robert Cavalier La Salle takes possession of Arkansas Post for the French crown.

1685. A French settlement formed at Arkansas Post under the Chevalier de Tonte.

1718. John Law, the English financier, obtains a grant of one hundred and forty-four square miles on Arkansas river, near Quapaw village, and established a colony of French and Germans, which was soon abandoned.

1750 (about). A Spanish fort built on the Arkansas river, about sixty miles above its mouth; site subsequently known as the "Fort." Don Carlos de Villemont, governor, succeeded by Valliére, under the French *régime*, the whole region being known as Louisiana.

1765. Louisiana, including Arkansas, ceded to Spain by France.

1803. By purchase of Louisiana from France, Arkansas passes into the possession of the United States and becomes the District of New Madrid.

1806. Lieutenant Jas. B. Wilkerson, U.S.A., with a party in two canoes, explores the Arkansas river from its headwaters to the mouth.

1810. Estimated population, 1,062, excluding Indians.

1812. Missouri territory organized, including Arkansas as a county.

1819, March 2. Territory of Arkansas formed, with the seat of government at Arkansas Post; James Miller of New Hampshire as governor till 1825.

1820. Population by fourth United States census, 14,255.

1821. Seat of government removed to Little Rock (Le petit Rocher, as distinguished from Le Grand Rocher by the French).

"A Journal of Travels into Arkansas Territory during the year 1819." By Thomas Nutall, F.L.S. Published in Philadelphia.

1824. Forty families living at Little Rock.

1825–1829. George Izard, governor.

1829–1835. John Pope, governor.

1830. Population by fifth United States census, 30,388.

1835–1836. William S. Fulton, governor.

1836, June 15. Admitted to the Union. James S. Conway, governor, till 1840. Population by sixth United States census, 97,574.

1840–1844. Archibald Yell, governor.

1844–1847. Thomas S. Drew, governor.

1847. Publication "The Arkansas Review." By J. Welch. Washington.

1849–1852. John S. Roane, governor. Population by seventh census, 209,897.

1852. John R. Hampton, acting governor.

1852–1860. Elias N. Conway, governor. Population by eighth census, 435,450.

1853. Congressional grant of several million acres of government lands to the St. Louis, Iron Mountain and Southern railway, also to the Little Rock and Fort Smith railway.

1860, December 20. Address to the legislature by David Hubbard, commissioner from Alabama, advocating secession.

1860–1862. Henry M. Rector, governor.

1861, January 5. A large meeting at Van Buren favors co-operation rather than secession.

February 18. By a vote of 27,412 against 15,826 the state decides to hold a convention to consider the question of secession.

March 4–17. Meeting of the state convention; compromise measures adopted.

May 6. State convention reassembles, and passes an ordinance of secession by a vote of 69 to 1.

May 18. Arkansas admitted as one of the Confederate states.

June–July. Guerilla warfare begins in the northern counties.

December. By the end of the year the state had furnished 21,500 men for the Confederate service.

1862. Thomas Fletcher, acting governor; Harris Flanigen, governor till 1864.

February 18. All able-bodied men called out by the governor for military service under the Confederate flag.

February 18. United States troops under General Samuel R. Curtis enter the state from Missouri.

February 19. Engagement near Su-

gar creek crossing; General Curtis defeats the Confederates under Generals Price and McCullough.

March 6, 7, 8. Battle of Pea Ridge; General Curtis defeats the Confederates under Generals Van Dorn and Price.

May 19. Skirmish near Searcy.

1862, August. Destruction of Confederate ram "Arkansas" by the Federal gunboats under Captain (afterward Admiral) Porter.

August. John S. Phelps appointed military governor for the United States.

September 22. Emancipation proclamation of President Lincoln.

October. Engagement at Cross Hollows; General Herron defeats Confederates.

November 28. General Blunt defeats Confederates under General Marmaduke.

December 7. Battle of Prairie Grove; Blunt and Herron defeat Confederates under Hindman; loss about 1,000 men on each side.

1863, January 1. Emancipation proclamation goes into effect; 111,104 slaves liberated in Arkansas.

January 11. Arkansas Post (Fort Hindman) captured by Federals under General McClernand, aided by gunboats under Commodore Porter. The fort was destroyed.

July 4. Helena captured by United States troops under General Prentiss.

July 31. General Steele assumes command of the military district.

September 10. Occupation of Little Rock by the Union forces under General Davidson.

1864–1868. Isaac Murphy, governor.

1864, January 1. Organized Confederate force 21,700 within the state.

January 8–22. Union convention at Little Rock; organization of a provisional government under Isaac Murphy.

April 14. Adoption of the constitutional amendment abolishing slavery.

September 26. Meeting of rebel legislature with thirteen senators and forty representatives.

1865. Reorganization of the state under national laws. About 50,000 men altogether served with the Confederate colors, and 13,000 with those of the United States.

1867. Major-General E. O. C. Ord, military governor for the United States.

April 15. General Ord forbids the meeting of the legislature.

December 28. General Irwin McDowell becomes military governor of the district, with General Gillem in charge at Little Rock.

1868, January 7. Constitutional convention at Little Rock to adopt new constitution.

1868–1871. Powell Clayton, governor. Summary measure to repress lawlessness by Governor Clayton.

1869, May 30. Memorial Day observed for the first time.

1870. Development of the Arkansas Hot Springs as a resort for invalids.

Chas. Ledyard Norton.

(*To be continued.*)

MINOR TOPICS

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS

1824–1892

At all points where the man of letters might touch and influence the life of the day, for a long generation past the man of action has found George William Curtis either facing him or at his side to guide him. In moral reform, in social amelioration, in the very important task of sweetening the literary mood and elevating the literary tone of America, he has been a steady and always available worker; a friend to the painter and sculptor and architect, when these could be helped by the pen; to the scholarly traveler who carried our sunny American temperament to the old world and brought home to us the Italian and Spanish charm, the Mauritanian color, the Egyptian mystery, the culture of Germany. In his suburban home he stood at the harbor wharf, as it were, to welcome the masters of song, and no skilled instrument of music reached our shores which did not call him to the city. The actor who promised a refining touch to our stage found in him an entertainer and friend; the singer was sure of a welcome, and not only "first" nights, but great nights, at the opera or concert received inspiration from his presence.

It is rare, indeed, that half a world lies at a man's feet in its pioneer stage, with all its civilizing work to do. But this was true of America fifty years ago, when we get our first glimpse of Mr. Curtis. It was the period of rough slashing in the wilderness. No music, no song, no art but that which went to Europe for encouragement and came home to perish; no literature to criticise, no critics to establish a standard for every form of literature. There were omnivorous readers in every farmhouse, and dreamers of dreams on every log-wagon; and there were sons of clergymen in all the hamlets of New England prepared to live out those dreams in phalansteries. It is in one of those moral incubators that we first come upon Mr. Curtis—not yet a reformer himself, but, like Hawthorne, a near observer. Ripley was holding the goad to the most unruly ox-team that was ever set to drag the unhewn timber of this world; Margaret Fuller was rhapsodizing from the top of the ox-cart; Emerson was not far away—a good-natured and perhaps somewhat anxious watcher. Thoreau was in the woods chasing aboriginal ideas; Lowell in a corner of Concord, about that time, laughing. All were, at bottom, poets, or of the poetizing temperament, not then set apart as a class by themselves, but straining to finish the job of clearing the wilderness in time for the evening song; and that song has echoes of an amusing and exhilarating variety. Scarcely a man at Brook Farm, or in its neighborhood, did precisely what he thought himself born to do;

and the pupils, like Curtis, did not escape the constraint which ruled the future of their masters. Genius tries all schools before it builds its own, and the lantern of foresight at no time shines over any considerable stretch of our path ahead. Who could have seen his way from Brook Farm to the New York *Sun*, or the *Tribune*, or the Easy Chair of *Harpers?* But the touch of the Farm was on Curtis, and the associations begun in those days were the associations of his life. With infinite modifications of circumstance—Nile notes, the New England platform, the editorial chair—he was the result of the idealizing spirit, the poet's atmosphere of the transcendental period; and that atmosphere was the breath of life to American letters. It was because he lived at a time when the poet felt assured of being a necessity to the world that Mr. Curtis's life, when it came to be one of a literary character, touched the world at all points. This may have been a loss to the man of genius, but what a gain it has been, through a long generation, to America!

The enthusiasms of youth burn more softly in the breast of manhood. If they burn out wholly, as a rule, it were better that the man should die. Such, however, was not the case with Curtis. He lived to see the end of the flaring of transcendentalism; but the seeds of fire were in him as they were in so many of the young men of New England, and whenever an altar was to be kindled for home and country, his was one of the first brands to be laid on. Forty years ago he was doing stout work for the rising literature, but edging into the forefront of the anti-slavery fight. When the fight was fought out, he might have "gone abroad to lie for his native land." He preferred to stay at home and tell the truth about some of her secret sappers; and with what grace he told it!

He was a soldier in many fights, but not a strategist. Like Washington he lost more battles than he gained, but each defeat somehow brought him nearer to the enemy's capital. The anti-slavery fight was won by disasters. The civil service reform, whose last camp is near the enemy's stronghold, has been slowly edging "on to Richmond" by what seem to be unsuccessful assaults. The reform will get there, even though its bravest leader is taken from the field. He was a man so constituted and so instituted that he could not but take the right as his cause, and to such a man is due the serenity of the gods. Few men ever saw Mr. Curtis angry. Anger is the weapon of a man without resources; and moral warfare, he knew, has all the forces of time in its reserves. With him, however, it grew to be a serious warfare. Before fifty it was difficult to detach him from literature. After fifty it was only on occasions that he would return to purely literary work with no purpose of reform in it. This we say without forgetting the monthly evenings in the Easy Chair. These are to us the after-dinner talk of the man of affairs when the real work of the day is over, the more racy and enticing because the events of the day have been stirring. They are the *play* of the mind—delightful as pastime, even beyond the most graceful play of our essayists. They have for a long time served to show us what we have lost in brushing away with our most utilitarian science the essayists of a past generation. Expanded essays, enriched by

more learning, and touching on deeper experiences, have been the occasional orations called out by the death of his old comrades in letters or in reform. For these, besides the graces of a voice and manner and an art not surpassed by any since Wendell Phillips died, he has drawn out stores from a wide reading, an extended activity, and a long converse with the richest minds. When a man of capacity walks arm in arm with a university, much will spill in; and how many universities has a man locked arms with who has had intimacies with a Thackeray, an Emerson, a Lowell! But a more serious purpose has associated itself with all the work and play of his later years; and when his essays are no longer read, his name will be stamped on the best page of our political history in its connection with civil service reform. Of many other things he has been a part; of this it has seemed at times as if he were the whole.

The charm of Mr. Curtis's personality affected everyone with whom he came in direct contact, and everyone who had seen him and heard him speak; it was known by report to many thousands more, and was easily to be inferred from almost every line he wrote. An accurate description of the impression his presence made upon the mind and ear follows an account, in the *Times*, of his stirring and memorable speech at the Chicago Convention of 1860:

"While this was a remarkable triumph, it does not fairly indicate Mr. Curtis's power as an orator. His public speech was, on occasion, very stirring; but it was still more persuasive, enlightening, and convincing. If it had a fault, it was its faultlessness. The orator's charm was felt the moment he arose. His form was manly, strongly built, and exquisitely graceful. His head was of noble cast and bearing, his features rugged but firmly cut; his forehead was square, broad, and massive; his lips full and mobile, and of classic modeling; his eyes of blue-gray, large, deep set under shaggy brows, lighted the shadow as with an altar flame, so pure, so gentle, and so profound was their expression. His voice was a most fortunate organ. Deep, musical, yielding without apparent effort the happy inflections suggested by the thought or feeling, clear and bright in the lighter passages, ringing now like a bugle, now tender and flutelike, and now vibrating in solemn organ notes that hushed the intense emotion it aroused."—*The Critic.*

LOUIS XIV. AND WILLIAM III.

In 1692, the strong fortress of Namur was besieged and taken by the French army, under the personal command of the king. Of all his conquests this gratified him the most. Namur was a place of great strength; it had been deemed impregnable; it was defended by one of the most famous of living engineers; the army of William III. was encamped near by, but was unable to relieve the town. The victory was enthusiastically applauded by Louis' subjects, and he did not hesitate to express his own approbation of his own conduct. In his delight he conde-

scended to patronize his opponent. Some criticised the Prince of Orange, he said, because he did not hazard a battle in the endeavor to relieve Namur. "There was, however, wisdom in the decision," he added; "the experience of the past has shown that it was useless to oppose a design which the king carried out in person, and William judged Namur lost, as he knew that Louis was laying siege to it." The monarch's jealousy of William as a soldier led him at times to speak of his rival with less magnanimity. In the preceding campaign he criticised the conduct of one who certainly was not his inferior in personal courage. A bomb killed one of William's soldiers near the spot where the king was dining, and like a sensible man he got out of the way of unnecessary danger, and finished his meal elsewhere. "I am surprised," wrote Louis to the Marshal of Luxembourg, "that this should have disturbed the repast of the Prince of Orange, because, it seems to me, that since he had begun his dinner in that locality, he should have finished it there." The criticism is characteristic of the critic.

The capture of Namur was the last of the victories won by Louis in person, and the following campaign saw his farewell appearance at the head of his armies. With one hundred and ten thousand men he entered the Low Countries. The army of William III. was not over fifty thousand strong, and it was possible to inflict upon him a crushing defeat that might go far toward ending the war. The hesitation, the moral timidity, that had kept Louis from risking a pitched battle during the many years that he had accompanied his armies, controlled him now. He announced that the Rhine was the critical point where the forces of France must be concentrated, and that he must sacrifice his own plans to the interests of the state. In vain did the Marshal of Luxembourg fall on his knees before his sovereign, and implore him not to let this great opportunity escape. Thirty thousand men were sent to the Rhine, and the king at once returned to Versailles. So sudden and so unsuspected was his departure, that the officers had barely time to present their farewell respects.—PERKINS'S *France under the Regency*.

NOTES

THE FIRST USE OF FORKS—Mr. Southwick, in his *Wisps of Wit and Wisdom*, says forks were introduced into England in the sixteenth century, and that Queen Elizabeth was the first English sovereign to eat with a fork. Her nobles thought it was sheer affectation on her part, and so great was the prejudice against their use, even by educated people, that an eminent divine preached a sermon about forks, saying, "it was an insult to the Almighty not to touch one's meat with one's fingers." Forks had been used in Italy as early as 1611, but only to fasten the meat while it was cut with the knife. No one thought of carrying the food to the mouth with a fork until Queen Elizabeth set the fashion, which was very little followed in her time. As late as the reign of George I. so little was known of forks and their use that few inns provided them for the use of the guests.

LEWIS AND CLARKE'S EXPEDITION—Dr. Elliott Coues has been actively engaged preparing a new and important edition of Lewis and Clarke's expedition over the Rocky Mountains in the years 1804, 1805, and 1806, which will be published shortly by Francis P. Harper, New York. It is to comprise a faithful reprint of the Philadelphia edition of 1814, the best and only complete one, with a bibliographical preface, biographical sketches, and numerous valuable explanatory, ethnological, geographical, and scientific notes to the text by the editor. Maps, plates, and an index to the entire work will be added. Dr. Coues is admirably fitted for this task, having made a specialty of the literature of the subject, and has been over the entire ground these pioneers explored. The new edition, which will be limited, entirely supersedes all others.

THE PRIMITIVE RAILROAD OF 1832—In a letter from William H. Seward to a member of his family, dated August 24, 1832, we have the following interesting description of the railway of the period. "We arrived at Schenectady at three this morning, and immediately were carried in post-coaches a mile and a half to the present termination of the railway. There were in waiting three large cars which the passengers entered. The cars differ not much as to the construction of the body from stage-coaches, except that they are about one-third larger, and have seats upon the top. The body is set upon very short springs, which cause but little elasticity of motion. The car is divided into two parts by a high, though not entire partition in the centre. In each of these compartments were six passengers. On the top was the driver's seat, and one other, each holding three persons, so that the car carried eighteen passengers, with all their enormous bulk of baggage. Having mounted our vehicle, a fine, large gray horse was attached to it by shafts, exactly like those of a one-horse wagon. 'Ready!' said the stage man; the driver whistled to the gray, away went the car through hills and over valleys. Only think of riding from Schenectady to Albany without jolting, jarring, or bouncing!"

MEMORIAL NUMBER OF HARPER'S WEEKLY—George William Curtis has been associated with *Harper's Weekly* almost since its beginning in 1857, and has written the "Editor's Easy Chair" in *Harper's Magazine* since 1853. The number of the *Weekly* published September 7th, is in a certain sense a memorial number, and contains appropriate sketches of his life, character, and services, with a portrait and other illustrations.

CANADIAN NEWSPAPERS OF THE LAST CENTURY—*Extract of a letter from Quebec, October* 17, 1792: I send you a few of our city gazettes. You will find little worth notice in them, this being the most recluse corner of all America for intelligence, at least during two-thirds of the year; and, besides, the abject ignorance and moral servitude of the majority of the inhabitants (Canadians) afford little room or badly recompense any efforts to render newspapers useful or interesting; for it is no less true, though it may appear incredible, that of upwards of fifty thousand families in lower Canada, not five hundred read public newspapers, or, in fact, read anything at all. It is thus education, that first and greatest interest of society, is neglected in this moral antipode of the United States, and you know it is impossible that printing should flourish where education is so neglected.

PETERSFIELD

QUERIES

ANNEXATION TO CANADA—Has there ever been a formal proposition of annexation made by the United States government to the government of Canada? Will some one enlighten us on the truth of the statement recently made that there has been such a proposition?

A CLASS OF TEACHERS

DULUTH, WISCONSIN

WILLIAM PENN'S RENT—What rent did William Penn pay for his grant from the Duke of York? Will the editor or some reader of the MAGAZINE kindly enlighten me?

P. W. CLARE

NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE

FIRST NEWSPAPER IN FLORIDA—When was the first newspaper printed in Florida? TYPO

FIRST COLLEGE PERIODICAL—*Editor Magazine of American History:* When and where was the first college periodical begun in the United States? Was there one earlier than the *North Carolina University Magazine*, of which the first number was published at Chapel Hill, the site of the university, in March, 1844? It contained forty-eight octavo pages. This periodical, after many ups and downs of fortune, and after four suspensions, is still in existence—now in its twenty-fifth volume. It has published many papers of value on local history, but there is probably not a complete set to be found.

STEPHEN B. WEEKS

TRINITY COLLEGE, DURHAM, NORTH CAROLINA

REPLIES

FIRST GREAT PAINTING IN THE WORLD [xxviii, 232]—Raphael's Transfiguration, was originally painted by order of Cardinal Giulio de Medici, Archbishop of Narbonne, for that cathedral. This picture was carried to Paris; and on its restoration to Rome by the French, it was placed in the Vatican, and now bears the title of "The Jewel of the Vatican." It combines two scenes, an earthly and a heavenly, on one canvas. When Raphael died it was scarcely finished, and it hung over his bed as he lay in state, and it was carried in his funeral procession. It has been called the first and grandest picture in the world.

B. EMMONS

MONTREAL, CANADA

THE MOST IMPORTANT INVENTION [xxviii, 232]—The steam engine, beyond all question; for it has revolutionized the world, utterly changed the economy of life, and made what was seemingly impossible the trite and commonplace fact of our daily lives.

GEO. G. HEPBURN

NEW YORK CITY

THE MOST IMPORTANT INVENTION [xxviii, 232]—The art of alphabetical writing is the most important invention ever made by man, and the glory of its invention belongs, it is said, to the Phœnicians. The Greeks went to the Phœnicians for their alphabet. The Romans went to the Greeks for their alphabet, and adopted it with few changes. And the Roman is the basis of all modern alphabets.

SILAS P. MANCHESTER

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

BOOK NOTICES

POLITICAL ECONOMY FOR AMERICAN YOUTH. Written from an American standpoint. By JACOB HARRIS PATTON, Ph.D. 12mo, pp. 297. New York & Chicago, 1892. A. Lovell & Co.

No writer of our time is better qualified to present the subject of political economy clearly and concisely to the young mind than Dr. Patton, and this little text-book is as timely as it is excellent. Ours is a progressive nation, so situated as to be virtually independent of the rest of the world for the comforts and substantials of existence, and it is well that our youth should be instructed in its possibilities, in the practical conditions of such an open field for competition. These youth are rapidly advancing upon the stage of action, with their birthright of political equality, and should study social science and political economy in the light of their own surroundings. Dr. Patton calls attention to the fact that in the United States there is scarcely a square mile that is not available for cultivation or pasturage, except perhaps the higher portions and sides of mountains. He says, also, "the territory abounds in mineral wealth of untold value;" and he shows how we support two kinds of government, state and national, and how the funds for these are derived. He defines political economy as that branch of philosophy which discusses the sources and methods of a nation's material wealth and prosperity; and he combines it with another definition, "that branch of social science which treats of the production and application of wealth to the well-being of man in society." Political economy as a *practical* study "obtains only among peoples advanced in civilization, and, the higher the plane of that civilization, the more refined will be the tastes of the people, and the greater the extent of their individual wants—physical, moral, and æsthetic." Furthermore this science assumes proportions corresponding to the increasing desires and wants of a people, and the whole world is laid under contribution in supplying these wants. The necessity for labor is shown to be a supreme authority. Man cannot furnish the air he breathes, nor the sunshine and the rain, which causes the earth to produce; neither can he command the blood to course through his own veins. Dr. Patton says: "In dealing with man the Creator has established laws in accordance with which *He confers nothing upon him that he can acquire by his own exertion.*" The vast majority of the inhabitants of this country are engaged in the active duties of life, and the gradual elevation of character as well as physical constitution from one generation to another is the result. "Strictly speaking, we have no leisure class," and health and vigor are cultivated and preserved accordingly. Thirty-one pages are devoted at the close of the book to pertinent questions, which lead the student into the whole line of thought so admirably presented. It is a text-book we can heartily commend to all educational institutions, and it will be useful in any library for reading and reference.

VIRGINIA GENEALOGIES: A Genealogy of the Glassell Family of Scotland and Virginia; also of the families of Ball, Brown, Bryan, Conway, Daniel, Ewell, Holladay, Lewis, Littlepage, Moncure, Peyton, Robinson, Scott, Taylor, Wallace, and others of Virginia and Maryland. By HORACE EDWIN HAYDEN, M.A. Large octavo, pp. 759. Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania: 1891. Price $8.00, in advance.

This great genealogical work represents more than eight years of personal research, and is one of the most comprehensive in scope and material of any of the published Virginia genealogies. It contains much that is new in the way of historic facts, with a multitude of most acceptable side-lights, and shows with admirable clearness, and with documentary proofs, the falsity of the absurd charge, so often repeated by the uninformed and prejudiced, that the Virginians are largely descended from the convict element sent to the colony by England in the seventeenth century. It is high time the fable was crushed out of the thought and speech of people who pretend to ordinary intelligence. They have only to look into English history for themselves to learn the truth. The chief authority for this charge—*Hotten's List of Emigrants to America*, 1600–1700—comprehends in its title-page "Persons of quality, emigrants, religious exiles, political exiles, serving men, sold for a period of years, apprentices, children stolen, maidens pressed, and others;" and this list includes shipments to the West India islands and to New England as well as to Virginia. Mr. R. A. Brock writes: "There are more lists ostensibly for New England than Virginia. These lists themselves seem to offer no more foundation for the stigmatizing term *convict* than that in some instances they were 'rebels' or political offenders." Mr. Hayden challenges proof of the assertion of *convict* descent among the representative families of Virginia by the production of a single instance of an ancestor of such a family having been convicted of any wrong

doing, recognized as such by the present laws of Massachusetts. It will be well for the people who do no thinking, but are prolific in statements, to turn the pages of this genealogical work until they better understand the forces that brought settlers into Virginia. Mr. Hayden says: "The element that gave being to New England, like that which made permanent colonies in Virginia and Maryland, was composed of the younger sons of titled families—esquires, gentlemen, merchants, yeomen, and tradesmen—men of gentle blood." He finds in his researches "that many Virginia families of distinction in letters, statecraft, and military service, have descended from ancestors of gentle lineage, who had learned mechanical trades or crafts in the various Livery Companies of England and elsewhere." and he gives numerous instances among well known names, such as Henry Peyton of London, "merchant tailor," descended from the ancient Peytons of Iselham, tracing back to A.D. 1200, who was the ancestor of almost all the Peytons of Virginia; Bishop Meade, who gloried in tracing his descent from Thomas Cromwell, "blacksmith," the uncle of Oliver Cromwell; John Byrd. "goldsmith," the grandfather of Colonel William Byrd of "Westover;" John Gedney, "vintner," of Salem. Massachusetts, of an ancient family of Suffolk, England, and his son Hon. Bartholomew Gedney, "ship carpenter," Salem, ancestors of Bryan, eighth Lord Fairfax, of Virginia, whose father, Colonel William Fairfax, brother of Thomas, fifth Baron Fairfax, settled in Salem, and married the granddaughter of Hon. Bartholomew Gedney, and from Salem removed to Virginia. James and John Cary were sons of the mayor of Bristol, England, 1611, whose father, William Cary, was "merchant" of Bristol. James Cary was the ancestor of the Massachusetts Carys, and John, his brother, was the ancestor of the Virginia Carys.

Mr. Hayden's essay on "Descent" teems with light on a multitude of imperfectly understood matters. All of the occupations mentioned above, and many others, held relations to the social life of England two or three centuries ago, vastly different from those which they now hold to the social life of America. Mr. Hayden tells us that "into the Livery Companies of England went, as indentured apprentices, to learn the craft or trade, the very best blood of England." To these companies even royalty joined itself. Herbert, in his *History of the Livery Companies*, gives an extended list of the sovereigns and nobility who had been freemen, many of whom, like the Earl of Southampton, the Duke of Chandos, the Earl of Bath, and the Earl of Essex, had served their apprenticeship. From the reign of Richard I., to the present day, the craft guilds held exclusive control of the franchise of London. A freeman, which class alone was entitled to elect civil officers, was one who had served his apprenticeship in one of the sixty odd Livery Companies or craft guilds, and had received his discharge from indenture. The lord mayor of London, to be eligible to the office, must have been a freeman in one of the twelve great Livery Companies of the city; and yet he ranks as an earl, and takes precedence of every person after the sovereign. The London Livery Companies were largely interested in the settlement of Virginia; two hundred and sixty members have been identified, who in 1616 had subscribed to the Virginia company, which was a powerful organization. These subscribers were designated by their trades. as "mercers, grocers, goldsmiths, skinners, haberdashers," etc. James I. was a member of the "clothworkers' company," and Prince Henry Stuart, his eldest son, was a "merchant taylor."

Mr. Hayden has produced a book that will be greatly prized in all parts of our country as well as in Virginia. It is a monument of patient industry—a volume to be preserved and its information quoted for all time. Aside from the sixteen families mentioned on its title page, as of direct record, there are over one hundred elaborate pedigrees of other families. An adequate idea of the importance and value of the work cannot be given in any pen picture; the book must be seen and examined to be appreciated.

TYPICAL TALES OF FANCY, ROMANCE, AND HISTORY. From Shakespeare's Plays. Edited by ROBERT R. RAYMOND, A.M. 8vo, pp. 224. New York: Fords, Howard & Hulbert. 1892.

The plays in this work represent three distinct types of Shakespeare's dramas, and are specially adapted to interest the youthful mind. They are presented in narrative form, largely in Shakespeare's words, with dialogue passages in the original dramatic text. A short memoir of William Shakespeare opens the volume, and the bright, intelligent child's attention is thus secured from the beginning. It is a notable fact that children undertake to read and digest Shakespeare's plays much earlier than is generally supposed; and what they do not quickly understand they "skip." The editor of this book "skips" the obscure and dreary passages for them judiciously, and supplies exactly what will be most conducive to a correct comprehension of the master's whole work. He has done systematically and successfully what thousands of teachers and parents have long been trying to do, and is to be congratulated by a grand army of readers. No attempt has been made to touch the nice questions which occupy the attention of Shakespearian editors and critics, nor does this

version make any pretense to exact accuracy. But what is told is in such a clear, concise, and simple style that even children of mature age, who have read Shakespeare in its completeness again and again, cannot fail to be charmed in the perusal of this happily conceived and beautiful volume.

PADDLES AND POLITICS DOWN THE DANUBE. By POULTNEY BIGELOW. No. 6 of "Fiction, Fact, and Fancy Series." edited by ARTHUR STEDMAN. 16mo, pp. 226. New York: Charles L. Webster & Co. 1892.

Mr. Bigelow had cherished the idea of cruising the whole length of the Danube, but it was not until the summer of 1891 that the feat was actually accomplished. He had made several canoe voyages in this country and elsewhere, and believed that the traveler who was able to carry with him his bed, his food, his library, and his clothes, without exhausting his physical powers, was sufficiently equipped to learn something new, and he was not mistaken. He tells us in this crisp little volume of his experiences, and whoever commences its reading will not be apt to pause until he reaches the closing page. He will find something informing on every leaf. The chapter on the "Hohenzollern Castle," for instance, is wonderfully entertaining. Mr. Bigelow says the Danube has ruins as striking and extensive as those of the Rhine, only more of them; some of these were built a thousand or more years ago. He encounters dams and rapids as well as fortresses, goes among the harvesters and the gypsies, shoots the rapids of the Iron-gate in his little canoe, talks politics with the men of the different countries along his route, and gives a vivid picture of the Jews from the Danubian point of view. It is a unique book of travels —an instructive contribution to that class of literature.

THE AMERICAN GOVERNMENT: National and State. By B. A. HINSDALE, Ph.D. 12mo, pp. 422. Ann Arbor, Mich.: Register Publishing Co. 1891.

A text-book that the average student, with his power of generalization and compass of facts, needs to enlighten him properly in the mysteries of political science, is not a treatise on constitutional law, but one that presents to his active mind the Constitution developed by the life of the people of to-day—the Constitution in action, and not the Constitution in a book. Dr. Hinsdale has traced in this volume, in the most able and satisfactory manner, the growth of the American government, and gives due prominence to the fact that it is dual or federal, and that the citizen has two loyalties and two patriotisms. He defines society as "men living together in human relations;" the state as a "body politic, or society of men united together for the purpose of promoting mutual advantage by their combined strength." Man becomes perfect only in the state which is not the result of agreement, contract, or convention among men. It is an organic development, and perfectly natural. He says: "Compacts always belong to a considerably advanced stage of social and political progress, but never to its beginning. It is easy to see what would be the result if a society were without government; society could not exist. Society and social order must go together. Government is a universal fact. Man, society, and government are always found together; they are the broadest terms in the vocabulary of political science." Dr. Hinsdale writes with remarkable force in his analysis of the relations of the local and general governments, which is often so confusing to the dull student, and he traces the making of the American government with a masterly hand. In his seventh chapter he discusses the questions which came before the famous convention of framers. Every new idea found its ready opposers. They were all perplexed with the national and state considerations. Conflicting interests also produced trouble and long debates. Washington said: "If to please the people we offer what we ourselves disapprove, how can we afterwards defend our work?" Dr. Hinsdale describes how the Constitution went into operation; after which he takes it up, article by article, and treats of all its most important features. The subjects are so well arranged, that teachers who wish only to instruct their classes in the national government with merely incidental mention of the states, can find whatever they desire in the first and second part, the latter being a sufficient commentary on the Constitution. It adds greatly to the value of the book that it is adapted to the needs of students and classes giving different amounts of time to the study, andt hus pursuing it more or less thoroughly. It has an appendix of documents illustrative of the formation of the Union, and an exceptionally good index.

THE FLORENCE PORTRAIT OF COLUMBUS.

MAGAZINE OF AMERICAN HISTORY

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NEW YORK'S GREAT OBJECT LESSON

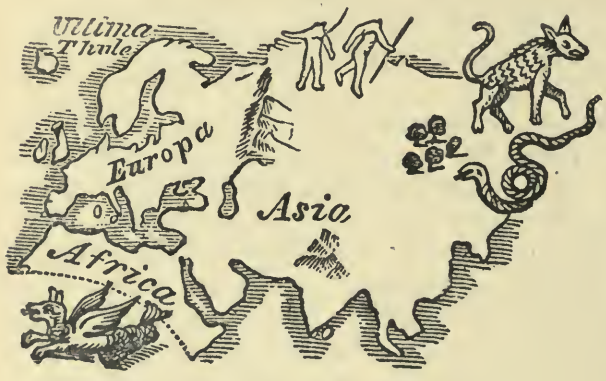
OCTOBER, 1492—OCTOBER, 1892

THE people formed the most suggestive and impressive feature of New York's monster celebration of the four hundredth anniversary of the achievement of Columbus. It was estimated by competent judges that not less than one million of visitors crossed the surrounding waters to Manhattan Island on the 12th, the fifth and last day of the festival, to witness the unique expression of a city's gratitude and patriotism. This throng of outsiders added to New York's own population perfected a spectacle of surpassing significance, and its educational and moral effects cannot fail to be apparent through the coming century and in all the future. The great commercial capital stands in its glory to-day a living, bustling, instructive monument to the honor of the pioneer of modern civilization. Nowhere else on this continent could the progress of the world in four centuries have been so brilliantly illustrated, for it has in its daily life every accessory which the wealth, ingenuity, public spirit, and hospitality of its citizens could devise for such a ceremonial, with a harbor sufficiently spacious to accommodate all the fleets of the entire family of nations without in the slightest degree crowding its own shipping.

Until quite recently very little has been heard of Columbus for many decades, except through the researches and publications of learned specialists and antiquarians. Indeed the heroic navigator who faced the perils of unknown waters four centuries ago and discovered a continent, bringing a train of events affecting all history, seemed to have been relegated to the school books as an ineligible candidate for popular favor, and only brought out at intervals when infant classes made their *debut* on the stage. Everybody knew something of him, dimly or otherwise; but his personality was mythical, too far away and too little talked about for present interest.

Horace Greeley once said that people would read most eagerly that

which was in some way in touch with themselves—what they already knew or almost knew; which is manifestly true in the case of Columbus. The approaching Chicago exposition has awakened the sleeping public, and the scramble for more knowledge concerning its hero has been in singular proportion to the information already possessed; and as the personality of the great discoverer has been evolved from the shadowy past and brought more distinctly into our daily thoughts and sympathies, the avalanche of books, brochures, criticisms, and magazine articles on the subject have commanded hosts of attentive readers. His face, figure, peculiarities, and general character have been studied with nearly as much intensity as his exploits. He has come among us, so to speak, in the flesh, and every fact relating to his life, and many fables, have been brought into the blazing light. It is discovered that he was selfish, bent on making his own fortune if he could, and that he was a barbarian like other men of his time. We have learned also that he possessed a combination of rare qualities of which intelligent observation and sublime courage were among the chief; that he was equal to any emergency, and that in perseverance he had no superior. When New York was fully prepared to carry out a scheme of magnificent proportions in honor of his landfall, there was an outburst of popular enthusiasm that was most gratifying to every lover of his country. America was at last in touch with that little one-sided world of the fifteenth century, which knew positively nothing of its other and better half, and which was faithless and abusive concerning the hoped-for success of the bold project of the Genoese—that of sailing west to find the east. There is just enough uncertainty and contradiction in the obscure data and differing interpretations in this connection to render the whole story one of the most fascinating extant. And out of it all steps the majestic figure of Columbus as if to review the situation.



THE WORLD AS KNOWN TO EUROPEANS IN 1400.

When Prince Henry the navigator died, Columbus was twenty-four years old. Henceforward until 1495, when the enlightened Emanuel I.

succeeded John II., there was slight chance in the little kingdom of Portugal for the development of a new idea. But in the interim the effort to find the "end of Africa" and reach the empire of gold at the east by that route was faithfully prosecuted; the Portuguese seamen, as taught by Prince Henry, cruised in small, well-built vessels near the coast, making slow but sure southerly progress. The wonder is, that Columbus actually persuaded the sovereigns of Spain to invest in his precarious and vague enterprise. It was known all over Europe that Venice had acquired marvelous riches and power and grandeur through the India trade; the

THE WORLD AS KNOWN TO THE PORTUGUESE IN 1490.
[*After a map in the Kohl Collection.*]

costly goods came from hand to hand overland, and Venice sold them at fabulous prices. Columbus could not help being aware that his success in opening a road through the unexplored ocean westward, to the land of promise, would confer enormous wealth upon Spain; and as he had spent the best years of his life in the struggle to accomplish this, and was fully alive to the risks of the undertaking, he seems to have acted from what would now be considered good business principles in bargaining for a handsome dividend.

Emilio Castelar says: "The new world would never have been discovered if to the divine impulses springing from the warmth of a self-con-

tained semi-religious ideal had not been joined the paltry but continuous incentives of more sordid motives, serving to spur the will to vigilant effort and tireless activity." When Columbus sailed away from Palos, very few expected he would be able to return, and when his crews mutinied it was because they believed they were sailing *down* into some appalling abyss from which they could never sail *up* again.

In the literature of the ages, there is perhaps nothing—neither poetry, romance, nor reality—which can begin to compare in thrilling interest with the simple words of Columbus, describing his first sight of *terra firma* on the 12th of October, 1492. His three little ships were "sweeping swiftly to the west, for a gale was blowing." His eyes were open to the indications of land near by, for he had seen a coast-fish, swirls of seaweeds, and a branch of thorn with berries upon it, drifting by. He was not inclined to sleep as the night came on, but gazed continually into the dense darkness. The *Pinta* was in the lead, the *Nina* close in its wake, and the flag-ship following. About two o'clock in the morning the heavy clouds drifted suddenly away, and the clear, rich, white light of the moon flooded the sea for many leagues around. Had this welcome irradiation been delayed a few minutes longer, there would have been a shipwreck, which might have changed the whole current of events. The quick report of a gun from the *Pinta* announced land in sight. At that same instant Columbus from the *Santa Maria* was surveying a long, low, sandy coast, directly before them, not more than two miles away.

It detracts nothing whatever from the glory of Columbus, that he died without knowing he had discovered a continent—that he had made the world twice as large as it was before. "He could not know it. Nobody in his place could have known it, since nobody could construct a map of lands that had never been seen or surveyed. The only fact present to the apprehension of Columbus was that he had found land, which he presently discovered to be an island of no great size, situated among other islands, some larger and some smaller. When subsequently he did touch the continent, there was nobody to tell him that this was not another island. He set out with the preconceived idea that he was to find a group of islands adjacent to the coast of Asia, and what he did find fitted into his preconceptions exactly." One hundred and fifteen years afterwards England was so much in the dark about the width of the long stretch of land to the west of the Atlantic, that the colonists shipped to Virginia were expected to work their way through it to India, and were ordered, in 1607, to fill the returning vessel with gold enough to equal the costs of the expedition, or they would be "abandoned to their own devices."

INTERIOR OF ONE VAULT ON MANHATTAN ISLAND CONTAINING $72,000,000 IN GOLD.

[" *They dreamed of wealth, and here it is beyond imagination's furthest limit.*" Page 326.]

The picturesque, canoe-shaped, thirteen-mile-long island at the mouth of the great river explored by Henry Hudson in 1609—in the belief that it was the long-sought passage to India—had reposed tranquilly for centuries prior to that fruitful voyage of Columbus. It was as beautiful a wilderness in 1492 as one might wish to place upon canvas in imperishable colors. Its appearance then and its grandeur now form a series of wonderful contrasts. It may well be said, in the language of Governor Flower at the great Columbian banquet: "If the navigators of 1492 and their royal patrons, and the colonizers of later periods, could come back to earth

to view the outcome of their ambitions and struggles in exploring and peopling a new hemisphere, I think they would find most to interest them right here on Manhattan Island. They dreamed of wealth, and here it is beyond imagination's furthest limit. They longed for power, and here it is greater than that of any ancient empire. They sighed for liberty, and nowhere is liberty more securely established and the right of citizens more jealously guarded. They sought the spread of Christianity, and nowhere is the influence of Christ's Church greater—not only sending its gospel through every household in our commonwealth, but diffusing its charity to the very ends of the earth. It seems particularly appropriate that Columbus's great achievement should be celebrated after four hundred years in this greatest city of his hemisphere. All the longings and aspirations which inspired the discoverers in that famous age of exploration have found fullest expression in the history of this city and state, and now find their completest answer in the elements which make up the state and metropolitan supremacy."

New York's celebration occupied five days and the evening of the sixth day. The city in its gala dress represented all the colors in the rainbow. Spain's yellow and red were everywhere visible, with the national colors of Italy, France, and indeed of every civilized people on the face of the globe, while over and above all waved the beloved red, white, and blue of the United States. The decorative display surpassed in beauty anything of the kind hitherto seen in this country. The great palaces of trade in a hundred streets, miles and miles in length, were artistically covered from cornice to street line with flags, streamers, bannerets, pictures, mottoes, and innumerable quaint and attractive devices. The costly mansions of the citizens were one great mass of color, arranged with inspiring effects, and in every cross-street and by-way there was scarcely a window from which some symbol of the general rejoicing was not flying. A classic arbor or pergola spanned Fifth avenue at Twenty-second street, profusely wreathed with green garlands and palms, and thickly studded with Chinese lanterns; and to the north from this for an entire mile Fifth avenue was canopied with standards and flags of all colors in the most indescribable fashion, and ropes with burdens of brilliant lanterns and long pointed gonfalons of every design and hue were stretched thickly between them in intercrossing lines. The perspective in passing up this beautiful avenue was simply enchanting, and at Fifty-eighth street, just beyond the tall towers of many churches, a triumphal arch of gorgeous design closed the vista.

The celebration opened with religious exercises in all the places of worship in the metropolis, of which there are not less than five hundred.

THE COLUMBUS ARCH IN FIFTH AVENUE AT FIFTY-EIGHTH STREET.

The Jewish beginning was on Friday evening, when patriotic words were spoken and throngs of worshipers in the synagogues lifted their united voices in singing the national anthem. Saturday, the Jewish Sabbath, October 8, was devoted to solemn and impressive services of praise

and thanksgiving in honor of the great discoverer. In some instances changes were made in the Sabbath ritual for the occasion. At the Temple Emanuel in Fifth avenue, which was handsomely decorated, an eloquent sermon was preached by the rabbi on "America, the land of promise," in which he said that the Hebrews had ceased to long to return to Jerusalem, and had come to regard America as the true land of promise. At Temple Ahawath Chesed the whole interior of the edifice was hung with bunting and flags, even the altar itself, and pictures of Columbus framed in the stars and stripes were artistically arranged in different parts of the sanctuary. The rabbi reviewed the stormy voyage of Columbus across the Atlantic and said: "The Jewish people certainly have cause to express gratitude for the hero who founded a haven of repose for our noble race. The very name of Columbus is significant of love, truth, and rest, for Columbus discovered America because he had faith in himself and in God, and because he discovered a country for wandering Israel as well as for others." There was as much enthusiasm exhibited in the commemoration of the national jubilee among two hundred thousand Hebrews in the metropolis as elsewhere, and one eloquent rabbi declared that his people only wanted the opportunity to show their devotion to America by a call to its defense.

October 9 was a Sabbath long to be remembered in New York—the pioneer of the Columbus jubilee on this continent. Sermons appropriate to the occasion and elaborate musical programmes welcomed the churchgoers of every creed or denomination of Christians throughout the length and breadth of the great city. The lessons of Columbus's life, the lessons of his faith and courage and steadfastness of purpose, which never faltered amid the stormy waves of disappointment and perplexity, were presented from hundreds of pulpits. The love of country is akin to true religion; and it is a significant fact that the period of time which has elapsed since the achievement of Columbus compasses the whole history of music as an art, in the sense in which we now understand that term. This was nowhere forgotten, and in connection with every stirring and patriotic sermon and the chanting of prayers, the grandest effects of music and the hymning of praise and gratitude were evoked in honor of the great discovery. Wherever the cross of the Catholic church arose was a scene of festival and rejoicing, from the stately marble cathedral in Fifth avenue, with flags on the twin spires, flags pendant between them, flags and shields on the front façades and national colors inside, to the humblest mission chapel. The services at Old Trinity were of the most brilliant character. The altar and reredos were banked with flowers, potted palms stood about the

chancel, and four large American flags were draped from the candelabra on either side—while hundreds of electric lights illuminated the scene. At St. Mark's church the American flag was placed in graceful festoons over the entrance porch, and national colors were arranged about the pulpit. At St. George's church all the hymns were selected from that part of the church hymnal devoted to national jubilees: the thousand voices of the congregation united in singing them with marvelous effect. In the Central Congregational church the Rev. William Lloyd preached on "The indications of divine guidance in American history." In the Fifth avenue Baptist church the eloquent Rev. Mr. Faunce said: "As we reread the history of Columbus we are perplexed beyond measure by the dissolving processes of historical criticism. Remorseless investigation has broken into a thousand pieces the image of Columbus which was the fascination of our childhood. While the truth is always welcome we have need to beware of the excesses and vagaries of reckless criticism, and we cannot put our trust in those whose sole accomplishment is skill in the arts of disparagement and disdain. Amid all disputes one fact no detractor can disguise—Columbus did the deed which brought the two continents together and made the life of the East to flow into the lands of the West." In the Madison square Presbyterian church the Rev. Dr. Parkhurst said: "We should rejoice in the present week as we should be patriotic. We are patriotic because we are made aware of patriotism, and when we cultivate patriotism it draws the people of the country closer together, and they rejoice in the national future. And this week, when we cultivate patriotism, we shall believe in our destiny. Believing in our destiny is a long way toward our destiny. An anticipated future assists in bringing about the future. Our destiny, as an English statesman recently said to me, is a superb destiny, and this week's celebration will more completely Americanize Americans and assist them to believe in a bright national future." In the Church of the Strangers Dr. Deems directed the thought of his congregation to the way in which God had prepared for the discovery and settlement of America, and how in all critical periods of national history he has gone before and shaped the destinies of the country.

On Monday, the third day of the festival, New York was astir early. The skies were clear, and the bright October sunshine promptly on duty for the school-boys' parade. Never before in this country has there been such a marching host of American youth. The mass of spectators filled every stand and balcony and window and roof, and truck and step-ladder and box and barrel at the street crossings, and were banked in a line from the houses to the curb, forming a solid wall along the line of march. The

procession was a little late in starting, but when it finally appeared the marching column moved rapidly on with full ranks, military precision, and without interruption. It was reviewed at Madison square by Vice-President Morton and Governor Flower, near whom were many notables, including Mayor Haynes of Newark, J. Edward Simmons, ex-president of the Board of Education, and Governor Tillman of South Carolina. When the cordon of mounted policemen, ten abreast, followed by the grand marshal and his aids, rode through the triumphal arch at Fifty-eighth street and moved down the grand avenue, there was an outburst of applause that shook the brown-stone edifices to their very foundations. Mayor Grant walked at the head of the regiments of school-boys, the members of the Board of Education following. Marshal John D. Robinson with his guard of honor, the Seventh regiment band swept past with jaunty, dashing quick-step, and then the small boys, shoulder to shoulder, each left leg rising at the identical second that every other left leg rose, machinery-like in its accuracy, and the alignment almost as straight as if a stretched cord had just grazed every breast. No army ever marched through Fifth avenue that created more enthusiasm. The little men came proudly on, wave after wave of them, rank behind rank, until the beholder could neither count nor comment. Ten thousand from the public schools of the city, some in knickerbockers, some in uniform, some in their Sunday clothes; and before each company walked a military-stepping boy, already a leader of his comrades. Cheers, long and loud, and the waving of flags and handkerchiefs greeted them all along the route; here indeed were our future citizens—the fathers, the men of affairs, the workers, the architects of a great nation, they whose task it will be to right wrongs, to grapple with great social problems. Often the tall boys would be at one end of the company and the file slant downward till a little wee lad was the end man; and every bright young face was sternly serious, apparently with the determination to do or die for the glory of Columbus. They looked neither to the right nor the left, every head was held high in the air, and all paid strict attention to business. The coldest critic could not have been otherwise than enthusiastic. It was one of those object lessons which take the heart captive as well as the eye. Some regiments wore button-hole bouquets, others a little flag as a necktie, and all kept up the long, swinging step which carried them at such a gait that the adult musicians did not need to lessen their speed; and the toddlers from time to time went through various maneuvers with the conscious pride of well-drilled knights.

Mayor Gleason of Long Island City, accompanied by the Board of

HEBREW ORPHAN ASYLUM CADETS IN THE COLUMBUS PARADE.

Education, led the public school children of his municipality, one thousand strong; he was quickly recognized and saluted by the crowds, compelling him to bow to the right and left like a conquering hero. The Catholic and private schools of New York made a fine display. There were forty or more Catholic institutions represented, the paraders from them numbering over six thousand. Some of these had full military bands composed entirely of school-boys. They brightened the whole procession with the colors of their varied uniforms. The pupils from the De La Salle Institute marched with set faces as if actually going to war, and the fattest boy among them was one of the captains. The students of St. Francis Xavier

marched with close attention to duty. They wore a handsome uniform of navy blue, white-cross belts, and white leggins. The older students, who didn't wear uniforms, followed, carrying flags in bamboo sticks. The St. Paul Cadets wore the regulation army uniform, and had an ambulance corps. This was compelled to halt directly in front of the reviewing stand, and the little chaps who were carrying the stretcher glanced toward Vice-President Morton and Governor Flower and gravely took off their caps. Then the distinguished gentlemen took off their hats and smiled, while other people cheered.

One of the interesting features of the parade was the representation from the Italian and American school. There were fifty of these young fellows, and they marched with a dignity worthy of a nation that had produced Columbus. They wore in part the uniform of the Italian soldier. Their flat, plate-shaped hats were almost concealed beneath the spread of their green plumes. Their dark blue coats were heavily slashed with black cord, and over them waved a silk banner. The little ones from the Hebrew Sheltering Guardian Society were dressed in gray suits and blue caps, and all of them carried flags that were very small, but that were so much bigger than some of the little men who bore them that they trailed on the ground. The Dante Alighieri Italian College of Astoria was represented by enough boys in sailor's costume to man a schooner. The real hero of the day was a little tot about two feet high, who marched at the head of the Hebrew Orphan Asylum Cadets. Eyes right, toes out, little fingers to the seam of the pantaloons, and thumbs out, he pushed bravely forward with six-inch strides, while men cheered and women laughed and cried alternately as they threw their bouquets to him. A little drum-major of the same organization, and only about three inches taller, twirled his baton and threw it into the air with all the dexterity of most bewhiskered members of the craft. There were five companies of these cadets, dressed in light blue uniform trimmed with black braid; officers, in dark blue. Their marching was superb.

The Indian band of forty or fifty pieces that preceded the delegation from the Carlisle school excited the spectators along the route to such a degree that they rose and applauded again and again. It was playing a marching anthem with the smoothest harmony and in the most perfect time as it passed on, and the three hundred Indian boys, moving with a precision that surpassed everything before and after them, paused as they came opposite the reviewing stand, and every head of stiff black hair was bared in respectful salute and with a military swiftness that no pale-faced organization equaled. Closely following them were fifty tall Indian girls,

THE COLUMBIA COLLEGE STUDENTS IN THE COLUMBUS PARADE.

who wore glasses and looked as cultured as the blue-blooded pupils of our most fashionable schools.

The members of the evening school of the General Society of Mechanics and Tradesmen, dressed in quiet black, floated a banner on which was inscribed "By hammer and hand all prosper." The Germans were uniquely represented by the schools of the Turn Verein societies, in which were many little girls, keeping step to the music like veteran soldiers. There was also an interesting delegation from the Five Points mission.

The college division came last and gave animation to the whole parade. The finest banners of the occasion, many of them of artistic design and exceptional beauty, and all of historic interest, including a portrait of Queen Isabella in oil, were borne by the students of the college of New York. There were about nine hundred of these merry collegians, and they

rent the air all along the route with their college yells. At least eight hundred fine-looking students were in line from the New York university. They sported a Kazoo band in mortar-boards, that filled the pauses between their exhibition of the quality of their voices in shouting, "Who are we? Who are we? New-York U-ni-ver-si-tee!" The college of Physicians and Surgeons contributed to the hilarity of the march by turning out several hundred men in line with grinning white skeletons on their hats. The law department of the university made a very judicial and dignified showing. Columbia college came next, about eight hundred and fifty students, and their marching was superb. At the head of the line were seventeen of their number dressed differently from the others, who approached with the novel effect of a white cloud. They wore snow white "sweaters" and tall white hats adorned with the college colors, white and blue. On the breast of each was a letter in blue of great size, and standing in line, COLUMBIA COLLEGE could be read from them at a distance of at least four squares away. One stout youth represented the space between Columbia and college, and another was the *period* after college. Just before reaching Madison square they halted, and these seventeen leaders yelled, "It is raining in London;" then they stooped in the gravest manner and turned up their trousers before proceeding to the front of the reviewing stand, where they faced about in saluting the distinguished officials, and in removing their hats held them before their breasts in such a manner that great letters on the top of each hat read, "WE ARE THE PEOPLE." One regiment of the Columbia college boys carried an umbrella that told the spectators in white letters that the class was '93, and they yelled every few minutes, "What are we? What are we? We're-the-class-of-'93." A fine turnout of post-graduates followed: then the school of mines and the school of law. A class from the art students' league carried palettes in their hands, splashed with red, white, and blue. There were students from the Mills training school for nurses, in white coats and caps; and following them were companies from the Homœopathic medical college and Flower hospital, whose hats and canes were adorned with white and orange ribbons. The students of the New York college of Dentistry displayed orange and blue on their canes. Three hundred students from the college of Pharmacy paraded, and one hundred from the Eclectic medical college.

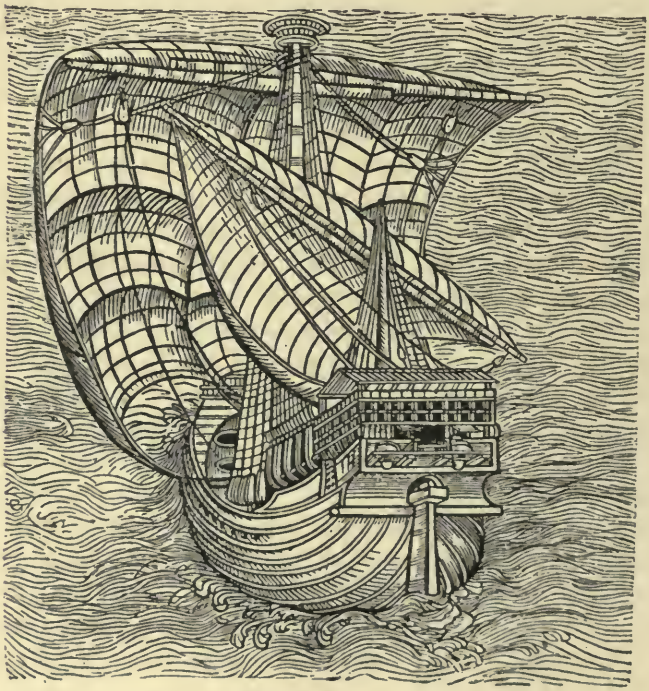
There were upwards of twenty-five thousand in this remarkable procession, which was two hours and fifteen minutes in passing any given point. The school-girls, ten thousand of them, formed a picturesque feature of the great object lesson, although it had not been deemed expedient

to have them march in the street. Dressed in white, red, and blue, they occupied seats on the mammoth stands which lined the block at Reservoir square, at Madison square, three sides of Union square, and other places, and under an excellent leader they sang patriotic songs almost without intermission from the moment the head of the procession appeared until the last division had marched by. They were dressed in solid colors; that is, one division wore long blue cloaks with sailor caps to match, another division wore red cloaks and caps, and a third division white cloaks and caps. Thus as they were skillfully arranged, each section of the stand made a living flag, for the red and white maidens alternated, and in the upper left-hand corner was a group wearing blue cloaks and caps, with a white star on the liberty cap that crowned them. The effect, when at a signal each girl produced a flag and waved it, can be imagined.

Fireworks of the most brilliant character on Brooklyn bridge entertained millions of people on land and water in the evening of Monday. For an hour the heavens were bombarded, and every color that pyrotechnic art can produce was on exhibition. In the meantime at Carnegie music hall the fame of Columbus was being rendered in song. Five hundred voices and one hundred instruments under the leadership of composer Pratt presented the "Triumph of Columbus." Mr. Depew in his remarks introductory to the music said: "This is an American night, an American week, an American month, an American year, an American allegory. To-morrow will be presented the beginning of the pageants, which will last until nearly the close of 1893. The American people, who are an eminently practical people, not having too much poetry or romance, have suddenly concentrated all their energies and all their thoughts and their inventive skill upon an effort to represent to the spirit of Columbus the results of his discovery. In this effort they are aided by the peoples of every nation. Italy, of whose nationality Columbus was one; Spain, which furnished the means that enabled him to go across the ocean; England, France, Germany, Austria, which have been the recipients of the marvellous benefits of what he did, all of them join with us in this celebration. All of them are having celebrations in their own countries to illustrate their appreciation of the enormous influence of this tremendous event.

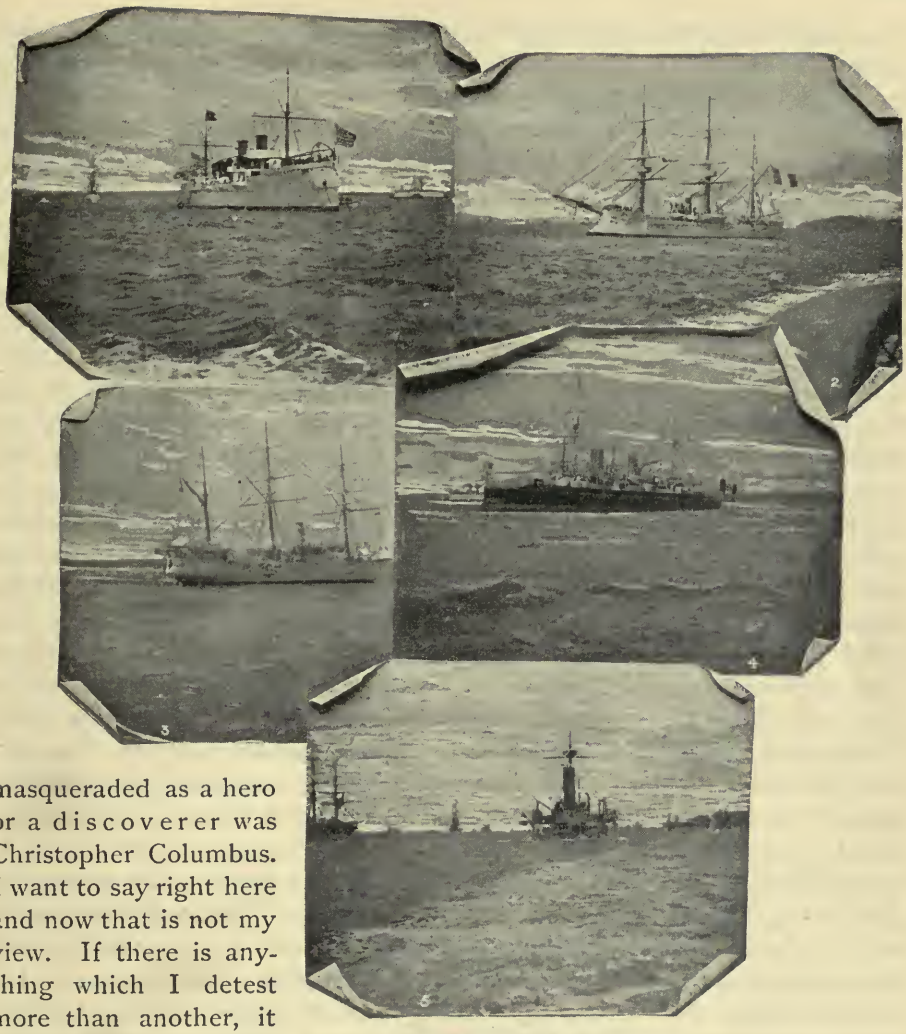
I stood to-day for hours watching the march of the school children down Fifth avenue. To me it was more significant, more eloquent, than all the pageantry which is to follow. That which is to come is the splendor of material evolution. It marks the wealth and the civilization of a great people; it marks the things that belong to their comfort and their ease, their pleasure and their luxuries and their power; but these companies and regiments of

the schools on Fifth avenue to-day presented a larger field and a more hopeful aspect. It was the flower and the fruitage of the civil and religious liberty of the American republic. The age of Columbus was an age of creeds warring against each other to the death with all the appliances of war. It was an age when all races, almost, and all nations were arrayed against one another under their several kings. But to-day what was the spectacle? The boys and the girls who were the children of the Gentile and of the Jew, who were the children of parents of every creed in Christendom, and every creed outside of it, and of parents who had no creed, children who were the descendants of the peoples of every nation, marched under one flag, the flag of the United States; to one music, the music of nationality of the flag of the United States; all in harmony with the flag and with the music, growing up to be educated American citizens, no matter what might be their creed or their origin. This Columbian year would be unworthy the celebrations which so grandly mark it if it could only exhibit a continent peopled with new civilization and rich in accumulated wealth; it is the glory of the American evolution that its intellectual, its spiritual, its moral growth has been equal to its unparalleled material development.



CONTRASTING THE SHIP OF FOUR CENTURIES AGO.

We have read in our morning papers the thought of the editor and of the preacher of yesterday, each of them discussing Columbus. I read them all after the procession. I found that the general result of the composite photograph is, that probably the poorest specimen of humanity who ever



1. THE "PHILADELPHIA."
2. THE FRENCH WAR SHIP "HUZZARD."
3. THE SPANISH "INFANTA ISABEL."
4. THE ITALIAN FLAG-SHIP "BAUSAN."
5. UNITED STATES MONITOR "MIANTONOMOH."

[*From photographs of the naval parade by Edward Leaming, M.D.*]

masqueraded as a hero or a discoverer was Christopher Columbus. I want to say right here and now that is not my view. If there is anything which I detest more than another, it is that spirit of critical historical inquiry which doubts everything; that modern spirit which destroys all the illusions and all the heroes which have been the inspiration of patriotism through all the centuries."

On the fourth day of the celebration was witnessed a naval pageant upon the beautiful waters surrounding New York, which demonstrated

the progress in naval architecture from the little caravels of the Columbus period to the great ocean ships of war and commerce, and the excursion steamers, barges, squadrons, fleets, and pleasure yachts of inland bays and rivers—a miracle of advance since 1492. Four nations were represented in the parade; and it was said that more people were afloat on these countless vessels than were ever before seen afloat together by any American eye, while over two million spectators gathered along the shores of the harbor and river to gaze in wonder or admiration.

The advance guard of the marine procession was a broad line of some twenty-one tugs, stretching half across the mile-wide Hudson with an almost perfect alignment, as if a file of soldiers on parade; they were manned by white-uniformed volunteers. Among the craft that followed the saucy-looking tugs, was conspicuous the torpedo boat *Cushing*, on which was Commander Kane, and tiny steam yachts darted back and forth like winged birds, apparently distributing orders for the chief—a singular contrast to the Indian canoes that for centuries monopolized these waters. They bore the aides of the commander, among whom were General S. V. R. Cruger, James W. Beekman, Woodbury Kane, Archibald Rogers, Irving Grinnell, and many other well-known gentlemen. The great steamer *Howard Carroll*, bearing a host of notables—a burden of eminence not easily described—seemed to parade all by herself in lordly grandeur. Then came three large steamers sailing abreast, the *Sam Sloan*, *Matteawan*, and *Mohawk*, on which was the Committee of One Hundred and their invited guests. An interval of open water was given for the gigantic war vessels of America, Spain, Italy and France, a column of stately men-of-war, the chief attraction in the pageant. They moved in three Indian files, the foreigners flanked by the white-hulled vessels of America. On their decks and bridges and in their lookouts were drawn up the various crews, looking like statues at a distance; so impassively did they hold their respective stations. Our flagship *Philadelphia*, of the white squadron, was on the right, with her high white hull, and her two yellow smokestacks. The trim despatch vessel *Dolphin* followed in her wake, and the long, low, dynamite projector *Vesuvius*, looking like a torpedo boat enlarged, brought up the rear. The place of honor in the centre was given to the French flagship *Aretheuse*, the largest of the foreign contingent, with her triple row of portholes and towering masts, effective for display, and behind her came her mate, the rakish white *Huzzard*. The Italian flagship, *Bausan*, is a big, black, stately ship of modern type, which was regarded on all sides with special admiration. The little Spanish cruiser *Infanta Isabel* proudly carried the colors of

Columbus. On the left was the United States monitor *Miantonomoh*, our coast defender, which looks very much like a floating derrick, and bears promise of deadly work if it should be called into use. She was followed by the graceful *Atlanta*, one of our earliest group of steel vessels, and the little yacht-like *Blake*.

Behind this majestic craft came the immense flotilla of merchant vessels, steamers, yachts, excursion boats, and fire-boats that lent spectacular interest to the scene by spouting great streams of water into the air as they sailed—streams that have force enough to knock down brick walls.

Between the lines of this article must be found a chronicle of the series of salutes which made the earth tremble, and their echoes and swirls of smoke, the screeching of steam whistles, and the prolonged cheers of the human multitude. From the start to the finish there was no place where the pageant made such an impressive display as between the shores of the incomparable Hudson. It was a picture of the civilization of the nineteenth century, too vast for a painter and inexpressible in words. From the vessels in the procession the spectacle was even more remarkable. No other city in the world has such a stretch of water-front as New York, and the space was all taken. The tops of the tall buildings were crowded with spectators, also the masts of vessels at anchor, the roofs of cars and boats, and every foot of shore along the whole route. Staten Island and New Jersey were not beholden to New York for a view, but occupied their own roofs and side-hills. Riverside Park, which is three miles long, afforded a continuous bluff that was thoroughly appreciated by thousands and thousands of sight-seers, while the handsome mansions on the park drive were generously thrown open to invited guests. When the war-ships came in front of Grant's tomb they anchored while the great procession of civic boats passed by, and at every mast-head floated the American ensign with all the colors of other nations denoting that the foreign vessels were taking part in a ceremonial that was American and national. The vessel which closed the procession was the *Vamoose* restraining her speed like a greyhound in leash. It was altogether a great display, and one of which New York may ever be justly proud. "The queen of the western waves sat by her waters in glory and in light all day, proud of the past and hopeful of the future."

In the evening (October 11), the Catholic societies, almost thirty thousand strong, paraded the streets of the city in honor of Columbus, and were reviewed at Madison Square by Vice-President Morton, Archbishop Corrigan, Governor Flower, and others. Representing a vast religious body, they wished to do honor to the great discoverer who started out as much the missionary for Isabella the Catholic, as the explorer for Isabella

the queen. They came as Americans to rejoice in the work of him who made America a possibility. Every company carried the stars and stripes. Some had the papal banner with tiara and keys; some had banners with painted pictures and rich embroidery. In the procession there was a float which represented the *Santa Maria* with several Indians on board. Transparencies, embroidered banners, little flags and streamers were present in profusion. Some carried crosses emblazoned on silk, and some bore crosses of shining brass, but before all and over all floated the forty-four stars with the thirteen stripes.

During the same evening hours a memorial meeting was held in Carnegie hall under the auspices of the Catholic Historical Society, which was largely attended. Judge Daly presided, opening the exercises with a short address, and Archbishop Corrigan, who was present for a short time, was introduced, and among many good things said, "New York Catholics are in a position to be proud of the celebration of the Columbus festival, as the credit of suggesting it came from them." He also said, "that through the kind disposition of the Holy See the very spot where Columbus first set foot on this continent lies now within the diocese of New York. We also are honored to-night by the presence of the delegate apostolic to San Domingo. So that New York Catholics now have both the spot where Columbus first landed and a representative of the spot where his remains are said to lie." Ex-Governor Carroll of Maryland addressed the meeting, and Mr. Coudert reviewed the life and achievements of Columbus.

The fifth and last day of the celebration, like each of the preceding days, was notable for its fair skies, its balmy breezes, and its soft October sunshine. It was the day of promise for the people, all business being suspended, and the city one vast arena of gay banners and bewildering colors. Cannons and church-bells awoke the town at dawn, and every incoming boat and car thereafter brought hosts of men, women, and children. There had been stands enough erected in the squares along the six miles of the military parade to accommodate, it was said, sixty-four thousand persons, and nearly all of these seats had been sold and were occupied before nine o'clock. Business houses and private dwellings had stands for private convenience, and balconies, windows, and roofs were ingeniously turned to account. Truckmen at the street corners had erected upon their vehicles toboggan slides of prodigious height, and the seats on the slopes rose in price as the demand increased; these extraordinary grand-stands blockaded all the cross-streets from Central Park to the Battery. Step ladders from the kitchens were brought into requisi-

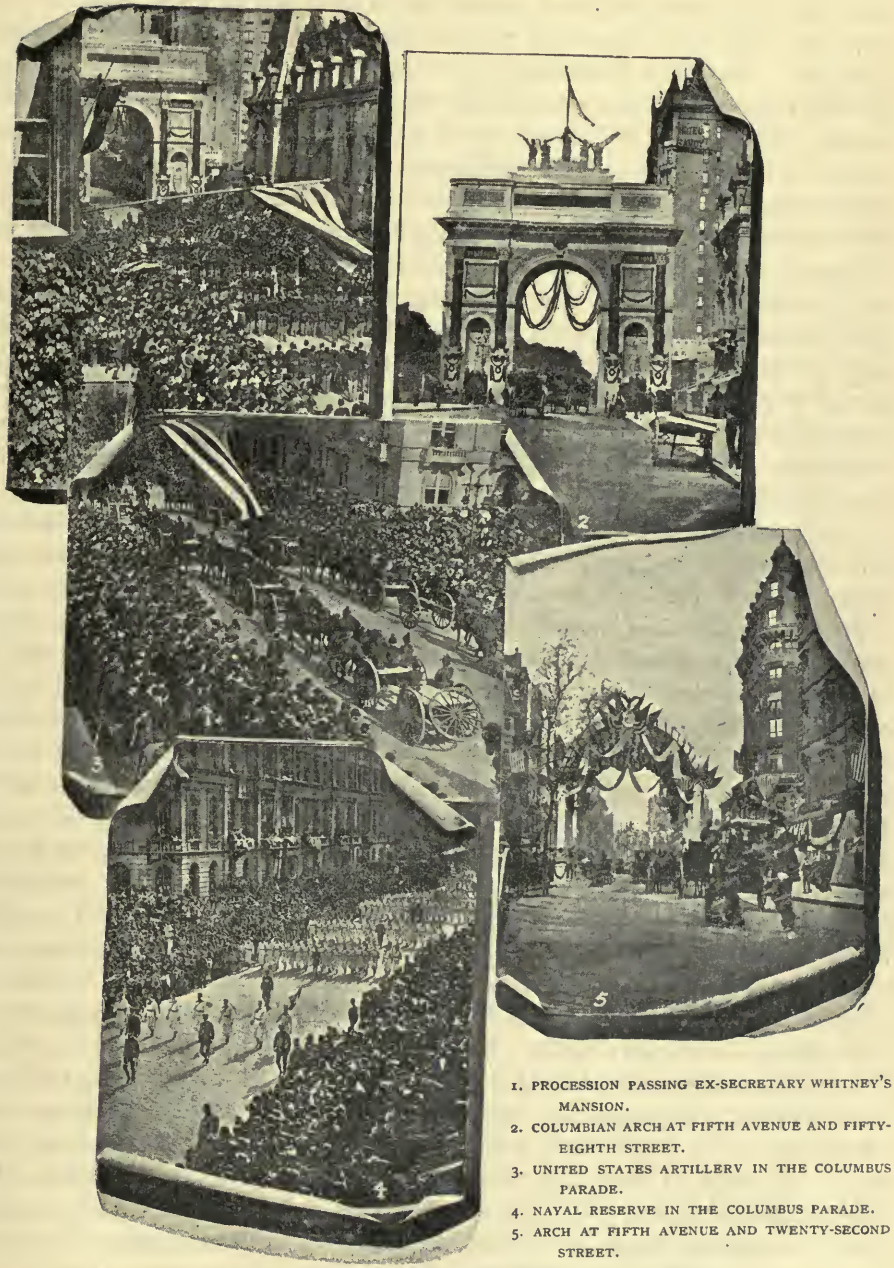
THE SEVENTH REGIMENT IN THE COLUMBUS PARADE, OCTOBER 12, 1892.

tion, and seats sold on them at twenty-five cents to a dollar apiece. Barrels and boxes provided standing places at a ruinous price. The crowds came in armies, yet nowhere upon the streets was there any sign of confusion. The individual elements disposed of themselves rapidly. A million people sat on narrow pine boards all day, their backs against the knees of the people in the next row, and their dollars in the pockets of the ticket speculators. Every inch of all the observation stands, little and big, high and low, long and short, broad and narrow, was packed. Another million sat or stood upon the sidewalks and in the streets. In the front rank were those who sat upon the curbstone, then the occupants of a row of camp stools and chairs; next, a row of people standing up. Behind these were men and women in ranks ten deep, some holding small children in their arms, standing on soap boxes and on barrels; and back of them the hopeless ones, pushed to the wall, and doomed to pass the day in obscurity and ignorance, save for the occasional crumbs of information dropped from

some fortunate friend who could see the passing glories from his higher level. The buildings with their first stories hidden by the swarm of human beings looked as if they were rising out of a sea of faces. Every side street was packed with people fifty or one hundred deep, and getting to the front was like fighting for one's life.

Before the procession appeared, a living torrent had poured into the channel of the street, in some mysterious way, and could not get out. A dense black mass darkened Murray Hill, eddied up and down for miles, and opposed the dismayed police with the helpless resistance of a peaceful mob. The human embankment along the curb was as unyielding as the Chinese wall. For every small boy who was pushed back into the lines a dozen more popped out. Women ran to get into some safe place, they knew not where, and were caught in the arms of the policemen and turned the other way, and driven on by the head of the glittering column. The patrolmen formed in rush lines and charged the crowd. The frequent spectacle of a stalwart officer leaning up against a laughing throng at an angle of forty-five degrees, and striving to dig his toes into the pavement in the effort to get a foothold, was unique if not dignified, and much to be preferred over the old style of waving clubs and threatening with fists. In the end the thoroughfare was cleared, probably by the one and only outlet at Fifty-ninth street, and for six long hours the tramp, tramp, tramp of the flower of the national soldiery was uninterrupted. The governors of New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and Connecticut each rode at the head of the troops of his state, and were greeted with deafening applause on every side. The Grand Army division was followed by the postal clerks of the cities and the letter-carriers, who made a fine appearance. There was an endless variety of uniformed organizations of every character and type, swelling the grand total to sixty-five thousand men.

New York is not unfamiliar with military pageants of equal or greater magnitude and interest, but never has one occurred under more favorable conditions or excited more patriotic enthusiasm. The people seemed to have taken charge of the demonstration, and in the spontaneous expression of poetic sentiment, as well as patriotism and gratitude, distanced the magnificent formal celebration prepared by the official committee to a degree little expected. Cheers constantly ascended into the air from thousands and thousands of throats, the treble of women and children asserting itself in the deeper roar of the men, while the waving of hats and of handkerchiefs presented a scene of indescribable vivacity and appreciation. The procession swept on, and at four o'clock had reached the statue of Columbus in the great circle at Eighth avenue and Fifty-ninth street, to



1. PROCESSION PASSING EX-SECRETARY WHITNEY'S MANSION.
2. COLUMBIAN ARCH AT FIFTH AVENUE AND FIFTY-EIGHTH STREET.
3. UNITED STATES ARTILLERY IN THE COLUMBUS PARADE.
4. NAVAL RESERVE IN THE COLUMBUS PARADE.
5. ARCH AT FIFTH AVENUE AND TWENTY-SECOND STREET.

[*From photographs of the Columbus parade by Charles C. Hibbard.*]

be at that hour unveiled and presented to the city of New York by the Italians. The divine blessing was invoked upon the gift by Archbishop Corrigan. President Barsotti, of the Italian committees, whose labors and generosity produced the monument, made a short address on behalf of the donors, and General di Cesnola spoke for the Italian citizens of the United States. He said: "The Italian residents and citizens in the United States are conscious that the true monument of Columbus is this grand land, its institutions, its prosperity, its blessings, and its lessons of advancement for all humanity. Yet the Italians have desired to testify, at least to the present generation, their full and unfailing sense of their great and peculiar debt. They have procured, in contributions great and small, but uniformly large in spirit, the execution of this monument, and have erected and presented it in token of their affection and gratitude to this great and beloved country, the country in which they have found a permanent home, a more congenial form of government, and better and freer facilities generally to earn their livelihood."

The people were ready for the evening parade, irrespective of the discomforts of the long day, and waited far into the night to see the historic floats, the vision of ages past, of great and gallant deeds on sea and land —the story, indeed, of the prehistoric age and the giant strides of progress since then in one brilliantly illuminated panoramic view. To describe it in one chapter would be even more difficult than the task imposed upon Secretary Foster at the dinner which closed the festivities on the following evening. He said, "To make the United States the subject of an after-dinner speech reminds one of the despair of the great philosopher Kant, when the versatile and would-be omniscient Madame de Staël demanded of him an explanation of his philosophy at an evening reception, and how his despair was turned to disgust when, after patiently hearing him for ten minutes, she interrupted him by saying: 'That will do, that will do, I understand it all now.'" There were innumerable features of this memorable object lesson in the metropolis which it would be interesting to chronicle, but lack of space forbids. Our chief concern is with salient facts, not details. It should be stated, however, that twenty-five hundred policemen handled the surging millions of spectators admirably, without the use of a club. And considering all the circumstances of the festival, it is a source of sincere congratulation that no serious accidents occurred to mar the pleasures of reminiscence. As a whole the exhibition will pass into history as one which in its peculiar characteristics could be seen only in the city which stands in the vanguard of human progress. The following words of Vice-President Morton are to the point:

"The opening pageant has been worthy of the great pilot and the great discoverer. It has been applauded by a countless audience of millions of intelligent people, so vast that no other city of the New World, and few of the Old World, could administer to its care and protection. Our houses of worship testified for two days to the deep impression called forth by the occasion; the army of children from the public schools, equipped only with the weapons of education, put in evidence our confident hope in the future; and the processional progress on land and water, by day and night, gave constant proof of the patriotism of all our people, of every kindred and tribe and tongue, of the capacity of self-control of these educated masses, and of the power and ingenuity of a great people. There were transported to our doors, with speed and comfort, vast numbers of men and women and children, exceeding the population of most of the capitals of the world, by scientific methods of which Columbus never dreamed; and during the watches of the night this cosmopolitan city, with its streets and avenues, its squares and arches, its dwellings and monuments, was illuminated as by fire, by electric inventions which are the products of the land which Columbus discovered.

It is impressive from the events of the past five days that we have added a new holiday to the American calendar. The 12th of October will hereafter be 'marked with white.' We have instituted the Columbian festival, to be repeated at the expiration of each one hundred years to the furthermost limit of time by actors who will not have been witnesses of the preceding celebration."

The celebrating spirit has passed on to other cities—even to the Pacific coast. It reached Chicago on the 21st of October. General Porter, in his witty speech at the Columbian dinner, alluded to the confusion of dates involving research into the Julian and Gregorian calendars, saying, "When we consider the day selected for the celebration in New York and the dates selected for the celebration of the event in Chicago, it leads us to the unquestioned belief that Columbus must have discovered New York on the 12th and Chicago on the 21st of October." Of patriotism he spoke in a strain of impassioned eloquence. "Patriotism must be taught to the young when the mind is impressionable. That is the reason I enjoyed more than all things else connected with these memorable celebrations the marching through the avenues of our city of that phalanx of school children, waving the proud emblem of their country's glory. It is such sights as these that teach the young that the flag of their country is not only a banner for holiday display, but that it is a proud emblem of dignity, authority, power."

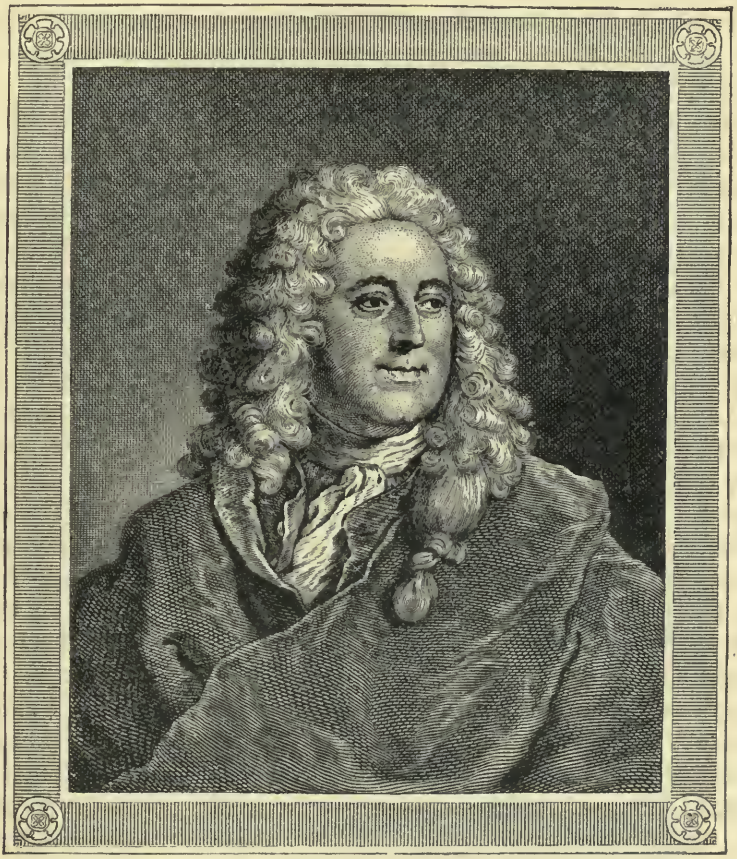
DISCOVERY AND SETTLEMENT OF LOUISIANA

THE SIMPLE TRUTH MORE WONDERFUL THAN FAIRY TALES

The history of Louisiana from its discovery to the present day reads like a romance. The discovery of America in 1492 by Columbus opens a new page in the history of heroic adventure and wonderful discoveries never before limned by the historian. Individual enterprise undertook and accomplished wonders which challenge human credulity. Among the young and ambitious adventurers who followed the banner of Pizarro in the conquest of Peru and acquired riches from the sack of the empire of the Inca was Hernando de Soto. It is recorded that he insisted that Pizarro should release the Indian emperor on his promise that he would set him at liberty upon filling a room with gold and silver, amounting to fifteen million dollars. And he continued to win laurels and fortune until 1536, when he returned to Spain in his thirty-sixth year, with a half million, and married the lady of his youthful love. Soon he invested his fortune in an expedition to Florida, and in 1541 landed on its coast, and traveling in a northwest direction struck the Mississippi river, as tradition claims, at Natchez, the first white man to gaze upon that majestic stream. Following up the river for a week, he crossed and followed the west bank to the mouth of the Arkansas, thence up White river to the Ozark mountains, and wintered in 1541 in the county of Newton in Missouri, where the evidences of their mining still exist. The lead mines of Granby were taken by the Spaniards for silver, but on the discovery of the error they went south and discovered the hot springs of Arkansas, and believed they had found the famous fountain of youth which had lured Ponce de Leon to his ruin. Passing to the mouth of Red river, De Soto died, and was buried in the bosom of the great father of waters, at night, by his followers, who designed to impose upon the ignorant natives by pretending that De Soto was a divine being and had voluntarily gone to a celestial abode. The expedition was wrecked, and but few ever returned to recount the story of their wanderings, and only detached narratives are saved amid the historical records of Spain, from which we catch a few glimpses of the principal figures. Not enough was known to give Spain a title to the vast region entitled Louisiana, which was first seen by De Soto. It was left for French enterprise to rediscover and outline in vague shape the Missis-

sippi and the vast empire washed by its waters, and thus the French became the original owners of the territory of Louisiana.

In 1554 the French had settled Canada, and voyagers and trappers had



JOHN LAW

gradually conciliated the Mohawks and Iroquois, and extended their discoveries to the great lakes and the sources of the Ohio river. In 1673 the governor of Canada sent an expedition to find the Mississippi river,

commanded by Louis Joliet, who was accompanied by Father Marquette. They passed Green bay and carried their canoes to the Wisconsin river, and on June 17, 1673, reached the Mississippi. They passed down to Davenport bluffs and held a treaty, then descended to the mouth of the Arkansas, and being disappointed in the course of the river, which did not run into the Pacific ocean as they had hoped, they returned to the shores of Lake Michigan, where Marquette died in 1675.

In 1680 La Salle and Hennepin guided an expedition to the Mississippi river, and Hennepin claimed to have descended it from the falls of St. Anthony to the mouth of the Arkansas. In 1682 La Salle resumed the exploration and reached the Gulf of Mexico, calling the Mississippi the St. Louis river, and the Missouri, St. Philip. They returned by the Illinois river to the lakes. Returning to France in 1684, La Salle sailed with four ships for the mouth of the Mississippi, but landed at Matagorda bay, many miles west, and his expedition failed by bad management; yet by the end of the century many Frenchmen had settled on the river and at Mobile.

Louisiana as claimed by the French included the country from Mobile bay west to Matagorda, the Mississippi from its mouth to the Alleghanies, and west beyond the Mississippi and Missouri rivers to the Rocky mountains. In 1712 a grant was made of this domain by the French king to Anthony Crozat, who established laws and regulations for governing the province; but being disappointed in finding gold, he relinquished the grant in 1717, after building some forts and founding New Orleans. It was then granted to the celebrated John Law, so famous as the originator of the Mississippi bubble, which wrecked thousands of fortunes, as it was a joint stock company, of which the shares reached fabulous prices in a short time and descended rocket-like in smoke. The company sent out Renault and La Motte, who opened the lead mines at St. Francis and Potosi in Missouri, that are worked to the present time, and have yielded vast amounts of lead. In 1719 the Spaniards sent an armed force from Santa Fé to dispossess the French, but it was annihilated by Indians acting as friends.

In 1732 Law's grant was abrogated and Louisiana declared free for trade and settlement to all French subjects. Small trading establishments were made at several points west of the river, but mostly in Illinois; in 1762 St. Charles was settled, and in 1764 La Clede settled St. Louis.

In 1763 the entire country known as Louisiana was ceded by Louis XV. to Spain. Among other provisions of this secret gift was one by which the French king ceded to England "everything possessed by him on the left side of the river Mississippi, except the town of New Orleans and the island on which it stands." The French settlers did not suffer under this

transfer of owners, as the French commandant d'Aubry continued to act as governor until 1770, when Count O'Reilly, the Spanish governor of New Orleans, arrived August 17, 1769.* The country remained under a mild Spanish rule, with occasional wars with Indian tribes, until 1800, when it was restored by treaty to France; and in 1803 the great Napoleon sold it

THE DUKE DE CHOISEUL, 1719–1785.
[*From a very rare print.*]

for fifteen million dollars to the United States. The settlements west of the Mississippi were largely French, and they hailed with great joy the

* The French settlers of Louisiana held a general meeting of deputies in New Orleans, hoping that an embassy to Louis would make a dead letter of the remarkable treaty of cession, and appointed and sent two delegates to Paris. The Duke de Choiseul, prime minister of the French king, received them graciously, frankly told them the colony must submit, for Spain would never give up Louisiana, and dismissed them with a smile and a bow.

return to French sovereignty in 1800; and although disappointed at the transfer to the United States, the consolation of escaping English rule, and the advent of the Anglo-Saxon, with his broad views of personal liberty, soon reconciled them, especially as their rights were fully protected by the treaty. Augustus Choteau had established a large trade in Indian goods and furs, which at the commencement of this century extended to the upper Missouri with the Loups on the Big Platte and the Omahas and Sioux as far as Yankton, and thus rendered the expedition of Lewis and Clarke in 1804 much easier to accomplish. The Spaniards left no impress upon any part of the vast country ceded to them in 1663, unless we except a few Spanish grants of lands made by the governors between 1771 and 1800, which have been fully recognized by the government and the courts.

The success of the American revolution and the treaty of 1783, by which the United States acquired all the possessions granted to England, east of the Mississippi river, and as far north as the lakes, doubtless saved the settlers of Louisiana from bloody incursions, if not destruction, by the English and Indians in their pay. During the wars of the French revolution, from 1800 to 1803, such posts as Kaskaskia, Vincennes, and others would, if garrisoned by the British, have furnished nucleus for many expeditions of soldiery, as well as the means of exciting and arousing the Indian tribes west of the river. It is, however, a fact to be wondered at that the French in Canada and all along the Mississippi assimilated with the savages better than any other nation of Europeans and had fewer wars with them. The spirit of *bonhomie* and *bon vivant*, so characteristic of the Frenchman, seemed to reach a chord in the savage nature that responded to his proffers of amity.

The French conveyed to us all their claims of territory to the Stony mountains, and indefinitely to the Pacific ocean, which was then a vague *terra incognita* to be fixed afterwards by treaties and conventions. In 1804 Louisiana was divided into two territories called Orleans and Missouri, the line being the southern line of Arkansas. This acquisition now contains fourteen states and three territories and nearly twenty millions of people, with billions of wealth and possibilities beyond prophetic ken. It has thus distanced the wildest tales of mediæval romance and discounted the records of ancient or modern history.

Jno. Doniphan

St. Joseph, Mo.

OUR COUNTRY AND COLUMBUS

BY PHILIP FRENEAU, 1790

This American world, all our histories say,
Secluded from Europe, long centuries lay,
And peopled by beings whom white men detest,
The sons of the Tartars that came from the west.

No priests had they then for the *cure* of their souls,
No lawyers, recorders, or keepers of rolls;
No learned physicians vile *nostrums* concealed—
Their druggist was Nature—her shop was the field.

In the midst of their forests how happy and blest,
In the skin of a bear or buffalo drest!
No care to perplex, and no luxury seen
But the feast, and the song, and the dance on the green.

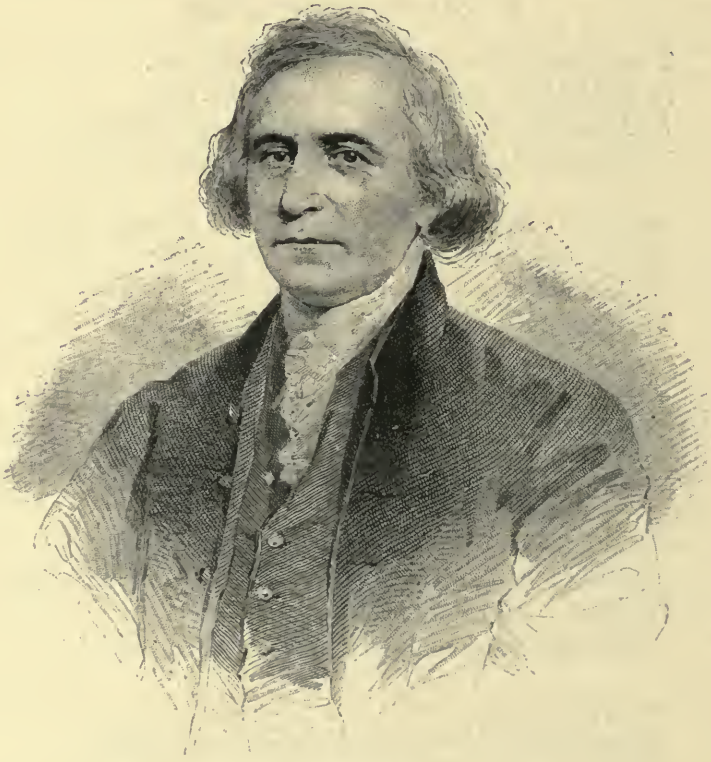
Some bowed to the moon, some worshiped the sun,
And the king and the captain were centered in one;
In a cabin they met, in the councils of state,
Where age and experience alone might debate.

Thus happy they dwelt in a rural domain,
Uninstructed in commerce, unpracticed in gain,
'Till, taught by the loadstone to traverse the seas,
Columbus came over, that bold Genoese.

From records authentic, the date we can shew,
One thousand four hundred and ninety and two
Years, born by the seasons, had vanished away,
Since the *babe* in the manger at *Bethlehem* lay.

Yet the schemes of Columbus, however well planned,
Were scarcely sufficient to find the mainland;
On the islands alone with the natives he spoke,
Except when he entered the great *Oronoque:*

In this he resembled old Moses, the Jew,
Who roving about with his wrong-headed crew,
When at length the *reward* was no longer denied,
From the top of Mount Pisgah he saw *it*, and died.



PHILIP FRENEAU

THE POET OF THE REVOLUTION

[*From a valuable print in possession of Dr. Thomas Addis Emmet*]

These islands and worlds in the watery expanse,
Like most mighty things, were the offspring of chance;
Since steering for Asia, Columbus they say,
Was astonished to find such a world in his way!

QUAKERS IN PENNSYLVANIA

The Quakers were quick to perceive the vanity underlying most of the customs and habits prevalent in their day, hence their determined opposition. For titles and worldly honors generally, they always entertained special aversion. An instance is on record where William Penn was once accosted as *Lord* Penn in the colony of Pennsylvania. To evidence its great displeasure the assembly promptly ordered the practice to be discontinued, and a fine was imposed on the transgressor, presumably to stimulate his memory in the future. When addressing Charles II., Penn never referred to him as "His Majesty," but always as "*Friend* Charles;" and the king, either in his characteristic spirit of levity or mockery, styled the son of the admiral as "Friend William."

The Quakers even discarded the use of the ordinary master or sir in conversation and correspondence. They contended that the Bible nowhere contained any such expression as "My Lord Peter" or "My Lord Paul." They honored "all men in the Lord," but "not in the fashion of this world that passeth away." When William Penn became a convert to Quakerism, he positively refused to take off his hat to anyone. His courtly father, being exceedingly provoked at what he deemed such unreasonable conduct, tried to conciliate the youthful proselyte. He proposed a compromise, that his son should only uncover his head before three persons; to wit, the king, the duke of York, and last but by no means least, the admiral himself. Yet even this apparently innocent concession William positively declined to make. He declined to remove his hat even in the presence of his father, because, as Mr. Graham expresses it, "he refused to lay a single grain of incense on what he deemed an unhallowed altar of human arrogance and vanity." It is related that George III., when he granted an audience to the Quakers, took care to save his honor, and at the same time to spare his own royal feelings, by stationing at the door of his chamber an extra groom, whose sole duty it was to remove the hats of the visitors as they approached the monarch. Such, indeed, was the obstinacy of the Friends in retaining their head gear, that one writer, in evident exasperation, declared that "their virtue lies in their hats, as Sampson's did in his hair."

The Quakers rejected the custom of saying good night, good morning, good day, or passing the other ordinary compliments of the season. Penn

excused such behavior by alleging that "they knew the night was good and the day was good without wishing of either." The members of the society always recommended silence by example as well as by precept. They rarely employed more words than were absolutely necessary to convey the intended meaning. Penn earnestly advised his brethren and sisters in the faith to "avoid company where it is not profitable or necessary; and on those occasions speak little; silence is wisdom, where speaking is folly." Attempts at ornamentation were viewed with grave suspicion, because they were deemed frivolous, and anything partaking of this nature, the Quaker believed to be injurious. The houses of the Friends were generally very plain, and almost entirely innocent of any sort of adornment or ostentation. Pictures for the decoration of their dwellings were used but sparingly. Wall paper was introduced, under protest, about the year 1790. Antecedent to this date, the reign of whitewash had been universal. Carpets were deemed an undesirable luxury, for fresh sand was considered more healthful. But in the march of progress carpets had to come, and the year 1750 is given in the books as that of their advent. Sewell mentions a case where one gentleman, in his desire for simplicity, even banished from his fireside the luxury of a pair of tongs, and substituted the primitive implement of a cloven stick.

Juridical procedure among the Quakers was both curious and instructive. When the members of the society disagreed they seldom scolded or went to law. All their disputes were adjusted by what we call, in the language of administration, boards of arbitration. These peace commissioners, so to speak, arranged all difficulties arising between the Europeans and the Indians, as well as settling altercations between the colonists themselves. Agesilaus, the famous king of Sparta, being asked on one occasion, "What ought children to learn?" quickly responded, "That which they ought to practice when they become men." With this opinion Penn's belief coincided exactly. At an early period in his administration of the Quaker colony he ordered that "all children within this province, of the age of twelve years, shall be taught some useful trade or skill to the end none may be idle, but the poor may work to live, and the rich if they become poor may not want." In his frame of government, Penn declared that a committee on manners, education, and art should be appointed, so that all "wicked and scandalous living may be prevented, and that youth may be trained up in virtue and useful arts and knowledge." As early as 1683, an educational institution was established for the instruction of the children of the colonists. In 1689 the Quakers opened another school for "all children and servants, male and female—the rich at reasonable rates;

the poor for nothing." George Keith was made principal of this foundation, and was assisted by a certain Thomas Makin, who, the records inform the reader, was "a good Latinist." The plan of instruction was similar to that of an ordinary modern grammar school, with the exception that its curriculum included "the learned languages." It was entirely supported by the Friends, but representatives of all denominations were magnanimously permitted to share its advantages.

With trivial exceptions the Quakers anathematized music in general, and denounced it as invariably corrupting in its tendencies. As early as the year 1536 the English Puritans presented a formal protestation to their king, emphatically declaring "the playing at the organyes a foolish vanity." Fox unhesitatingly affirms—and the majority of the inhabitants of Pennsylvania coincided perfectly in the opinion—"I was moved to cry against all kinds of music, for it burdeneth the pure life." In the opinion of the Quakers the saints alone might sing praise to God (in their worship). Concerning the wicked and the unregenerate, the society had an abiding belief that it would be more appropriate for them to "howl for their sins."

There are certain constant factors in almost every community—namely, marriage and giving in marriage. Cupid exhibited as much activity in the Quaker colony as he did in other portions of the terrestrial globe. At the time, however, of which we write, bashfulness and modesty in youth were regarded as ornaments, nay even as great virtues. "Young lovers," says Watson, "then listened and took sidelong glances when before their parents or elders." Marriage among the Friends was a very important institution, and weddings in the early times were always the occasions of great festivity. The matches appear to have arisen solely from inclination. "Never marry but for love," was William Penn's advice to all, "but see that thou lovest what is lovely." The Quakers, moreover, gave considerable publicity to the celebration of marriage. Before the union could be consummated, the intentions of the persons concerned were promulgated by affixing a declaration to that effect on the court-house or meeting-house door; and when the act was finally solemnized at least twelve subscribing witnesses had to be present. In regard to the ceremony, it was a simple form of marriage in the meeting of their own society. The priest and the ring were discarded as being utterly heathenish. The Friends, in the language of George Fox, declared, "We marry none, but are witnesses of it; marriage being God's joining, not man's." Penn said the Quakers believed "that marriage is an ordinance of God, and that God only can rightly join men and women in marriage." The paper that the engaged lovers submitted to the society was about as follows:

"We, the subscribers, A. B., son of C. and D. B.; and F. G., daughter of H. and I. G., purpose taking each other in marriage, which we hereby offer for the approbation of Friends." Then followed the signatures of the contracting individuals. If no sufficient reasons were discovered for preventing the union, the hymeneal ceremony was performed at the appointed time. The company usually assembled early in the morning, remained to dinner, possibly even to supper. For two entire days it was customary to deal out refreshments with a lavish hand to all who honored the family with their presence. The gentlemen congratulated the groom on the first floor of the dwelling, and then ascended to the second story, where they wished future felicity to the blushing bride, and she was compelled by the unwritten law of the time to undergo the ordeal of being kissed by all the male visitors.

It is somewhat astonishing when we reflect that the Quakers, strenuously opposed, as they unquestionably were, to all sorts of frivolity and ceremony, ever submitted to such veritable nuisances as these weddings soon turned out to be. The annalist, Watson, relates on credible authority, that it was nothing uncommon for families in affluent circumstances to have "one hundred and twenty persons to dine, the same who had signed their certificate of marriage at the monthly meeting. These," he adds, "also partook of tea and supper." At first these elaborate ceremonies were accepted, if not without question, certainly without expressed opposition. Finally, however, the good Friends revolted from all this worldly excitement and round of festivity. Such frivolities were relegated to the limbo of exploded vanities, and matrimonial alliances were attended with no other ceremony than that of the parties taking each other by the hand in public meeting and avowing their willingness to enter the connubial state, and the marriage certificate was registered in the record book.

No mourning was ever worn for departed friends. Crape was accounted as especially heathenish, and not in accordance with biblical precepts. Even the casket was denied its usual black covering. No vaults were used. Tombstones were also rejected. They were considered an especial abomination.

In some respects the Philadelphia of that period reminds the historical student of Geneva at the time of Calvin. After nine o'clock at night, the officers—at first all private citizens serving in succession—inspected the town, and no inhabitant thereof was permitted to remain at any ordinary (the ancient word for inn or hotel) after that hour without good and sufficient reason. Originally the Quakers prescribed no particular style of

dress; for, in their judgment, it was "no vanity to use what the country naturally produced," and they reproved nothing but that extravagance in raiment which "all sober men of all sorts readily grant to be evil." Wigs were at that period *à la mode*, and even the inhabitants of Pennsylvania succumbed to the seductive influences of that worldly custom. In the year 1719, a prominent Quaker, in ordering his wearing apparel, writes, "I want for myself and my three sons, each a wig—light, gud bobs." Even Franklin, disdainful as he was of display and artificiality, wore a tremendous horse-hair wig. And Penn's private expense book reveals the startling fact that even the proprietory of the province indulged in these vanities to the extent of four wigs per annum.

In early times, too, the Quaker women wore their colored silk aprons as did the aristocratic ladies of other denominations. And the wealthy arrayed themselves in white satin petticoats embroidered with flowers, and pearl satin gowns with peach-colored cloaks of the same material. Their white and shapely necks were ornamented with delicate lawn or lace, and also with charms. In course of time white aprons were discarded by the *élite*, and then the Friends abandoned colors and adopted white. The Quaker ladies also wore immense beaver hats, which had scarcely any crown, and were fastened to the head by silken cords tied in a bewitching bow under the chin. This was the so-called *skimming dish* hat. The Quaker dress, however, gradually assumed a more subdued form.

In the year 1771, the first umbrellas made their appearance in Philadelphia, and were scouted by the more conservative as ridiculous affectation. Afterwards, when the important character of their services was more fully understood and appreciated, their reception was decidedly more cordial.—Extracts from the monograph by Albert C. Applegarth, Ph.D., *Quakers in Pennsylvania, Johns Hopkins University Studies.*

MEMOIR ON THE DISCOVERY OF AMERICA

THE FIRST CRITICISM WRITTEN IN THE UNITED STATES

Letter from Otto, Count de Mosloy, to Dr. Franklin *

NEW YORK, *April* 1, 1786.

SIR:

Almost all the authors who have written upon the discovery of America make mention of some information which Columbus procured at Madeira, upon the existence of a western continent; but they do not tell us positively how far this information assisted him, or from what source he derived it. I have always been curious to clear up this interesting part of history; and in running over many ancient historians, as well German as Spanish, I have found some circumstances which have appeared to me to establish, in the clearest manner, a discovery anterior to that of Columbus. I have the honor to send you the result of my enquiries, and if you think this piece worthy of being submitted to the consideration of the Philosophical Society, I beg you to present it to them as a mark of my homage, and of the desire which I have of being of some service.

I have the honor to be, with respectful attachment, your Excellency's humble and most obedient servant,

OTTO

TO HIS EXCELLENCY, DR. FRANKLIN

THE PIECE

It has always been looked upon as a piece of injustice not to have given the name of Columbus to that valuable part of the world which he discovered; and that Americanus Vespucius, who did nothing but follow his footsteps, has had the good fortune of having his name handed down to the most distant posterity, to the prejudice of his predecessor. What then will be said if it shall be proved that neither of those celebrated navigators were the first discoverers of this immense country, and that this honor belongs to a man scarcely known in the republic of letters?

* Otto, Count de Mosloy, of the French legation to the United States, was a man of much learning, many accomplishments, and charming social qualities. His *piece* was read before the Philosophical Society, April 7, 1786, and printed in the Transactions, Vol. II., 1786.

I shall not here enter into an examination of the reveries of some historians on the voyages of the Carthaginians, the Atlantis of Plato, the bold expedition of Madoc, prince of Wales and son of Owen Guinnedd, of which Hackluyt has preserved some account, nor on the voyage of Bacchus, or the land Ophir of Solomon. Conjectures of this kind, whether true or false, could not lessen the glory of Columbus, were there not proof that he received, just before his expedition, the charts and journal of a learned astronomer who had been in America.

Garcilasso de la Vega, born at Cuzco in Peru, has given us a history of his country, in which to take from Columbus the merit of the discovery of America, and give the honor of it to the Spaniards; he assures us that this navigator had been informed of the existence of another continent by Alonzo Sanchez de Huelva, who, in his voyage to the Canaries, had been driven by a gale of wind to the Antilles; but that his chief information was procured from a celebrated geographer of the name of Martin Behenira. Garcilasso says nothing more of this Behenira; and since we know of no Spanish geographer of this name, Garcilasso has been suspected of making a sacrifice of truth to the desire of wresting from a Genoese the glory of discovering the new world.

On looking over, with attention, a list of all the learned men of the fifteenth century, I find the name of Martin Behem, a famous geographer and navigator. The Christian name is the same with that mentioned by Garcilasso, and I find that the syllables *ira*, added to his name, are owing to a particular circumstance: namely, the honor conferred on him by John II., king of Portugal. It is then possible that this Martin Behem is the same person as Martin Behenira mentioned by Garcilasso; but this vague conjecture will receive the stamp of truth by the following detail. The literary history of Germany gives an account of Martin Behem, Beheim, or Behin, who was born at Nuremberg, an imperial city of the circle of Franconia, of a noble family, some branches of which are yet extant. He was much addicted to the study of geography, astronomy, and navigation, from his infancy. At a more mature age he often thought on the possibility of the existence of the antipodes and of a western continent. Filled with this great idea, he paid a visit in 1459 to Isabella, daughter of John I., king of Portugal and regent of the duchy of Burgundy and Flanders. Having informed her of his designs, he procured a vessel, in which he made the discovery of the island of Fayal in 1460. He there established a colony of Flemings, whose descendants yet exist in the Azores; which were for some time called the Flemish islands. This circumstance is proved not only by the writings of cotemporary authors, but

also by the manuscript preserved in the records of Nuremberg, from which the following is copied: "Martin Behem tendered his services to the daughter of John, king of Lusitania, who reigned after the death of Philip of Burgundy, surnamed the Good, and from her procured a ship, by means of which, having sailed beyond all the then known limits of the western ocean, he was the first who, in the memory of man, discovered the island of Fayal, abounding with beech trees, which the people of Lusitania call faye; whence it derived its name. After this he discovered the neighboring islands, called by one general name *the Azores*, from the multitude of hawks which build their nests there (for the Lusitanians use this term for hawks, and the French too use the word *Effos* or *Efores* in their pursuit of this game), and left colonies of the Flemish on them, when they began to be called Flemish islands, etc." Although this record is contrary to the generally received opinion that the Azores were discovered by Gonsalva Velho, a Portuguese, yet its authenticity cannot be doubted; it is confirmed by several cotemporary writers, and especially by Wagenceil, one of the most learned men of the last century; who, after having travelled into Africa and throughout all Europe, was made doctor of laws at Orleans and chosen fellow of the academy of Turin and Padua, although he was a German by birth. The particulars are to be found in his universal history and geography. I have, moreover, received from the records of Nuremberg a note written in German, on parchment, which contains the following facts: "Martin Behem, esquire, son of Mr. Martin Behem of Schroperin, lived in the reign John II., king of Portugal, on an island which he discovered, and called the island of Fayal, one of the Azores, lying in the western ocean."

After having obtained from the regent Isabella a grant of Fayal, and resided there about twenty years, during which time he was busied in making fresh discoveries in geography, by small excursions, which need not be mentioned, Behem applied in 1484 (which was eight years before Columbus' expedition) to John II., king of Portugal, to procure the means of undertaking a great expedition towards the southwest. This prince gave him some ships with which he discovered that part of America which is now called Brazil; and he even sailed to the straits of Magellan, or to the country of some savage tribes, whom he called Patagonians, from the extremities of their bodies being covered with a skin more like a bear's paws than human hands and feet. This fact is proved by authentic records, preserved in the archives of Nuremberg.

One of which in particular deserves attention: "Martin Behem, traversing the Atlantic Ocean for several years, examined the American islands,

and discovered the strait which bears the name of Magellan, before either Columbus or Magellan sailed those seas; and even mathematically delineated on a geographical chart for the king of Lusitania the situation of the coast around every part of that famous and renowned strait." This assertion is supported by Behem's own letters, written in German and preserved in the archives of Nuremberg, in a book which contains the birth and illustrious actions of the nobility of that city. These letters are dated in 1486; that is, six years before the expedition of Columbus. This wonderful discovery has not escaped the notice of cotemporary writers. The following passage is extracted from the chronicle of Hartman Schedl: "In the year 1485, John the second, king of Portugal, a man of a magnanimous spirit, furnished some galleys with provisions, and sent them to the southward, beyond the straits of Gibraltar. He gave the command of this squadron to James Canns, a Portuguese, and Martin Behem, a German, of Nuremberg, in Upper Germany, descended of the family of Bonna, a man very well acquainted with the situation of the globe, blessed with a constitution able to bear the fatigues of the sea, and who by actual experiments and long sailing had made himself perfectly master with regard to the longitudes and latitudes of Ptolemy, in the west. These two, by the bounty of heaven, coasting along the southern ocean, and having crossed the equator, got into the other hemisphere, where facing to the eastward their shadows projected towards the south and right hand. Thus, by their industry, they may be said to have opened to us another world, hitherto unknown, and for many years attempted by none but the Genoese, and by them in vain. Having finished this cruise in the space of twenty-six months, they returned to Portugal, with the loss of many of their seamen, by the violence of the climate."

This passage becomes more interesting, from being quoted in a book on the state of Europe during the reign of the emperor Frederick III., by the learned historian Æneas Sylvius, afterward pope Pius II. This historian died before the discoveries of Behem were made, but the publishers of his works thought the passage in Hartman Schedl so important that they inserted it in the history. We also find the following particulars in the remarks made by Petrus Matæus, on the canon law, two years before the expedition of Columbus: "The first Christian voyages to the newly-discovered islands became frequent under the reign of Henry, son of John, king of Lusitania. After his death, Alphonsus the fifth prosecuted the design, and John who succeeded him followed the plan of Alphonsus, by the assistance of Martin Boehm, a very experienced navigator, so that in a short time the name of Lusitania became famous over the whole world."

Cellarius, one of the most learned men of his age, says expressly: "Boehm did not think it enough to survey the island of Fayal, which he first discovered, or the other adjacent islands which the Lusitanians call Azores, *and we after the example of Boehm's companions call Flemish islands;* but advanced still farther and farther south, until he arrived at the remotest strait, beyond which Ferdinand Magellan, following his tract, afterwards sailed and called it after his own name."

All these quotations, which cannot be thought tedious, since they serve to prove a fact almost unknown, seem to demonstrate that the first discovery of America is due to the Portuguese, and not to the Spaniards; and that the chief merit belongs to a German astronomer. The expedition of Ferdinand Magellan, which did not take place before the year 1519, arose from the following fortunate circumstance. This person, being in the apartment of the king of Portugal, saw there a chart of the coast of America, drawn by Behem, and at once conceived the bold project of following the steps of this great navigator. Jerome Benzon, who published a description of America in 1550, speaks of this chart, a copy of which, sent by Behem himself, is preserved in the archives of Nuremberg. The celebrated astronomer Riccioli, though an Italian, does not seem willing to give his countryman the honor of this important discovery. In his geography reformed, book iii., page 90, he says: "Christopher Columbus never thought of an expedition to the West Indies until some time before, while in the island of Madeira, where, amusing himself in forming and delineating geographical charts, he obtained information from Martin Boehm, or, as the Spaniards say, from Alphonsus Sanchez de Huelva, a pilot, who by mere chance had fallen in with the island afterwards called Dominica." And in another place: "Let Boehm and Columbus have each their praise, they were both excellent navigators; but Columbus would never have thought of his expedition to America had not Boehm gone there before him. His name is not so much celebrated as that of Columbus, Americus, or Magellan, although he is superior to them all."

But the most positive proof of the great services rendered to the crown of Portugal by Behem is the recompense bestowed on him by king John, who in 1485 knighted him in the most solemn manner, in the presence of all his court. I have before me a German paper extracted from the archives of Nuremberg to the following purpose. "In the year 1485, on the 18th of February, in Portugal, in the city of Allasavas, and in the church of St. Salvador, after the mass, Martin Behem of Nuremberg was made a knight by the hands of the most puissant lord, John the second, king of Portugal, Algarve, Asrica, and Guinea; and his chief squire was

the king himself, who put the sword in his belt; and the duke of Begia was his second squire, who put on his right spur; and his third squire was count Christopher de Mela, the king's cousin, who put on his left spur; and his fourth squire was count Martin Marlarinis who put on his iron helmet; and the king himself gave him the blow on the shoulder, which was done in the presence of all the princes, lords, and knights of the kingdom: and he espoused the daughter of a great lord, in consideration of the important services he had performed, and he was made governor of the island of Fayal." These marks of distinction conferred on a stranger, could not be meant as a recompense for the discovery of the Azores, which was made twenty years before; but as a reward for the discovery of Congo, from whence the chevalier Behem had brought gold and different kinds of precious wares. This discovery made much greater impression than that of a western world, made at the same time, but it neither increased the wealth of the royal treasury, nor satisfied the avarice of the merchants.

In 1492 the chevalier Behem, crowned with honors and riches, undertook a journey to Nuremberg, to visit his native country and his family. He there made a terrestrial globe, which is looked on as a master-piece for that time, and which is still preserved in the library of that city. The tract of his discoveries may there be seen under the name of western lands, and from their situation it cannot be doubted that they are the present coasts of Brazil and the environs of the straits of Magellan. This globe was made in the same year that Columbus set out on his expedition, from whence it is not possible that Behem could have profited by the works of this navigator, who, besides, went a much more northerly course.

After having performed several other interesting voyages, Behem died at Lisbon in July, 1506, regretted by everybody, but leaving behind him no other work than the globe which we have just been speaking of. It is made from the writings of Ptolemy, Pliny, Strabo, and especially from the account of Mark Paul the Venetian, a celebrated traveller of the thirteenth century, and of John Mandeville, an Englishman, who, about the middle of the fourteenth century, published an account of a journey of thirty-three years in Africa and Asia. He has also added the important discoveries made by himself on the coasts of Africa and America.

From these circumstantial accounts, little known to modern writers, we must conclude that *Martin Behenira*, of whom Garcilasso makes mention, is the same chevalier Behem, upon being the place of whose birth Nuremberg prides so much. It is probable that, as soon as he was knighted in Portugal, he thought it necessary to give a Portuguese ter-

mination to his name, to make it more sonorous and more conformable to the idiom of the country. Garcilasso, deceived by this resemblance of sound, has made him a Spaniard, in order to deprive Columbus of the honor of having procured to his country so great an advantage. And what ought to confirm us in this opinion is, that we neither find in Mariana nor any other Spanish historian the name of this Martin Behenira, who was certainly a man of too much importance not to have had a distinguished place in history. Besides, the Spanish pride would have been flattered in giving to a native those laurels with which it crowned Columbus.

It is, then, very unlikely that this navigator was treated as an enthusiast when he offered to the court of Portugal to make discoveries in the west. The search after unknown countries was at that time the reigning passion of this court; and even if Behem had not offered the interesting ideas which he had procured, the novelty of the project had undoubtedly engaged king John to give in to the views of Columbus; but it appears that this prince declined it, because all his thoughts were turned at that time to the coast of Africa, and the new passage to the Indies, from whence he promised himself great riches; whilst the southern coast of Brazil and the territories of the Patagonians, seen by Behem, offered to him only barren lands, inhabited by unconquerable savages. The refusal of John II., very far from weakening the testimony of Behem's discoveries, is, then, rather a proof of the knowledge which this politic prince had already procured of the existence of a new continent; and it was only in 1501, that is to say three years after the voyage of Vasco de Gama to the Indies, that Emanuel thought proper to take advantage of the discoveries of Behem by sending Albares Cabral to Brazil, a measure which was perhaps rather owing to the jealousy which has already existed between Portugal and Spain than to a desire of making advantageous establishments, for which the Indies were much more proper than this part of America.

If any doubts yet remain respecting the important discovery made by Behem, it is particularly the authority of Dr. Robertson, which attacks the testimony of the different authors we have transcribed. This learned writer treats the history of Behem as a fiction of some German authors, who had an inclination to attribute to one of their countrymen a discovery which has produced so great a revolution in the commerce of Europe. But he acknowledges, nevertheless, with Herrera, that Behem had settled at the island of Fayal, that he was the intimate friend of Columbus, and that Magellan had a globe made by Behem, by the help of which he undertook his voyage to the South sea, a circumstance which proves much in

favor of our hypothesis. He relates, also, that in 1492 this astronomer paid a visit to his family at Nuremberg, and left there a map drawn by himself, which Dr. Forster procured him a copy of, and which, in his opinion, partakes of the imperfection of the cosmographical knowledge of the fifteenth century; that he found in it, indeed, under the name of the island of St. Brandon, land which appears to be the present coast of Guiana, and lies in the latitude of Cape Verd, but that there is reason to believe that this fabulous island, which is found in many ancient maps, merits no more attention than the childish legend of St. Brandon himself. Although Dr. Robertson does not appear disposed to grant to Behem the honor of having discovered the new continent, we find the means of refuting him in his own history. He allows that Behem was very intimate with Columbus, that he was the greatest geographer of his time, and scholar of the celebrated John Muller or Regiomontanus; that he had discovered in 1483 the kingdom of Congo upon the coast of Africa; that he made a globe which Magellan made use of; that he drew a map at Nuremberg, containing the particulars of his discoveries, and that he placed in this chart land which is found to be in the latitude of Guiana. Dr. Robertson asserts, without any proof, that this land was but a fabulous island; we may suppose, upon the same foundation, that Behem, engaged in an expedition to the kingdom of Congo, was driven by the winds to Fernambone, and from thence, by the currents, very common in those latitudes, towards the coast of Guiana; and that he took for an island the first land which he discovered. The course which Columbus afterwards steered, makes this supposition still more probable; for if he knew only of the coast of Brazil, which they believe to have been discovered by Behem, he would have laid his course rather to the southwest. The expedition to Congo took place in 1483; it is then possible, that, at his return, Behem proposed a voyage to the coast of Brazil and Patagonia, and that he requested the assistance of his sovereign, which we have mentioned above. It is certain that we cannot have too much deference for the opinion of so eminent a writer as Robertson, but this learned man not having it in his power to consult the German pieces in the original, which we have quoted, we may be allowed to form a different opinion without being too presumptuous.

Should it be asked why we take from Columbus the reputation which all Europe has to this day allowed him? Why we are searching the archives of an imperial city for the causes of an event which took place in the most western extremity of Europe? Why the enemies of Columbus, who are numerous, did not take advantage of the pretended Behem to lessen his consequence at the Spanish court? Why Portugal, jealous of the

discovery of the new world, had not protested against the assertions of the Spaniards? Why Behem, who died only in 1506, had not left to posterity any writing to confirm to himself so important a discovery? I shall, to answer all these questions, submit the following remarks:

1. Before Columbus, the great merit of a navigator consisted rather in conceiving the possibility of the existence of a new continent than in searching for lands in a region where he was sure to find them. If it is certain that Behem had conceived this bold idea before Columbus, the fame of the latter must necessarily be considerably diminished.

2. We have only to explain the moral causes of the silence of the Spanish and Portuguese authors, of the enemies of Columbus, and of Behem himself.

3. It is well known that previous to the reign of Charles V. there was little communication between the learned men of different nations. Writers were scarce, excepting some monks who have related, well or ill, the events which came to their knowledge, in chronicles which are no longer read; or they had but little idea of what passed in foreign countries. Gazettes and journals were unknown, and the learned obliged to travel to inform themselves of the progress of their neighbors. Italy was the centre of the arts and what was called science at that time. The frequent journeys of the German emperors to Rome gave them an opportunity of knowing persons of merit, and of placing them in the different universities of the empire. It is to this circumstance that we ought to attribute the great progress which the Germans made, particularly in mathematics, from the fourteenth to the sixteenth century; during which time they had the best geographers, the best historians, and most enlightened politicians. They were particularly attentive to what passed in Europe, and the multiplied connections of different princes with foreign powers assisted them greatly in collecting in their archives the original pieces of the most important events of Europe. It is to this spirit of criticism and inquiry that we are indebted for the reformation of Luther, and we cannot deny that, particularly in the fifteenth century, there was more historical and political knowledge in Germany than in all the rest of Europe, Italy excepted. It is not, then, astonishing that we should find in the archives of one of the most ancient imperial cities the particulars of an expedition planned upon the banks of the Tagus by a German, a man of great repute in his own country.

4. It was different in Portugal where the whole nation except the king was plunged in the most profound ignorance. Everybody was either shopkeeper, sailor, or soldier; and if this nation has made the most

important discoveries, we must ascribe them rather to avarice than to a desire for knowledge. They were satisfied with scraping together gold in every quarter of the known world, whilst the German and the Italian took up the pen to transmit to posterity the remembrance of their riches and cruelties. The Spaniards were not much more informed before Charles V. introduced at Madrid the learned men of Flanders and Germany. It is, then, very possible that Behem made interesting discoveries in geography in 1485, without the public's being acquainted with them. If he had brought back from his expedition gold or diamonds, the noise would have been spread in a few weeks; but simple geographical knowledge would not interest men of his turn of mind.

5. The long stay Columbus made at Madeira makes his interview with Behem more than probable. It is impossible that he should have neglected seeing a man so interesting, and who could give every kind of information for the execution of the plan he had formed. The mariners who accompanied Behem might also have spread reports at Madeira and the Azores. What ought to confirm us in this is, that *Mariana* says himself (book 26, chap. iii.) that a *certain* vessel going to Africa was thrown by a gale of wind upon unknown lands, and that the sailors on their return to Madeira had communicated to Columbus the circumstances of their voyage. All authors agree that this learned man had some information respecting the western shores, but they speak in a very vague manner. The expedition of Behem explains this mystery.

6. This astronomer could not be jealous of the discoveries of Columbus, because the last had been farther north, and that in a time when they did not know the whole extent of the new world; and when geographical knowledge was extremely bounded, it might be believed that the country discovered by Columbus had connection with that discovered by Behem.

It appears certain, however, that Behem discovered this continent before Columbus, and that this, which is only curious in Europe, becomes interesting to the American patriot. The Grecians have carefully preserved the fabulous history of their first founders, and have raised altars to them; why are not Behem, Columbus, and Vespucius, deserving of statues in the public squares of American cities? These precious monuments would transmit to posterity the gratitude which the names of these benefactors of mankind should inspire. Without knowing it they have laid the foundation of the happiness of many millions of inhabitants; and Sesostris, Phul, Cyrus, Thesus, and Romulus, the founders of the greatest empires, will be forgotten before the services rendered by these illustrious navigators can be effaced from the memory of man.

WASHINGTON AND HIS MOTHER

DR. TONER ON THE FALSE CHARGES OF UNFILIAL CONDUCT

In a letter to the Washington *Evening Star* of October 1, 1892, the celebrated scholar, Dr. J. M. Toner, writes: "In your issue of February 19, 1892, you published an item accredited to the New York *Times*, without date, headed 'Washington was too Truthful.' It is by suggestion a willful if not a malicious perversion of the commendable fact of George Washington's high regard and dutiful respect exhibited on all proper occasions for his noble mother. A pretty general familiarity with Washington's letters justifies me in affirming that there is not one which gives a warrant, even to a reckless imagination, for the sentiments attributed to him. The paragraph, however, has gone the round of the papers and gives evidence of a purpose to malign the good name of Washington by polishing up the false accusations and giving them more venom.

The clipping has been sent to me in its different forms by seven distinct parties, with the expressed or implied desire that I would take some public notice of the statement. The last comes from an esteemed friend and a historical writer of repute. His note accompanying it reads: 'Alleghany, September 12, 1892. Dear Doctor: Inclosed I send you a slip from to-day's Pittsburg *Commercial-Gazette*. It is more than probable that it has come under your notice ere this, but I want to make sure that you will see it. . . . Yours very sincerely, Isaac Craig.'

The following is a literal copy of Washington's letter which has been diverted from its true intent:

To Mrs. Mary Washington:

Hon'd Madam: In consequence of your communication to George Washington, of your want of money, I take the (first safe) conveyance by Mr. John Dandridge to send you 15 guineas which believe me is all I have and which indeed ought to have been paid many days ago to another agreeable to my own assurance.——I have now demands upon me for more than 500£ three hundred and forty odd which is due for the tax of 1786; and I know not where, or when, I shall receive one shilling with which to pay it. In the last two years I made no crops. In the first I was obliged to buy corn and this year have none to sell, and my wheat is so bad I cannot neither eat it myself nor sell it to others, and tobaco I make none. Those who owe me money cannot or will not pay it without suits, and to sue is like doing nothing, whilst my expenses, not from any extravagance, or inclination on my part to live splendidly, but for the absolute support of my family and the visitors who are constantly here, are exceedingly high; higher indeed than I can support,

without selling part of my estate, which I am disposed to do rather than run in debt or continue to be so, but this I cannot do without taking much less than the lands I have offered for sale are worth. This is really and truly my situation. I do not, however, offer it as any excuse for not paying you what may really be due, for let this be little or much I am willing, however unable, to pay to the utmost farthing; but it is really hard upon me when you have taken everything you wanted from the plantation by which money could be raised—when I have not received one farthing, directly nor indirectly, from the place for more than twelve years, if ever, and when in that time I have paid, as appears by Mr. Luna Washington's account against me (during my absence), two hundred and sixty odd pounds and by my own account fifty odd pounds out of my own pocket to you, besides (if I am rightly informed) everything that has been raised by the crops on the plantation. Who to blame, or whether anybody is to blame for these things I know not, but these are facts. And as the purposes for which I took the estate are not answered, nor likely to be so, but dissatisfaction on all sides have taken place, I do not mean to have anything more to say to your plantation or negroes since the 1st of January except the fellow who is here, and who will not, as he has formed connections in this neighborhood, leave it; as experience has proved him I will hire.

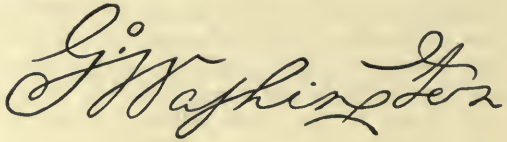
Of this my intention I informed my brother John some time ago, whose death I sincerely lament on many accounts, and on this painful event condole with you most sincerely. I do not mean by this declaration to withhold any aid or support I can give from you, for while I have a shilling left you shall have part, if it is wanted, whatever my own distresses may be. What I shall then give I shall have credit for—now I have not, for though I have received nothing from your quarter, am told that every farthing goes to you, and have moreover paid between three and four hundred pounds besides out of my own pocket, I am viewed as a delinquent and considered perhaps by the world as unjust and undutiful son. My advice to you, therefore, is to do one of two things with the plantation, either let your grandson, Bushrod Washington, to whom the land is given by his father, have the whole interest there—that is, lands and negroes, at a reasonable rent—or next year (for I presume it is too late this, as the overseer may be engaged) to let him have the land at a certain yearly rent during your life, and hire out the negroes. This would ease you of all care and trouble—make your income certain and your support ample. Further, my sincere and pressing advice to you is to break up housekeeping, hire out all the rest of your servants except a man and a maid, and live with one of your children. This would relieve you entirely from the cares of this world and leave your mind at ease to reflect undisturbedly on that which ought to come. On this subject I have been full with my brother John and it was determined he should endeavor to get you to live with him. He, alas, is no more and three only of us remain. My house is at your service and would press you most sincerely and most devoutly to accept it, but I am sure candor requires me to say it will never answer your purposes—in any shape whatsoever—for in truth it may be compared to a well-resorted tavern, as scarcely any strangers who are going from north to south, or from south to north, do not spend a day or two at it. This would, were you to be an inhabitant of it, oblige you to do one of three things: First, to be always dressing to appear in company; second, to come into (left blank) in a dishabille, or third, to be as it were, a prisoner in your own chamber. The first you'd not like, indeed, for a person at your time of life it would be too fatiguing. The second I should not like, because those who resort here are, as I observed before, strangers and people of the first distinction. And the third, more than probably, would

not be pleasing to either of us. Nor, indeed, could you be retired in any room in my house, for what, with the sitting up of company, the noise and bustle of servants and many other things, you would not be able to enjoy that calmness and serenity of mind which in my opinion you ought now to prefer to every other consideration in life. If you incline to follow this advice the house and lots on which you now live you may rent and enjoy the benefit of the money arising therefrom as long as you live. This with the rent of the land at the little falls and the hire of your negroes would bring you in an income which would be much more than sufficient to answer all your wants and make ample amends to the child you live with ; for myself I should desire nothing. If it did not I would most cheerfully contribute more. A man, a maid, the phaeton and two horses are all you would want. To lay in a sufficiency for the support of these would not require one-quarter of your income. The rest would purchase every necessary you could possibly want, and place it in your power to be serviceable to those with whom you may live, which, no doubt, would be agreeable to all parties.

There are such powerful reasons in my mind for giving this advice that I cannot help urging it with a degree of earnestness which is uncommon for me to do. It is, I am convinced, the only means by which you can be happy. The cares of a family without anybody to assist you—the charge of an estate, the prof [its] of which depend upon wind, weather, a good overseer, an honest man and a thousand other circumstances, cannot be right or proper at your advanced age and for me, who am absolutely prevented from attending to my own plantations which are almost within call of me—to attempt the care of yours would be folly in the extreme ; but the mode I have pointed out you may reduce your income to a certainty, be eased of all trouble and—if you are so disposed, may be perfectly happy for happiness depends more upon the internal form of a person's own mind than the externals in the world. Of the last if you will pursue the plan here recommended I am sure you can want nothing that is essential. The other depends wholly upon yourself, for the riches of the Indies cannot purchase it.

Mrs. Washington, George and Fanny join me in every good wish for you,

And I am Honored Madam, Your Most Dutiful & Affn. Son



MOUNT VERNON, *February* 15, 1787.

The clipping itself, dressed up somewhat from what it was when it started, while retaining all its falsity, is as follows:

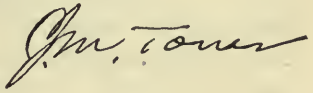
'There was read recently at a woman's club a letter written by George Washington which casts slight reflection upon the filial qualities of the father of his country. It would seem that Madam Washington had suggested spending the winter with her distinguished son because she was afflicted with the rheumatism and the roof of her house leaked.

To which the son, who has been held up as a model for all sons, replied that as for her room he would have it shingled, and for her rheu-

matism he would send a doctor, but that it would be impossible to receive her at his home for three reasons: First, she could not eat at the table with his guests without causing remarks from them; second, if her meals were sent to her room it would inconvenience his wife; and, third, if she were to eat with the servants it would cause scandalous talk. If the document is genuine—and its veracity has not been questioned—it would appear that the hero of the hatchet story was not unlike the generality of sons.'

It is hardly possible that the frank, deeply respectful, sympathetic, and well-expressed letter of February 15, 1787, of George Washington to his mother (and the last one to her which has been preserved) on family affairs, could have been so perverted, which if viewed in the proper spirit and with judicious reflection shows how earnestly solicitous he was to secure peace of mind and greater comforts to his mother in her declining years. That readers may judge for themselves of his filial respect the letter has been given in full from a transcript of the original, preserved among the Washington papers in the Department of State.

The author of this disreputable philippic is unknown to me, and whether the squib originated in a desire to produce a specimen of crabbed smartness, or with intent to manufacture and foist a false picture of the personal appearance and habits of Mary Washington, or to lower the character of our first President in public estimation by exhibiting him as wanting in filial respect for his aged mother, is uncertain; but, whatever the motive, the publication is deserving of the most hearty condemnation, and is as false in suggestion as it is despicable in its intention.



WASHINGTON, D. C."

GUY JOHNSON ON THE NORTH AMERICAN INDIANS

HIS REPLY TO DR. ROBERTSON'S INQUIRIES, IN MAY, 1775

[*From the original manuscript*]

As Dr. Robertson is entitled to the assistance of all friends to literature, it would give me particular pleasure to contribute in any shape to his satisfaction by affording any information in my power on the subject of his labours, particularly since by the sudden death of Sir William Johnson, he is deprived of that gentleman's valuable communications; however, the many years I acted as his deputy, during which I took uncommon pains in enquiries of that nature, and the office I now have the honour to hold as superintendent of Indian affairs, justify my attempting an answer to the doctor's queries. I call it but an attempt, as by the destruction of my house last year by lightning, I was deprived of a curious and valuable collection.

Sir William Johnson who communicated the queries to me proposed to confine his remarks to the Six Nations of whom he had the most particular knowledge, and as they are a great and respectable confederacy, I mean to follow the same method, and for the same reasons, only premising that the difference of accounts given by authors, have been sometimes owing to their relying on ignorant interpreters, but may generally be attributed to the slender opportunities they had of distinguishing between antient customs and modern, between solemn rites and amusements, that should I fall short of the D$^{rs.}$ expectations, I shall make up for it by strict impartiality, suggesting nothing but what may be perfectly relied on.

As [to] the first query respecting the bodily constitution of the Indians, it is perhaps harder to be answered than all the rest, for the construction of their bodies and limbs, being in general more delicate than ours, and their lives a mixture of fatigue and indolence, it is not easy to determine how they might appear if they lived as we do. The make of their bodies render them very agile and they pass from one extreme to another, without any visible inconvenience, and recover very easily of dangerous wounds and diseases: but they generally break much earlier than an English farmer which may perhaps be owing to the extremes they go thro', and the too copious use of spirituous liquors; neither are they in general

so strong as our people, tho' they are more capable of bearing hardships, and fatiguing journies at the worst of seasons than we are; but their fatigues are the effect of necessity; for the majority of them would not even hunt, if they could be provided with proper food otherwise—a remark I thought it necessary to make, as I believe it is generally imagined that they are highly gratified with it as an amusement.

As to the *beardless chin* and want of hair on other parts of the body, it is owing to themselves, and not to the effect of nature. They are averse to wearing hair on those parts referred to, though it grows plentifully where it is not prevented; and I have seen several Indians with beards; but it is a general custom with them, on its first appearance to pluck it out with a twisted brass wire, and afterwards to apply ointment to the parts which at length overcome the hair. And I have seen white men employed in the Indian service in the late war, who followed the same method and got rid of their beards effectually.

As to the next query—I answer, that, although the Indians appear to be little attracted by personal beauty, yet they are by no means defective in the animal passion for their women, or in constitutional vigor, but thro' education and habit, they do not manifest them to superficial observers—for I remember about twelve years since the chiefs of the Six Nations in public congress with Sir William Johnson commented [on] the degeneracy of their warriors, who then pursued intrigues, and did not conceal them by which they became enervated, whereas antiently no man had any intercourse with the sex till the age of thirty, as it debilitated them, and drew their attention from the pursuit of glory and military achievements. Now, the Indians being all warriors whilst young, and valuing themselves on that reputation, affect a coldness of character, however amorous, there being no reputation derived from the latter, by which and the uncommon affectation of modesty in their women, when sober, strangers are easily deceived: besides which Indians, who naturally are very jealous, assume a seeming indifference for the sex, in order to satisfy their doubts by rendering those whom they suspect more unguarded in their actions. Therefore the Indians are by no means chaste, but being naturally of a cold behaviour, rather than disposition, they Spartan-like, avoid the outward appearance of an attention to that which derogates from their military merit.

The answer to the next query respecting their songs and dances and whether they have reference to love or war &c., would require great enlargement, as much depends on their songs. But confined to the latitude of the query, it is sufficient to observe in general that they have for the

most part a relation to, and are the remains of solemn rites and original institutions, of which, as they depended merely on oral tradition, they in general retain only the forms at present, having lost much of their antient mythology & constitution thro' their intercourse with the white people; so that among some nations, that is become a sport, which was originally a solemn rite, and very few Indians are found who understand the purposes of their institution. The first Indian dance I ever saw, on my arrival in America, gave me reason to believe what I have since found to be true, an assembly of persons dancing around a fire and at certain periods bowing their heads low, and pronouncing the same words, *Yo-he-wah* appeared as the remains of some religious worship, and an ingenious man who resided thirty years in the Indian country, built an hypothesis on it, deriving them from the scattered Hebrews, on a variety of conjectural proofs, I believe never yet published. Among others he considers the worship of the deity, under the attributes of fire, light and spirit as contained in the *Yo-he-wah*, which he took infinite pains to prove was the original sense and pronunciation of the Hebrew Jehovah. But without resting much on his authority, it is certain that the Indian songs are chiefly on subjects in which love has no part. Of the solemn kind are their war songs, wherein they generally express in half a dozen words often repeated, their designs against the enemy or their prowess, and their ordinary songs that I consider as the relicks of some solemn rites and which are danced by their young men almost every night, and their dances in which women are introduced, which are more common than either, and which are chiefly accompanied with sounds, have little and sometimes no meaning, but merely as an accompanyment to the measure—and this may suffice respecting their dances, as it is a large and curious field that w^{d} exceed the limits of my design.

Quer. 5th. With regard to the subject of their common discourse, it generally relates to their warlike atchievements, or hunting or to any droll adventures they met with, in the course of which, an Indian's slipping off a log in crossing a brook, or missing a fair shot, affords infinite laughter, and some time amours with the sex are introduced, on which occasion they are by no means delicate, but the latter is seldom the subject of conversation.

Quer. 6th. The appetite of the Indians far exceeds that of white men. They are necessitated often to fast for a long time, and therefore eat with little moderation; they in general hold it necessary to eat what is set before them, and when in places where they can be supplied regularly, they eat much more than the Europeans.

Quer. 7th. The Northern Colonies in America, and the country of the

Six Nations, are extremely healthful in general, but as the transition from winter to summer is very sudden it appears as if the health of the inhabitants was very much affected by it. The complexion is not so good as in England, and neither whites or Indians are in general so long lived as there, though perhaps the latter are chiefly injured by their intemperance, besides the venereal disorder, in the cure of which they are very successful, they are subject to rheumatic complaints, consumptions, and glandular diseases: but the small pox is most fatal to them.

Quer. 8th. With regard to polygamy—it does not meet with encouragement, nor is it usually found among northern, and warlike people. Some Indians indeed, among the upper nations have two wives; but it is not general & there are some batchelors among them. All this will be easily accounted for in answering

Quer. 9th the next query before me: for as their marriages depend much on the will of the parties, except those made in their infancy by parents, they change for the better when they please. The requisites in a wife are industry, and skill in the tasks imposed on her, as in a husband, address in hunting, but several of the nations for some years past grow more constant, and alter so much from their original manners, that in half a century more, they will, with difficulty, be traced. As for the offspring, they generally go with the mother, who is the fountain of honour, the children her property, and all descents in the maternal line.

Quer. 10th. With regard to their chastity, it is hard to determine: they speak much of their virtue and constancy in former ages, and they still affect its appearance; neither are there wanting some instances at present, but they are more uncommon among the unmarried, than the married women, many of whom are strictly chaste, and which will answer the next query.

Quer. 11th. They are generally well treated by their husbands, when sober, though they do all the offices of labour & from their irregular lives & indulgence to their children many die young.

Quer. 12th. The proportion of births is not so great as in civilized nations: but this is generally, and I believe truly ascribed to intemperance.

Quer. 13th. With regard to parental tenderness, the Indians appear to possess it in a high degree; but they carry it to a dangerous indulgence, which is seldom returned with the same warmth by their posterity who at some times have been known to bury their aged parents alive, when incapable of labour, and have not been condemned for it, but the practice is not universal, and wears out fast.

Quer. 14th. As to their ideas of property &c., their several confederacies have their own limits, & each nation its particular boundary, which is in general further subdivided between each tribe, but they have no property in common, the product of the labour & hunting of each individual, being at his own disposal.

Quer. 15th. The authority of their sachems, or chiefs is not (at present) coercive; though I have reason to think it was more than it is now. It consists in the power of convening the people, and proposing matters to them for their compliance, the success of which much depends upon their influence and the strength and reputation of their connexions. In war it consists in advising and directing operations.

Quer. 16th to public affairs, and the authority of the chiefs being generally the result of their merit, it is not conferred meerly by collecting the suffrages of the people but *like all their measures*, is proposed in public meeting by some persons of influence, assented to by a few more, and the business is done, for the majority with the younger people, are generally silent and seldom asked opinions. However, there are in most nations some particular families who, (by ancient prescription) furnish a sachem to their tribe, and this office is often conferred on a child, and since their connexion with the English, he is generally brought to the superintendent to be approved of, and receive his medal: a ceremonial I performed a few weeks ago. There are also particular offices (often hereditary) for keeping the belts of wampum, which are their records, and taking care of the *kayenarongsera*, or their public concerns.

Quer. 17th. The right of revenge is generally left to the parties aggrieved, or their friends, tho' sometimes the chiefs will meet, and destine a person to die for some public offence, chiefly a charge of witchcraft, in which they all believe: but they are by no means fond of punishment, and often beg our people, and the soldiery off, for offences.

Quer. 18th. As their natural genius inclines them to war, and that they always consider their happiness as depending on their military skill, they use all methods, and all things tend to preserve that spirit, so that they require less motives than other people, nevertheless they chuse to be provided with them—they generally are encroachments, jealousies, national affronts, frauds, &c., in which they can have no relief, but from war, and as for their prisoners they are generally adopted, unless sacrificed to the resentment of some powerful individual.

Quer. 19th. The Indians by example and precept are endowed with a kind of passive valour which enables them to support various modifications of cruelty, with astonishing patience, so as even to sing, and insult

those who inflict it. Instances of their sinking under them are very uncommon, and they support themselves under grievous diseases without repining, with a strange insensibility, and may be said to possess more passive than active valour.

Quer. 20th. As they have but few wants, they have little of arts among them. Their works in that way of the imitative kind discover uncommon ingenuity, and their substitutes for wants are equally curious.

Quer. 21st. This turn they manifest when among Europeans, but they do not discover much industry in these pursuits, which they hold to be beneath the dignity of a warrior.—*Don Ulloa's* remarks thereon respecting the Peruvians, may in many points be applied to them.

Quer. 22d. Their songs are too short, and contain too few words to hand down any traditions; but their chiefs frequently repeat their history and mythology to the young men, to be transmitted to posterity.

Quer. 23d. Translations of their songs may be easily procured, but I know of none that are worth transmitting, for the reasons before given.

Quer. 24th. They have an idea of a deity who rules, and is the author of all things, as well as of an evil spirit, who is at variance with him & the world, into which he introduced confusion, and that he flew over the face of the earth, rendering it uneven, and forming mountains & vallies, cataracts, rocks &c., concerning all which they have a variety of stories, which renders it extremely difficult to reduce their mythology to any regular system. The Metamorphosis of Ovid will give some idea of many of them; but they are too numerous to be introduced here, and differ much from one another. Though all the Indians have an idea of a future state of existence, [Quer. 25th.] those who retain their antient usages, bury arms & implements with the deceased, for which they conceive they have occasion in the other world.—This custom, you know, is found among many savage nations.

Quer. 26th. *With regard to the language of the Americans*, they may be referred to a few mother tongues, nevertheless there is an accidental difference in each of the six confederate nations, which at most is not more than between *Erse* and *Irish* & chiefly arises from a difference of pronunciation. To enter fully into their languages would require a larger scope than I have given myself at this time. One thing I must, however, observe, neither do I recollect that it has ever been remarked that the Six Nations, who chiefly inhabit the middle country, south of *Lake Ontario*, appear to have forced a settlement where they now are, and to be distinct from the rest, & their language is so peculiar that they neither understand, or are understood by their neighbours, whilst the Ottawas & Chippeweighs,

north of the lakes, can make their wants known to the southern Indians, as well as to the Indians of New England &c. The language of the other nations also abound in sabials, very few of which are to be found in that of the Six Nations.

Quer. 27th. Specimens of their eloquence can easily be transmitted. They abound in figures, which are strong and expressive, and they deliver them with a good grace. Speaking of a grievance affecting one of their tribes, at a late congress, they said, "The fire this has kindled, is at "present small and has caught but one tree, but if not immediately extin- "guished 'twill seize on the forrest, and become ungovernable." I have already observed that a particular enquiry into their languages, wou'd be a tedious work; it wou'd require a separate paper, their genus, and structure being not easily, or briefly described. That of the Six Nations (& it holds good with many others) has, as in the case of all languages, suffered some change. It consists of a few simple, but expressive words, sufficient to convey their ideas, and like the Latin contains the article in the noun, and also expresses the adjective in the noun in the direct sense, e. g. *ungive*, is a person, *deed* is good, they therefore say *ungivedeed*, a good person; *ungivedoxa*, a bad person; a road, *yohate*—supplying the last syllable, & combining the adjective, they say *yohaheea*, a good road &c.

Ganeringagua, I love,	*Yongwaneunghua*, We love,
Saneringhgua, Thou lovest,	*Yenerunghgua*, Ye love,
Ranerwinghgua, He loveth,	*Heenerunghwa*, They love.

I forbear entering on the terms of distinction used by each sex to express the same idea, which is peculiar to the Indians as it has been mentioned in Sir William Johnsons letters in the Philo-Transactions; but I must observe that they use modes of speech and a stile in public transactions, which differs much from ordinary conversation, is not commonly known among themselves, and hardly intelligible to our interpreter, and the women do not make use of the same substantive with the men, a strange peculiarity, but in them founded on the pride of superiority. As they made new discoveries and became acquainted with the white people, they framed a multiplicity of words to express their ideas of sensible objects by a combination of the qualities & uses, and those words are generally long, some of them consisting of 10 short syllables & even more, & they abound most among the nations who border on the colonies,—besides which many birds &c. are called by names formed from letters, expressing their ordinary notes, and some from their most distinguishing qualities—[*cahunke*, as they sound it, perfectly expresses the noise or note of a wild goose] in short their language fully expresses all their passions, and

original ideas & is only defective in those nicer distinctions and refinements the effects of education.

Quer. 28th. The state of population is greatest where there is the least intercourse with the Europeans, who finding their general passion for spirituous liquors (in which most uncivilised people agree with them) and deriving great profits from the sale of it, have introduced it in such great quantities, that it has become the constant subject of complaint, tho' the Indians honestly confess they cannot resist the temptation when set before them. Another circumstance is, that by intoxication they become the dupes of mean, avaricious men, who deceive them in the quantity, and value of their peltry [Quer. 29th] & render them poor & discontented, but it is peculiarly fatal to their constitutions, which together with the small pox causes many nations to dwindle away, for in the height of the latter they generally plunge themselves into the water, which they apprehend will relieve them, by which the disease is struck in & generally proves mortal. Some of them have, however, of late laid aside that practise, and Sir W^{m}. Johnson caused most of the Mohawks to be inoculated, which was attended with so much success that they much approve of it, but they are not so regular as to confinement, or regimen.

Quer. 30th. The deer in the northern colonies is not so large as in England, but are by many preferred for their flavour,—and it is generally observed that the wild animals of a carniverous nature are less fierce than in Europe.—With regard to the tame animals, tho' they are remarked to degenerate it may be principally attributed to the want of attention in raising them, & keeping them from intermixing with smaller animals of the same species, unless the effect can be accounted for from the sudden changes of seasons, and severity of the winter; for the pastures are naturally good, and where improved by cultivation as rich as in any country. The American forrests certainly abounded with game formerly, but thro' the increase of the British settlements, and the many idle fellows who of late years interfere with the Indians in hunting, the game is much dispersed, and in some places extremely scarce.

It may be a matter of some difficulty, as well as delicacy for a European without the suspicion of partiality to determine with respect to the constitution &c. of the people in our colonies—and indeed they differ widely from each other. The people in the sea coasts of the colonies, from New Jersey south, being in general subject to disagreeable disorders, whilst those living west of the mountains, are strong & healthful,—but in the more northerly colonies & in this province in general, the people are robust, and live to a good age, tho' they are not, I think, so long

lived as in England; but the women are equally prolific with any others.

As for the provincial troops, such of them as were kept under strict discipline and served for some time, discovered as much strength of constitution as others. But the provincials in general were raised every spring & disbanded every autumn, and in general commanded by plain men, strangers to discipline, and of such stations at home, as prevented them from exersising that authority which is so essential to a military profession, least they should offend their neighbors, who were their soldiers, and whose ideas were not very reconcilable to strict discipline, or obedience to men often their equals & sometimes even their inferiors.

With regard to the effects produced by the improvement of the country &c. they are (I speak of the northern colonies) obvious; for on clearing swamps & heads of waters, the larger streams have gradually diminished, & the influence of the sun has been found greater, & the winter less severe, tho' the quantity of rain does not appear to have increased;—and of late years the winters set in later than formerly. Wheat is usually sown in the beginning of October in those parts, and reaped in July, and generally produces about 10 or 12 for one; but other grains have a much greater proportional increase, Indian corn in particular. Barley is but little regarded here.—Wheat has latterly fetched about 3-6 Stg. per bushel at Albany market, and oats scarce half as much. With these latter matters I confess myself but little conversant, but if I can be of any use in treating any of the other subjects separately at large, Dr Robertson may freely lay his commands upon me, as I shall feel a sensible pleasure in gratifying to the utmost of my power, the least request of a gentleman, to whom the public is so much indebted for some of the most elegant & distinguished productions of the age we live in.

Colo Johnson's most respectfull compliments to Dr Robertson, he still expected to have seen him at London, but as Col. Johnson is now going for America, it is recommended to be forwarded by Mr Phyn, & will transmit Dr Robertson's answer.

London, *May*, 1775.

(*Contributed by*)

William L. Stone.

THE SUCCESSFUL NOVEL OF FIFTY-SIX YEARS AGO

"HORSE SHOE ROBINSON"

[*Fourth chapter, continued from page* 307]

Before Horse Shoe had finished his report of the events of the night, Bloody Spur dashed into the camp, and held a hurried interview with General Marion. Mildred was feeling, when she arrived at this camp, that she had seen war in all its horrors; but as a trumpet sounded and everything asleep started erect, its romance was disclosed to her in its wildest sense. She might have fancied herself among the Scottish chiefs of song and story. Troopers with torches ran here and there, buckling on broadswords, saddling horses, and rattling muskets. In the midst of the stir General Marion came forward, without any appearance of excitement, to apologize to her for his sudden desertion—he was going to follow and punish the merciless fellows who had intruded upon her slumbers. He told her of a good friend of his some two miles distant, Mrs. Rachel Markham, the widow of a brave Carolina colonel, whose hospitable mansion would be open to her, and a guide from his camp would conduct her there; then he mounted a spirited charger, and galloping to the front of his men, wheeled them into column, and swiftly disappeared. The change seemed like enchantment. The fires and many of the torches were yet burning, but our travelers were alone.

They reached Mrs. Markham's just as the day dawned, and through General Marion's letter were cordially received. It was a stately home of the best class, and the widow resided there alone with her three daughters, and an only son, too young to be of much account as a protector. She had been exposed to the most cruel exactions from the enemy, who plundered her estate at their pleasure, for which they had been more than once severely chastised by Marion who mysteriously appeared at exactly the right time and then was gone, no one knew whither. Mildred was so fatigued that she spent the day in refreshing sleep, as did her faithful attendants; and at the supper table she learned that Marion had overtaken the freebooters who burned Wingate's cabin, before sunrise, and had won a great victory over them after a severe combat. It was settled the next morning that Mildred should remain a day or two with Mrs. Markham for rest before continuing her journey.

A succession of exciting events had happened in the vicinity of Musgrove's mill during the interim. John Ramsay, with the approval of his commander, had loitered in the vicinity after Horse Shoe's departure for the Dove Cote, to devise some method for Butler's escape. Since the letter of Williams had reached Cornwallis the prisoner had been granted more personal comforts and privileges, but there was no certainty about his life being spared when his case should again be taken up. Mary Musgrove was John Ramsay's most efficient ally, and in due course of time it was arranged that at a certain hour on a dark night Butler was to slip through the gable window of his prison to the roof and leap into the branches of an oak tree near by, from which he could swing to the ground, and find a horse saddled at a tuft of willows about a quarter of a mile above the mill. Ramsay was to have his own horse near by, and take care of the sentinel usually posted not far from this tree; and Christopher Shaw was to provide a suitable disguise as well as the horse which was one of the wagon team known in the family as Wall Eye. The signal for movement was for Ramsay to flash a little powder at the edge of the woods on the hill, and Butler was to show his candle near his window. The scheme worked well, and the liberated captive and his gallant comrade were presently galloping rapidly towards David Ramsay's cabin, which they reached in the darkness. Butler hastily changed his clothes for the dusty miller's suit, and with a meal-bag across his saddle and pistols supplied by Ramsay was ready for a fresh start; for however dangerous traveling in the daylight, they esteemed it more so to wait. Their first object was to gain a point some seven miles distant, in the direction of Fair Forest, where Ramsay had concealed a few troopers furnished him by Williams to aid in Butler's escape; and they reached the rendezvous before eight o'clock A.M.

These men had been there several days. "What say you now, Harry Winter? I have brought you the miller's boy, as I promised," cried Ramsay in triumph. "Truth, John, there is more stuff in you than we counted on; McDonald must be a silly crow to let the fox steal his cheese so easily," replied the soldier. "You would come nearer the mark if you called him a sleepy lout; for whilst he was nodding I took his cake off the griddle. But come, boys, there is no time for dallying; we have a whole pack of King George's hounds on our trail," and John Ramsay led the party forward at a racing gallop. The troopers, although armed, were clad in the coarse dress of the country, which enabled them to claim the party of either whig or tory militia, as occasion might justify. They had proceeded but a short distance when they met some ten or fifteen horse,

and Harry Winter whispered: "I answer all questions, be silent and, if asked, swear to the truth of every word I say; steady—these fellows are tories." He then called out sternly to the strangers: "Where from and whither do you go?" The reply came from an officer: "As we are the larger party, we ask who are you and whence came you?" Winter answered: "We belong to Floyd's new draft and left Winnsborough yesterday morning." "And where bound?" "To Augusta on business with Brown." "Do you bear dispatches?" "Your pardon, sir, that's a secret. You will meet Floyd himself with a hundred men before you ride five miles." The two parties had become united in a common throng, completely filling the road, and the men were chatting together, when Butler observed the eyes of a soldier fixed upon him with pointed scrutiny, and recognized in him one of McDonald's guard from the mill, who had been despatched some days before on an errand to Ninety Six, and was now returning. He evidently was not sure that he had seen Butler before and turned away; but the horse the fellow rode was the yoke-fellow of Wall Eye, and their mutual recognition at this critical moment was distressingly conspicuous. With great presence of mind John Ramsay spurred his horse between the two animals and addressed a conversation to the soldier, which for the moment turned his thoughts into another channel.

The conference presently terminated and each party went its way, but Butler's horse began to neigh, and a response was heard from Wall Eye's mate in the distance. The danger was apparent, and quick as thought the party with Butler used whip and spur and rode on at high speed; they were followed, for the soldier had communicated his suspicions, and it was an exciting chase. When the larger part of the enemy had paused in the run, and only a few bold horsemen were still in sight, John Ramsay, seeing that the horses of his comrades were beginning to flag, wheeled about and ordered a charge upon the pursuers. A sharp skirmish ensued and the tories were compelled to fly. As Butler's escort reassembled, John Ramsay was nowhere to be seen and they started to look for him. A riderless horse presently came bounding over the turf directly to them, and with a groan of anguish Butler cried, "Scatter and search the woods." Ramsay was found stretched upon the grass breathing out his life. He had received a fatal wound. Butler sprang from his horse and tried to revive him with water which Winter quickly brought from a little stream near by, but all in vain. "I was foolish to follow so far," said John faintly. "I fought for you because Mary wished it. This will kill Mary—she warned me not to be rash—but I could not help it. Be kind to her, Major Butler,

and take care of her. Go to my parents and let them know that I thought of them in my last moments." "John! John!" exclaimed Butler, with choked voice. "In my pocket is a testament," continued Ramsay, "Mary gave it to me for a keepsake; take it out and give it to Mary—back from me; and this hair upon my wrist—take it, major, and wear it on your own —it will remind you of Mary—you will guard her from harm?" "Before God," said Butler with solemn fervor, "I promise you that while I live Mary shall not want; your parents too shall be my special care." John Ramsay gasped "Thanks—thanks," and spoke no more. The audible sobs of Butler for some moments were alone heard in that little circle, as he sat supporting the head and grasping the hand of his brave comrade.

The incidents that followed were of singular interest. Butler determined to make his way back to David Ramsay's, and fulfill John's dying request, irrespective of his possible recapture by so doing. The remains of the hero who had died in his service were borne tenderly through the woods about two miles, to the cabin of a patriot named Drummond. This man at once offered to go with Butler on his hazardous errand, while Winter and his troop should guard the body until their return. It was eight miles to Ramsay's, and on arriving there Butler found Mary Musgrove and her father in the cabin. The distressing news overwhelmed the family with grief, and Mary swooned in the arms of her father. The piteous scene was enough to touch the stoutest hearts. "My son! my son—killed in a skirmish!" moaned David Ramsay. Allen Musgrove, with his arm still supporting his fainting daughter, fell on his knees, and lifted his clear, heroic voice above the lamentations in solemn prayer. The men soon stepped aside for consultation, and it was agreed that Allen Musgrove and David Ramsay should immediately go back with Butler and Drummond to bury the beloved dead, the nearness of the enemy making it unwise to delay the sad duty. Four silent horsemen were presently on the road, and when they reached their destination found all necessary preparations had been made. David Ramsay was almost inconsolable as he stood over the rough bier of his sleeping son in all the beauty of his young manhood. Allen Musgrove conducted the brief funeral exercises, when suddenly a wild, piercing scream from without startled the mourners, and Mary Musgrove rushed into the room and fell into her father's arms, followed by Andrew Ramsay. Allen Musgrove turned to the boy for explanation of Mary's venturesome night ride, and learned that the girl was frantic when she discovered they had gone to bury her lover, and had mounted her own horse, which was at the door, to ride after them alone, and Mrs. Musgrove unable to stop her had sent Andrew as her escort. "I could not

stay behind, father," cried Mary. "I must see John once more," and springing to the coffin, yet unclosed, she kissed the cold lips, while a deluge of tears poured from her eyes. Her father drew her gently away, and admonished her that she must behave like the brave Christian woman she really was. There was a little grave-yard a mile distant where the soldier was to find his last resting place, and already it was one hour after midnight. Mary insisted upon accompanying the weird funeral procession, and her father could not dissuade her. The wife of Drummond finally proposed to go along and help care for the girl in case of need. No words were spoken after the party formed outside the door, except the few orders given by Harry Winter in a whisper. The religious services at the burial-place were brief, and the party started on the return to Drummond's cabin. The troopers paused, however, by order of Winter, to discharge their fire-arms over the grave, that "John Ramsay might have the honors of war," a useless and idle ceremony, as they found to their sorrow. This was scarcely accomplished when they were suddenly surrounded by a company of British troopers, the officer in charge of whom would have made the mourners all prisoners had not Butler interposed by stating the exact truth in the matter, giving his own name and rank, and asking for the release of everyone except himself and his four military comrades. Thus David Ramsay and Andrew, Allen Musgrove and his daughter, and Mr. and Mrs. Drummond passed on, and Butler was once more a captive.

Mildred Lindsay in the meantime had remained two days quietly with Mrs. Markham, but on the third morning announced her intention of leaving her kind hostess, and was met by an almost positive prohibition. The two ladies held an animated discussion, through which Mrs. Markham first learned of Mildred's mission to the headquarters of Lord Cornwallis, and that she depended on the strength of her father's influence with that British commander for protection. Horse Shoe was summoned to the consultation, and with his customary sagacity advised a reconnoitring expedition as a preliminary to any movement of the young lady, and appointed himself to this service. Both Henry Lindsay and Alfred Markham petitioned to go with him, but he said "No." As he mounted his horse and rode away Henry cried, "You are not going without your rifle?" Horse Shoe smiled as he answered, "That's a consarn for you to ruminate over; mine is a business of legs, not arms to-day."

He trotted along the country road towards Camden until nearly midday, learning very little from the people he chanced to meet, except that troops of horse were out, but whether friends or foes he did not discover.

While passing through a deep forest his quick ear detected sounds like the tramp of one of these detachments, and he turned aside amongst the trees, dismounted, fastened his faithful horse, and concealed himself on a high point of rock near by, where he could see the green uniformed cavalry (a part of Tarleton's command) without being observed. But alas! his horse pricked his ears, and with a long, clear note of recognition broke his bridle and bounded into the midst of the troop, where he wheeled into line like a disciplined charger, on the flank of one of the platoons. The commander ordered a halt and sent some of his men to seek the owner of the horse. Presently Horse Shoe appeared in full view on the exposed rock, where he seemed to be busily and unconcernedly engaged with his jack-knife in stripping the bark from the roots of a sassafras tree that grew out of one of its fissures. He did not seem to hear the clamor below him or make the slightest effort to conceal himself. "Who in the devil are you—and what are you about?" yelled the leading soldier as he mounted the rock. "Good day, friend," said Horse Shoe, over his shoulder, "good day; from your looks you belong to the army, and perhaps you mought be able to tell me how far it is from here to the river?" "Follow me quickly," was the response, "or I will prick your sides with my sword-point." "Anywhere you wish," replied Horse Shoe, deliberately untying the handkerchief about his neck, and spreading it on the ground threw into it the pieces of bark he had been cutting, then marched clumsily after the soldier.

The officer catechized him hurriedly when he came up, and Horse Shoe contrived to make his answers so long and complicated, that he was impatiently called a "fool." When asked, "Whence do you come, and why do you stop?" he said, "Old Virginy" in a slow, drawling tone. "You axed, I think, where I was goin'; I was goin' to get on my horse that broke his bridle, which I see you have cotched for me, and then back to my young mistress, sir, that was tooken sick over there at a gentleman's house on the Pedee. She thought a little sassafras tea might help her, and I was gettin' a few scrapins of the bark to take to her. I must have lost my way to find it." The officer interrupted him with, "Your horse seems to have been trained for other duties than gathering herbs for ladies." "Yes," said Horse Shoe, "he would have broke clean off if it had not been for your honor. They say he belonged to a muster in old Virginy, and I was warned he might get rampagious when sodgers was round." "Get on your beast, and fall to the rear; you will go with us," said the commander sharply.

It was afternoon and Horse Shoe found himself an unwilling traveler

the remainder of the day, through a series of byways with which he was unfamiliar; and during the most of the night the troop were apparently returning by the same route in response to an unexpected order. About daylight they arrived at the quarters of Tarleton, and Horse Shoe was ordered into his presence. When asked his name, Horse Shoe replied, "I am called Stephen Forster, sir; at home I'm a kind of gardner to a gentleman in Virginy, and it isn't long since I sot out with his daughter to come to Caroliny, and she fell sick. Yesterday while I was getting a little sassafras for her, your people saw me, and fotch me here. That's about all I've got to say."

Other questions followed, but Horse Shoe managed to impart so little information in his answers, that he was thought to be only a "simple-minded booby." He even *disremembered* the name of the people at whose house the lady had stopped. When asked if he had any passport he said "yes," but could not read it himself; he was told if he showed it he "mought pass free without molestification from the sodgers of the king," and he pulled a wrinkled paper from his pocket and handed it to Tarleton, upon which was written *to three suppers at the Rising Sun—four and sixpence.* "This is only a tavern bill!" exclaimed Tarleton impatiently. "Well," said Horse Shoe, laughing, "so it is; and there I've been keepin' it, supposin' it was my certificate—and like a fool I have gone and tore up the t'other." Tarleton felt he was wasting his time on such an *ignoramus* and dismissed him, and a little later Horse Shoe was on his faithful horse, galloping with celerity toward Mrs. Markham's house.

The family were just rising from the breakfast table when he rode into the yard, and clustered about him to hear of his adventures. From his reckoning Tarleton was not many miles away, and he had learned enough to believe that his expedition was directed against the country in that vicinity. The consternation of the household can be imagined. Horse Shoe suggested that the plate and other valuables should be secreted, and an ample dinner provided as a safeguard against disaster. It was scarcely noon when Tarleton's cavalry was seen approaching. Mrs. Markham was in despair, and, rushing to her chamber, summoned her women about her. Mildred followed and cowered beside her weeping hostess, more frightened than ever before in her life.

The officers of the party, on reaching the premises, dismounted and entered the hall, where Horse Shoe had posted himself and greeted them with awkward bowing and scraping. "What!" exclaimed Tarleton, "so you are the gentleman-usher to Mrs. Markham?" "Your sarvant, sir."

(*To be continued*)

THE UNITED STATES IN PARAGRAPHS

[*Continued from page* 310]

ARKANSAS

Population, 484,471 (ninth census).

1871. January 10. Election of Governor Clayton to be United States senator. Fraud alleged, and much political excitement followed.

1871–1873. Ozro A. Hadley, acting-governor. Ku Klux excitement, involving alleged outrage against Union men and negroes.

1873–1874. Elisha Baxter, governor.

1873. Political controversies, touching the state election.

March 3. State election, ratifying the new constitution, and restoring to citizenship some 20,000.

1874–1877. Augustus H. Garland, governor.

1874. The state election contested by rival claimants for the governorship, Baxter, Republican ; Brooks, Democrat. Both parties bring suit to establish their respective claims.

April 15. Judgment in favor of Brooks issued by the circuit court of Pulaski county. Forcible possession immediately taken of the state offices. Active hostilities follow, with loss of life on both sides.

May 13. The legislature meets and asks for federal interference.

May 15. Baxter recognized as governor by President Grant, and order restored.

July 14. Constitutional convention at Little Rock.

October 13. Constitution ratified by general vote, 78,697 against 24,807.

1877–1881. William R. Miller, governor.

1880, June 16. Settlement of the Hot Springs controversy by act of congress. Population by tenth census, 802,525.

1881. The state legislature, both branches concurring, prescribe the pronunciation of Arkansas as follows: "The final *s* to be silent, the *a* in each syllable to have the Italian sound, and the accent on the first and last syllables." This is as nearly as possible the aboriginal pronunciation.

1881–1882. Thomas J. Churchill, governor.

1882–1885. James H. Berry, governor.

1885–1889. Simon P. Hughes, governor.

1885, March 5. Dorsey county changed to Cleveland county.

1888, January 31. Convention at Little Rock to promote immigration.

September. Election returns abstracted from clerk's office in Pulaski county. Frauds discovered, and claims for seats contested in the legislature.

1889. Length of railroads within the state, 818 miles, exclusive of branches.

1889–1893. James P. Eagle, governor.

1890. Population by eleventh census, 1,128,179.

April. A commission meets at Little Rock to take evidence concerning the election of 1888, and the murder of John M. Clayton. The seat of Congressman Breckenridge declared vacant.

California.

California Seal.

First of the Pacific states, area 158,360 square miles. Dimensions, 770 miles northeast and southwest. Average breadth east and west, about 250 miles. Latitude, 32° 28′ to 42° N. Longitude, 114° 30′ to 124° 45′ W. The name "California" occurs in a Spanish romance of 1510. It was doubtless invented by the author, Ordoñez de Montalvo. (See American Antiquarian Society, 1862.) State motto, Eureka = "I have found it." Nicknames, "The Golden State." Inhabitants, "The Gold Hunters."

Prehistoric. Evidences of ancient civilization are found in parts of the state, left probably by the Aztecs or their kindred. For centuries, however, prior to Spanish discovery, the savage tribe in the ascendency.

1539. Francisco de Ulloa, acting under the orders of Cortez, sails from Tehuantepec, with three vessels. He discovers the gulf and peninsula of lower California. (See Preciado's diary, where the name California is first applied to a locality on the Pacific coast.)

1542, September 28. Juan Rodriguez Cabrillo, a Portuguese navigator commanding Spanish ships, discovers what is now California.

October 23. Cabrillo voyages nearly or quite to the latitude of San Francisco.

1543, January 3. Death of Cabrillo, the discoverer of California, on San Miguel Island.

Bartholomé Ferrelo, chief pilot of the expedition, succeeds to the command.

March 5. Ferrelo reaches a point on the coast, not far from the present northern boundary of California.

1579, June 17–July 23. Sir Francis Drake, the English navigator, refits his ship, the *Golden Hind*, in a harbor not far from San Francisco. He named the country New Albion.

1602. Sebastian Vizcaino discovers the harbors of San Diego and Monterey.

1604. Juan de Oñate descends the Colorado, necessarily touching Californian territory.

1697–1767. Jesuit missions established at various points.

1767. Charles III. substitutes Franciscans for Jesuits.

July 14. Father Junipéro Serra becomes president of the California missions.

1769. Junipéro Serra establishes a mission at San Diego.

April 11. Juan Perez anchors in San Diego bay.

July 14. Gaspar Portolà marches north from San Diego, and after enduring many hardships reaches San Francisco bay.

July 22. First Christian baptism in California. Two dying Indians baptized near Los Angeles.

1770. Mission of San Carlos established.

1771. Missions of San Antonio de Padua and Santa Lucia.

1772. Mission established at San Luis Obispo.

1774. The missions suffer from want of supplies and Apache raids. Father Francesco Garces explores the Tulare valley.

January–March. First overland expedition from Sonora to San Francisco, under Juan Bautista Anza.

1777, February 3. Felipe de Neve becomes governor, headquarters at Monterey.

March. First public execution in California. Two Indians shot by order of Ortega at San Diego.

October 4. Formal establishment of a mission at San Francisco.

1781. July massacre of the Pueblo missions on the Colorado.

September 4. Los Angeles founded by order of Governor Neve.

1782–1790. Pedro Fages, governor. 7,500 baptized native converts. Eleven missions established.

1782, April 21. Santa Barbara founded by President Serra.

Mission of San Buena Ventura established.

1784, August 28. Death of Junipéro Serra, the most conspicuous figure in early Californian history.

1786, September 14. La Pérouse, the French navigator, visits Monterey.

1787. Publication of Francesco Palon's life of Serra, the first authentic history of the missions and of California.

1790–1792. José Antonio Romeu, governor.

Mission of La Purissima founded. Captain Nicolas Sole proposes the suppression of ecclesiastical authority, and a heated controversy follows.

1791. Neustra Señora de Solidad founded.

1792–1794. José Joaquin de Arrillaga, governor *ad interim.*

1792, November and December. Captain George Vancouver, the English navigator, visits California.

1793, October. Second visit of Vancouver.

1794–1800. Diegode Borica, governor.

1794, November. Vancouver's third visit.

1796, October 29. Arrival of the first American ship, the *Otter*, Ebenezer Dorr, master.

1799, May. Arrival of American ship *Eliza*, James Rowan, master.

Chas. Ledyard Norton.

(To be continued.)

MINOR TOPICS

JOHN AND EBENEZER CLEAVELAND

Your readers may be interested to know something further concerning the two Cleavelands, sons of Josiah of Canterbury, Connecticut, who were expelled from Yale College, as related in your October magazine [xxviii., 280]. They were afterwards so far restored to favor as to obtain their degrees, John receiving his in 1748.

Ebenezer was ordained in December, 1755, as the first pastor of the Sandy Bay parish in Gloucester, Massachusetts, with a salary of £60 per annum. It is said that he was chaplain in the army sent against Ticonderoga in 1758, in the triumphant campaign to Canada in 1759, and for three months in 1765 at Fort Edward. In 1775, with the consent of his people, he joined the Revolutionary army as chaplain, and the following winter was stationed at Dorchester heights, Massachusetts. He served in Rhode Island in 1777, and in other places afterwards. His people suffered severely from the war, on land and sea, and on his return were not only deeply in debt to him for his past labors, but the best they could do for his future support was to give him "ninety quintals of hake-fish per annum." Accordingly, he was compelled to leave them, and became superintendent of the Dartmouth college lands at Llandaff, New Hampshire, preaching also in some of the neighboring towns. About 1785 he returned to Sandy Bay, and preached to his old flock when not otherwise engaged, for such contributions as they could raise for him. After a few years he removed to Amesbury, Massachusetts, where he preached till some time in 1797, when he returned to Sandy Bay and finished his days in the house he built at the commencement of his ministry there. He died July 4, 1805, aged eighty.

A local historian says: "In all his private relations he was kind and loving; and his public duties were performed in a manner to gain him the respect and affection of his people. His virtues were subjected to severe trials, but they came from the ordeal with increased brightness. Unusual domestic troubles fell to his lot, but he kept his faith and preserved a patient, serene, and affectionate spirit to the end. He died with Christian resignation, trusting, as he said, 'in the same God who had protected him when the bullets were flying about his head on the battle-field,' and resting 'on the doctrines of free grace his hope of immortal glory.'"

The only production of his pen known to have been printed is a sermon published in 1774, entitled "The Abounding Grace of God towards Notorious Sinners." His wife was Abigail Stevens of Canterbury, who died December 25, 1804,

aged seventy-seven. They had twelve children, descendants of some of whom are living in the west. Mr. Cleaveland's tombstone in the old parish burial ground of Sandy Bay (now Rockport, Massachusetts), besides the usual inscription and a tribute to his worth, has the following lines :

> " Farewell, thou man of God ! We saw thy grief ; ·
> Nor youth nor hoary days produced relief ;
> By painful crosses try'd, by sorrows prov'd,
> By good men honor'd, and by Jesus lov'd,
> Thy many years one hallow'd current ran ;
> A faithful pastor, and a godly man."

John Cleaveland also became a noted clergyman and chaplain in the colonial and Revolutionary wars. He studied theology in 1745 with the Rev. Philemon Robbins of Branford, Connecticut, supplied the pulpit of a Separatist church in Boston several months, and was ordained over the Chelacco parish (now Essex) church in Ipswich, Massachusetts, Feb. 25, 1747, " in the presence of a large audience, though the services were held in the open air, at an inclement season." He served as chaplain in the French and Indian war, at Ticonderoga and Louisburg, 1758–1759, and also during the Revolution, at Cambridge and White Plains, and died April 22, 1799. He was a man of erect, muscular form, nearly six feet tall, of florid complexion, with blue eyes, and amiable and benevolent aspect. He is the clergyman of whom it was remarked that " he preached all the men of the parish into the army and then went himself." Three of his sons were soldiers in the Revolution. S.

NOTES

NEWSPAPERS IN KANSAS—In an eloquent address before the Kansas Editorial Association, Judge F. G. Adams recently paid a glowing tribute to the Kansas newspapers in their relation to the history of that state. He said: "Horace Greeley used to advise the country editor to give small space to the general news of the world, but to cultivate assiduously the home field, to glean every possible detail of private life in the circuit of the country, and print it. This advice was founded on a deep knowledge of human nature; namely, upon the fact that people read most eagerly that which is in some way in touch with themselves; that which they already know, or almost know; what is about themselves or their neighbor; a report of something they have seen or been concerned in, a lecture they have heard, a fair or festival or wedding or funeral or barn raising they have attended. And this advice of Editor Greeley, the greatest among newspaper men of his time, had been pretty well brought into practice before the time of the founding of Kansas newspapers. Hence the earliest of Kansas newspaper publishers were well posted in the arts of their craft, and they were no dullards in adopting them.

We find in the very first issue of the very first Kansas newspaper—a newspaper whose type was set from cases put up under a tree, for want of a roof in the projected town in which the paper was established—words of cheer and encouragement of the most stirring character; a little extravagant may be, but words which seem to have been as a clarion note; as the bugle blast which has sounded all along the line ever since, inspiriting the Kansas hosts to this very day. The first editor introduces the Kansas settler to his work, by telling him that he had enlisted in, and had become one of, that band of gallant western pioneers possessed of that unconquerable spirit destined to annihilate time and space, to surmount every obstacle, and to accomplish the most herculean undertakings; before whom everything is made to yield, forest and wilderness alike to disappear, and in whose continual and onward march cities, towns, churches, school houses, academies, and colleges are to spring up as if by magic, and at a rate to actually astonish the most progressive. In this march railroads are to be substituted for the winding foot-path of the burdened pack horse, and the iron steam steed is to be seen traversing the same track, richly laden with commerce and with the inexhaustible productions of the country, before time has had a chance to obliterate the moccasined footprints of the aboriginal red proprietors of the soil. 'Such,' said this first Kansas editor, 'is to be the history of Kansas, such is the spirit which has seized upon her pioneers, and which is destined, in brief time, to raise her to a position among her sister states, which will be truly enviable in the highest degree.'

So, in considering the relation of Kansas newspapers to the history of the state, they must be regarded as having taken a large part in making the history

of the state by prompting, projecting, advising, counseling, encouraging, guiding, leading, and in no small degree directing the progress Kansas has made. And this may be considered the first relation of newspapers to the history of Kansas.

There is another feature in the relation of Kansas newspapers to the history of the state which the old publishers can best appreciate. It is that of the newspaper as a record of history. The newspapers have made a record of the history of the state—a full record, a very complete record—for the information of all the future generations of the people."

DISCIPLINE OF THE FRENCH ARMY—The discipline of the French army, like that of other bodies military and civil, depended much less on regulations than on the individual character of the men in command for the time being. France was engaged in but one war during the reign of Louis XVI., and in that war the land forces were occupied only in America. "The French discipline is such, writes Lafayette to Washington from New York, that chickens and pigs walk between the lines without being disturbed, and that there is in the camp a cornfield of which not one leaf has been touched." And Rochambeau tells with honest pride of apples hanging on the trees which shaded the soldiers' tents. "The discipline of the French army," he says, "has always followed it in all its campaigns." It was due to the zeal of the generals, of the superior and regimental officers, and especially to the good spirit of the soldier, which never failed. But Rochambeau was a working general, and Lafayette had done his best in France that, as far as possible, the French commander in America should have working officers under him.—EDWARD J. LOWELL'S *Eve of the French Revolution.*

QUERIES

THE CURTAIN IS THE PICTURE—*Editor Magazine of American History:* Will you or some of the readers of your invaluable Magazine kindly tell me the origin of "The curtain is the picture"?

TEACHER

GALVESTON, TEXAS

THE MOUND-BUILDERS—What sort of people were the builders of the mounds, of which ten thousand or more are found in the state of Ohio? Cannot some of the antiquarians who have investigated these matters tell the uninformed something definite about the race that could perform such labors so intelligently?

AMASA OAKLEY

WALLINGFORD, CONNECTICUT

REPLIES

ANNEXATION TO CANADA [xxviii, 316] —Yes. In 1778, when the "Articles of Confederation" were adopted by the American colonies or states, one article —Article 11—read as follows: "Canada, according to this confederation and joining in the measures of the United States, shall be admitted into and entitled to all the advantages of this Union, but no other colony shall be admitted into the same, unless such admission be agreed upon by nine states." The "class of teachers" making the inquiry can draw their own conclusions.

GILBERT SHAW

DETROIT, MICHIGAN

FIRST COLLEGE PERIODICAL [xxviii, 316]—An earlier college periodical than the North Carolina *University Magazine*, first issued at Chapel Hill in 1844, and still existing, has a protracted existence at Yale: it was the Yale *Literary Magazine*, set on foot in the junior year of the class which graduated at Yale in 1837. This was a monthly, conducted by five associate editors, one of whom was Hon. William M. Evarts, and it was edited by them throughout their college course. By the succeeding senior classes it has been issued nearly or quite continuously to the present time. A still earlier college periodical was the *Talisman* of Hamilton college, published during the years 1832 and 1833. Its editor was William Bradford, afterwards editor of the New York *Evangelist*. Almost at the same time, or it may be a little earlier, appeared the *Parthenon* of Union college, and simultaneously there was a sheet without a cover issued periodically by the students of Williams college.

M. M. B.

UTICA, N. Y.

WILLIAM PENN'S RENT [xxviii, 316] —It is said that when William Penn reached Newcastle on the Delaware, in October, 1682, he slept his first night in a little house near the landing-place. All the land lying within a circuit of twelve miles from that centre was granted him, for which he was to give a rose to the duke at every Michaelmas.

A. B. S.

PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

FIRST COLLEGE PERIODICAL [xxviii, 316]—The earliest periodical issued by undergraduates at Harvard College was the *Harvard Lyceum*. The first number appeared 14th July, 1810; the last, 9th March, 1811. Among the editors were Edward Everett, N. L. Frothingham, and Samuel Gilman. Whether this was the first college periodical in the United States I do not know, but it must come early in the list. It was succeeded by the *Harvard Register*, which lived from March, 1827, to February, 1828. In 1830 a few numbers of a journal entitled the *Collegian* appeared, notable for containing some of the earliest poems of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes. *Harvardiana* was issued from 1835 to 1838. The *Harvard Magazine* was started in 1854, and lived ten years. With 1865 began the publication of the *Harvard Advocate*, which still continues.

WM. H. TILLINGHAST

HARVARD COLLEGE LIBRARY

SOCIETIES

NEW YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY—The first meeting of the fall season was held on Tuesday evening, October 4, the Hon. John A. King presiding.

The paper of the evening, on "The First Celebration in the United States of the Discovery of America by Columbus," was read by Mr. Edward F. de Lancey. The speaker claimed for John Pintard, the well known founder of historical societies, the honor of originating and executing the first celebration of this great event by the Tammany Society or Columbian Order of New York, on the 12th of October, 1792; a detailed account of the proceedings on that occasion was given, and an interesting description of the monument dedicated by the society to the memory of Columbus. Mr. de Lancey also described the various observances of the day in the United States, and called attention to two remembrances of it in London.

THE ALABAMA HISTORICAL SOCIETY, at its annual meeting on June 28, in the court-house at Birmingham, listened to an able address from Mr. Thomas M. Owen, entitled "History and its Province, the Historian and his Work." The subject was handled in a way that evidenced careful study, a wide range of information, and an appreciation by the speaker of that great field of literature known as history. He asked: "What is history?" Then after quoting definitions of various eminent men who lived in different ages and countries, he took up, analyzed and discussed those various definitions and showed by argument that they were all incorrect. He showed that history was not, as it was claimed by some to be, a science. His reasoning throughout was forcible and irrefutable. After proving that history was not biography, that it was not poetry, not science, he defined it as "record, a narrative in prose of past events." He then discussed the province of the historian, and closed with a glowing picture of the beauties that lie before him in searching out and recording the history of the beautiful state, Alabama.

After the address the society held a business meeting and re-elected the old officers and several new members as follows: Dr. C. A. Stillman, Rev. D. M. Ramsey, S. W. John, Thomas M. Owen, A. L. Phillips, M. J. McAdory, N. Stallworth, J. H. Phillips, Balyss E. Grace, Junius Riggs, G. W. Clark, Hon. J. D. Barron, V. W. Jones, M. D. Sibert, Geo. W. Hamner, D. P. Christenberry.

The president is Hon. F. S. Moody, and the secretary Col. T. C. McCorvey, both of Tuskaloosa.

WESTERN RESERVE HISTORICAL SOCIETY, Cleveland, Ohio—This is one of the oldest organizations of its kind in the west, and has, through a quarter of a century, persistently, earnestly, and judiciously carried on the difficult work of collecting and preserving historical data bearing upon the settlement and development of the northwest, and more especially of Ohio and the Connecticut reserve. Besides this, it has encouraged some of the most notable and valuable geological and archæological investiga-

tions in the central west, and published a large number of highly interesting and valuable monographs upon scientific subjects. To-day its library and museum has probably but one superior in its class west of the Allegheny mountains, and that an institution receiving financial assistance from the state of Wisconsin.

It was founded in 1867 ; about twenty Cleveland gentlemen, interested in scientific and historical matters, entered at that time upon the definite work of collecting and preserving historical data and encouraging original scientific investigation. Judge C. C. Baldwin, then vice-president of the Case library, was one of the most enthusiastic, and with him were Colonel Charles Whittlesey, Judge J. D. Cleveland, J. H. A. Bone, now editor of the *Cleveland Plaindealer*, and such substantial financial supporters as Joseph Perkins, Leonard Case, and W. J. Gordon. The society flourished from the first, and now has a membership approximating three hundred, including such eminent Ohio men as ex-President Rutherford B. Hayes, John D. Rockefeller, ex-Congressman Amos Townsend, T. E. Burton, Judge W. J. Boardman, General M. D. Leggett, General James Barnett, E. H. Perdue, and L. E. Holden. The late Judge Rufus P. Ranney, one of the most eminent jurists the state has produced, was also an active member.

This society is soon to be in a fine home of its own, a thoroughly fire-proof building of stone, three stories high, admirably located, and worth, it is said, not less than $100,000.

THE RHODE ISLAND HISTORICAL SOCIETY held its quarterly meeting on the 4th of October, President Rogers in the chair. The various reports were of unusual interest. The librarian called attention to the material for a museum possessed by the society, as well as a good library. One of the most remarkable of the books under the class known as unbound volumes, is a work giving the names of eight thousand prisoners confined on British prison ships during the War of the Revolution. The lecture committee submitted an interesting report on the valuable lecture course arranged for the coming season. Mr. Amos Perry presented several suggestions in regard to obtaining for the society, information concerning town and city records throughout the state, and it was voted that a circular letter should be sent to the various town and city clerks, with inquiries in regard to the records under their charge. The aim of the society in this matter is to get at certain valuable papers and impress upon the minds of the officials the importance of the records which they possess. Among the several inquiries to be submitted were the following :

Have you any volumes of parish records in your possession? If so, what years do they cover?

How many volumes of births, marriages, and deaths are in your possession, and what years do they cover?

How many volumes of town council records are in your possession ?

Are probate and other papers in fireproof receptacles ?

BOOK NOTICES

WRITINGS OF CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS. Edited, with an introduction, by PAUL LEICESTER FORD. 16mo, pp. 255. [Fiction, Fact, and Fancy Series. Edited by ARTHUR STEDMAN.] New York: Charles L. Webster & Co. 1892.

These writings of Columbus here recorded are descriptive of the discovery and occupation of the new world. There is nothing which shows the aims and the character of Columbus with such force as his own words. The reading public has always been made vastly more familiar with the words of critics and others who have judged the great discoverer from their own standpoint of good and evil than with his own expressions of thought, fact, and opinions. His account of the simple minded Indians whom he found on the islands earliest discovered is embodied in a letter to the noble Lord Raphael Sanchez, treasurer of Ferdinand and Isabella, and is most interesting. He says: "They bartered like idiots, cotton and gold for fragments of bows, glasses, bottles, and jars; which I forbade as being unjust, and myself gave them many acceptable articles in return." Columbus thought the island of Guana (Cuba) larger than England and Scotland united, judging by the extent of his voyage along its coast. In his letter to Luis de Sant Angell, secretary and steward of the household of Aragon, he repeated much of the information in his letter to Sanchez. He writes: "The whole of an Indian's property might be purchased of him for a few blancas; this would amount to two or three castellanos' value of gold, or the same of cotton thread. Even the pieces of broken hoops from the casks they would receive in barter for their articles, with the greatest simplicity. I thought such traffic unjust and therefore forbade it."

Many of the letters in this little volume are of later date, as, for instance, one addressed to Juana de la Torres, the former nurse of Prince Don John, in which he says: "I have now reached that point that there is no man so vile but thinks it is right to insult me. The day will come when the world will reckon it as a virtue to him who has not given his consent to their abuse." Mr. Ford has brought together much valuable material. He says in his introduction, and truly: "That the discovery of America by Columbus was as accidental as those of the Norsemen or the unrecorded findings, and that he died ignorant of the fact that he had found a new world, is urged by many as militating against, if not depriving him of, the claim to its honor. Such arguments entirely overlook the fact that Columbus was the first purposely to attempt the exploration of the western Atlantic, and that whatever results this exploration produced are due to him." The volume will be much prized in all collections.

FRANCE UNDER THE REGENCY. With a Review of the Administration of Louis XIV. By JAMES BRECK PERKINS. 12mo, pp. 603. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Company. 1892.

This delightful volume covers the regency of the Duke of Orleans, with a review of the more important phases of the long reign of king Louis XIV. The author has manifestly examined innumerable authorities, and exhibits remarkable information concerning the literature of the time and contemporary memoirs. He traces more or less the causes of the French Revolution, which date far back of the important movement which in its results affected forms of government and conditions of society, and "changed the face of Europe." The reign of Louis XIV. extended over seventy years. The regency of the Duke of Orleans lasted only eight years. The early successes of Louis XIV. were followed by reverses, and his reign ended in disaster. Mr. Perkins says: "Nothing is more erroneous than to suppose that constantly increasing misery at last excited revolt against the government and the institutions of the old *régime*. The revolution in France at the close of the eighteenth century was possible, not because the people had grown worse, but because it had become better. The material development of that country during the fifty years that preceded the convocation of the states-general had no parallel in its past history."

The nearest relative of Louis XV. was his uncle, Philip V. of Spain, and he was faithless to all engagements. In duplicity he was superior to Louis XIV., but inferior in every kingly quality. A council of regency was appointed in the will of Louis XIV., and vested with the decision of all questions of importance during the minority of Louis XV. The Duke of Maine, the favorite son of the dying monarch, was charged with the education of the young king. Philip, Duke of Orleans, son of the younger brother of Louis XIV., was entitled to the regency by right of birth, and was married to one of the illegitimate daughters of Louis XIV. He was determined to be untrammeled by restrictions, and for the time that Louis XV. remained a minor, Orleans was in fact the king of France. It is in this period, while young Louis XV. was growing to be a king—the character of the man forming who for half a century was to be the ruler of France—that the strength and interest of the volume centers. "It is here," says the author,

"that we must find the influence of the regency on the development of France during the eighteenth century. Eight years constitute a brief period in history, but eight years, during which attention was turned toward the benefits that might result from modifications of existing conditions, were not without value to the world." The work is written in the spirit of candor as well as intelligence, and in sharp, clear, rapidly-flowing English, and is one of the best contributions to the literature of that period which has been published in this country.

A HISTORY OF PERU. By CLEMENTS R. MARKHAM. 8vo, pp. 556. Chicago: Charles H. Sergel & Co. 1892.

North Americans resident within the United States have had their attention called somewhat imperatively of late to the Latin republics of the southern continent, especially to those lying under or near the equator on the western coast. The history of Chili—with whom we so narrowly escaped going to war last winter—is naturally followed by that of Peru, her next neighbor on the north and her traditional foe almost ever since the Spanish yoke was thrown off early in the present century. It is practically impossible for one who has not visited a foreign land to appreciate its extent. On the map it is perhaps barely a span in length or breadth, but that span may mean days of travel in the passing, even if modern appliances are available. If these are lacking, as is largely the case in Peru, an inch of map may mean a week or more of journeying. In extreme length, north and south, Peru is not far from one thousand two hundred miles, reaching nearly from the equator to the Tropic of Capricorn, and lying wholly within the torrid zone. Roughly speaking, it averages some six hundred miles in width, largely occupied by superb mountain ranges, at whose feet the South Pacific thunders eternally, and which have thus far effectually barred the development of anything like a comprehensive railway system. In this romantic region there grew up of old that wonderful dynasty known to us as the Incas, and there to-day are to be found the sole relics of a civilization that, after a gallant fight, fell a victim to Spanish rapacity. All this affords abundant material for a highly interesting and valuable narrative. The author is already known to the public by two other volumes—"Cuzco and Lima," and "Peru and India"—and he is therefore exceptionally well equipped for the task. The story of Spanish conquest and dominion, and eventually of the achievement of independence, is well told, and the late unfortunate war with the conquering Chilians brings the narrative down almost to date. Numerous maps, plans, and illustrations lend their aid to make the volume attractive.

THE FREE TRADE STRUGGLE IN ENGLAND. By M. M. TRUMBULL. 12mo, pp. 288. Chicago: Open Court Publishing Co. 1892.

This is the second edition of a work that attracted much attention in its original form. It opens with a fac-simile reproduction of a letter from John Bright to the author, permitting the dedication of the volume to him, and casually referring to the United States tariff of ten years ago in terms that should rejoice the heart of free trading democrats. The history of the free trade struggle in England is of course a history of political and practical triumph, and is intended to read a lesson to Americans of to-day. The argument for free trade is probably as succinctly stated here as in any book of its size extant, since it follows the movement from its inception to its final triumph and the downfall of Sir Robert Peel, who nevertheless is immortalized by the inscription on his monument: "He gave the people cheap bread."

INTERNATIONAL COURTS OF ARBITRATION. By THOMAS BALCH. 8vo. Pamphlet. pp. 30. Republished from the "London Law Magazine and Review" for November 1874, by Thomas Willing Balch. (Privately printed.) Philadelphia. 1892. Complimentary copies may be obtained by librarians and historical scholars.

This able paper was originally prepared by request of Professor James Lorimer of the University of Edinburgh, and contains some documents relating to the rise of the Geneva tribunal that are not generally known to students of history on international law. It is clearly and concisely written and of much value for preservation.

AMERICAN HISTORY LEAFLETS. Colonial and Constitutional. Edited by ALBERT BUSHNELL HART and EDWARD CHANNING of Harvard University. Published bi-monthly. New York: A. Lovell & Co. Price per annum thirty cents; single copy five cents.

The Leaflets are designed to promote the scientific method of studying history from its documents, and furnish in convenient form copies of original documents that have become famous in our colonial and constitutional history as the outcome of some important crisis, or as exponents of the theories underlying our form of government. The Leaflet No. 1 in this series furnishes the letter of Columbus to Luis de Sant Angell, announcing his discovery. The Leaflet No. 2 has the "Ostend Manifesto, 1854." The Leaflet No. 3 contains extracts from the

Sagas describing "The Voyages to Vinland." Leaflet No. 4 is an unusually interesting and valuable number, containing a comprehensive view of the origin and development of the policy known as the "Monroe Doctrine," and its continuation as the policy of the United States in its relations with foreign countries to the present time. It is entitled, "Extracts from official declarations of the United States, embodying the Monroe doctrine, 1789–1891;" and these extracts range from Hamilton's words in the *Fœderalist* in 1787, to President Harrison's inaugural address on March 4, 1889.

ONE HUNDRED YEARS OF THE HARTFORD BANK. (1792–1892.) By P. H. WOODWARD. 8vo, pp. 176. Hartford, Conn.: Case, Lockwood & Brainerd Co. 1892.

Every one who is at all familiar with the capital city of Connecticut must remember the dignified old Doric structure on State street, where for several generations the conservative business men of this state largely did their banking. The Hartford bank—now the Hartford national bank, has only four seniors in the great family of similar state institutions, and it is closely interwoven with that of the commonwealth where it has for a century gone sedately on the even tenor of its way, repudiating alike the "wild-cat" schemes of the young western states and the free silver theories of their legitimate successors. The petition for incorporation bore date May 14, 1792, and was signed by John Trumbull, Chauncey Goodrich and Noah Webster, Jr., names conspicuous alike in the politics and letters of the time. The bank opened its doors for business in August 1792, during Washington's first term as president, and passed safely through the many financial crises that have since shaken the country at intervals as wealth increased and business systems developed. To historians of all classes the book affords an interesting study since it presents history as it were from a standpoint not ordinarily occupied by the observer.

THE GENESEE COUNTRY. A view of the present situation of the western parts of the state of New York, called the Genesee country. 12mo pamphlet, pp. 23. Printed for the author, 1804; 300 copies reprinted for George P. Humphrey, Rochester, New York, 1892.

This description of the Genesee country includes many things of past, present, and future interest. It is the most westerly part of the state of New York, containing nearly ten thousand square miles; and in 1804 the soil was so rich that, we are told in this pamphlet, "grain was frequently put into the ground without ploughing, and yielded twenty bushels on an acre." The list of prices of articles and the rates of wages at that period compare curiously with those of the present.

FIELD-FARINGS. A vagrant chronicle of earth and sky. By MARTHA MCCULLOCH WILLIAMS. 16mo, pp. 242. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1892.

Every page of this little volume is pleasant reading. There is a freshness about the "Snow-Fall," a beauty in the "Green Fields," a cheerfulness in the "High Summer," and a riot in the dashing, warm "Summer Rain," that is truly enchanting. Even the "Winds o' March," blowing out all the heavens, are not dreary, for when "March dust flies, seed time goes so well, so merrily, as to promise full harvest. There may be gray days, sharp and bleak, yet all the world thrills to feel that winter is behind." Who will not pause in the author's "Rose Garden" and observe the cunning construction of these flowers of yellow and crimson and scarlet and creamy white? "Queen rose is the poet of blossoms no less than the blossom of poets." Roses are true aristocrats, gracing any station, and giving out sweetness and good cheer if they fall to the lowliest use. Passing over the "Fresh Fields and Pastures New"—pen-painted in bewildering colors—we come to "Christmas Day," and, in the language of the author, "welcome it royally." The little volume will certainly make a most acceptable Christmas gift for 1892. It is bright, sparkling, and healthful from first to last, and it teaches how to "front, clear-eyed and smiling, the stress, the shining, of the brave new year."

DISCOVERY OF AMERICA BY COLUMBUS. By HARRY HAKES, M.D. Square 12mo, pp. 132. Pamphlet (Columbian Fair edition). Wilkes-Barre, Pa. 1892.

This short and concise sketch of the chief features of the great event the world is preparing to commemorate, will be a special boon to innumerable people who have not the time to read and digest the larger works on the subject. What is it all about—this fuss and parade and vast expenditure? is a question asked by many a youngster, who has learned little beyond the fact that Columbus discovered America in 1492. Dr. Hakes tells in brief the thrilling story, and we trust his excellent little volume will have wide circulation where it will do most good.

THE HONORABLE FRANCIS AQUILA STOUT.

[*From the Imperial Photograph, by Eugene Piron, Paris, in the Figaro's gallery of distinguished men.*]

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DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE BY A COLONIAL CHURCH

A CONTRIBUTION TO THE HISTORY OF NORTH CAROLINA

EDENTON and its environs was the nucleus of civilization for one section of the state of North Carolina at a very early date. St. Paul's church in Edenton is identified with the history of the colony, an account of which forms an interesting chapter. The vestry-books, dating back to 1701, still in a state of perfect preservation, are of uncommon historic interest.

North Carolina's most accurate historian, Martin, in referring to the early settlement of the state, says: "At this time [about 1658] there were two points only in which incipient English settlements could be discerned, the one on the northern shore of Albemarle sound and the streams which flow into it, the population of which was very thin and the greatest part of it on the north-east bank of Chowan river"; the other was the settlement near the site of the present city of Wilmington, of which we have nothing to say in this paper. Lawson, our first historian, whose tragic fate with the Indians is more than a counterpart of the romantic adventures of Captain John Smith, testifies to the same fact. The thickest part of this settlement first received the name of "Chowon precinct," and is subsequently alluded to as the "towne in Queen Ann's Creek," the "towne in Mattercomock Creek," and "Port of Roanoke." Upon the death of the royal governor, Edenton, in 1722, it was dignified by the name of Edenton in his honor. Bancroft says: "Here was a colony of men from civilized life, scattered among the forests, resting on the bosom of nature. *With absolute freedom of conscience*, benevolent reason was the simple rule of their conduct. Are there any," says he, "who doubt man's capacity for self-government, let them study the history of North Carolina."

This colony attracted the attention of Sir Wm. Berkeley, of Virginia, who appointed, in 1663, William Drummond, a Scotch Presbyterian then residing in Virginia, their first governor.

I wish the reader to note, and history confirms the fact, that resistance to British authority existed here nearly one hundred years before the Revolution, for the many early disturbances and frequent rebellions were nothing more than a resistance to "illegal and usurped authority," and a contest for religious freedom. These were long shadows cast before the mighty revolution.

This little colony might, therefore, be styled the embryo republic, and the birthplace of the American Revolution. In the history of all governments the oppressed are long tolerant of their oppressors before they break their chains, and revolution was a progressive development. It took nearly five hundred years to free France of its despots. Brazil, I believe, presents a singular exception, when, as if by magic, the empire ceased to exist, and a virgin republic sprang full-panoplied upon the scene.

The same liberty-loving spirit which characterized the people of this colony crystallized in subsequent years in the form of the "St. Paul's Declaration of Independence."

Pursuant to an act of assembly, the vestry of St. Paul's met at the house of Thomas Gilliam, December 15, 1701. The Hon. Henderson Walker, then governor, Colonel Wm. Wilkinson, and Captain Thomas Lewton were appointed wardens for a year, and instructed "to agree with a workman for building a church twenty-five feet long, posts in the ground, and held to the collar beams." It was built upon an acre of land given by Edward Smethwick, and was finished in 1702. This was the first church ever built upon North Carolina soil. The vestries of those old days, when church and state were united, possessed considerable civil authority, and were about equal in power to our county commissioners. They were empowered to collect tithes, provide standards of weights and measures, etc.

In 1704 Dr. John Blair presented himself to the vestry as a minister, and was received by them at a salary of thirty pounds per year. The services had previously been conducted by readers employed at a small salary, whose only qualifications were that they should promise to live sober and exemplary lives during their period of service. The temporary church lasted but a few years, for in 1709 the Rev. Mr. Adams, who came here under the auspices of the "Society for Propagating the Gospel," wrote: "They built a church some years ago, but it is small and very sorrily put together, and therefore I prevailed with them to build another, which they went about when I came away." The dimensions of the new church were forty feet long, twenty-four feet wide, and fourteen feet high. In 1714, according to the records, this church was still unfinished, and it was either

ST. PAUL'S EPISCOPAL CHURCH, EDENTON, NORTH CAROLINA—COMPLETED IN 1745.

never finished at all or soon fell into decay, for Governor Boyd of Virginia, who was here in 1728 on the commission to run the boundary line between North Carolina and Virginia, says that Mr. Fontaine, the minister who accompanied him, "preached in the court-house for want of a consecrated place of worship." It was not until 1729 that the initial step was taken towards building the present brick edifice. In April, 1729, Governor Everard wrote the following letter to the bishop of London in regard to the church: "'Tis with no small concern I send you this, to inform you that our church is not built now, nor is it like to be gone about; for those men that were appointed commissioners for the building it have six hundred pounds in their hands, and are now the only opposers of building one. I was, in order to laying the foundation, chose church-warden with one Mr. Mosely. We had several meetings to consult about building it, but could not agree, being always hindered by our secretary, one Mr. John Lovick, a man of no religion, fears not God nor man, believes neither, seldom seen at any place of divine worship, his money is his God, ridicules all goodness. While such a man is in power no good can be expected." In 1736 a tax was laid

for building this church, and in 1738 the work was actually begun; it was not, however, finished until 1745. About the latter part of that century the church fell into decay, and was restored to its present beauty largely through the munificence of Mr. Josiah Collins, and the stained-glass window over the chancel memorializes this act of generosity.

Nine ministers officiated here up to the time of the Revolution, the last one being the Rev. Daniel Earle, familiar to tradition and history as Parson Earle. The early ministers were in some instances unworthy of their trusts: being unwilling to endure the privations and inconveniences of a new and unsettled country, they soon abandoned their flocks and returned to England; but Parson Earle was a man of such strong points of character, and was so typical of the parsons of those old days, that it is interesting to study his life and character. Oliver Wendell Holmes has painted just such an one in his "Wonderful One-hoss Shay." We can almost see him now as he passes in his old stock gig

"Drawn by a rat-tailed, ewe-necked bay."

He was born near the town of Bandon, province of Munster, Ireland, and was the younger son of an Irish nobleman. His family was one of prominence and distinction; one of his ancestors was General Earle, Lord Chief Justice of Ireland in the reign of Queen Anne. In early life he was an officer in the British army, but his marriage with the daughter of a high church official changed the whole course of his life, and he soon resigned his commission to take holy orders. The date of his emigration to America is not known, but he was first sent by the Bishop of London to that part of Virginia now called Gloucester county. In 1757 he came to the Albemarle section to act as curate for the aged Rev. Mr. Hall, the rector of St. Paul's, who was then in feeble health, and in 1760 was made full rector. His charge not only included Edenton, but many mission stations scattered through the section now known as Chowan, Hertford, and Gates counties. His wife, who died before his departure for America, left him two little daughters; these he committed to the care of friends in England, to be reared and educated. When he came to this section he settled on Chowan river, and named his residence Bandon, after his native town. He then married a Welsh lady, the widow Charity Jones, of Smithfield, Virginia, by whom he had no issue. "Parson Earle" was not only a faithful minister, but grew to be a successful farmer and fisherman: he was one of the pioneers in the herring-fishing in this country. About this time his church in Edenton became somewhat dilapidated, and the worshipers few in number. One Sunday morning, tradition has it, when the parson arrived in

COURT-HOUSE AT EDENTON—BUILT IN 1731.

[*This was at one time the colonial capital of North Carolina.*]

Edenton to preach to the faithful, he was shocked to find placarded upon the church door the following doggerel rhyme:

"A half-built church
And a broken-down steeple,
A herring-catching parson
And a dam set of people."

He was ever afterwards styled the "herring-catching parson.

He was an active sympathizer in the struggle for independence, and was on that account debarred from preaching in his church in Edenton during the Revolution.

Several attempts were made by the British to capture him. Upon one

occasion he was informed by a messenger that troops were coming from Edenton to take him prisoner. He immediately buried his silver and treasures in his cellar, and dispatched a servant to his plowmen in the fields to fly to the woods and secrete the horses; but his messenger was too late, and four of his best horses were captured, the parson himself barely escaping. He was unjustly accused by some of being a tory, because he did not sever all connection with the Church of England, and organize an independent church; but he held that the church was of divine origin, that he was a simple priest, and that the bishop of London alone had that power.

He baptized all the children of this section, and was the welcome guest of every fireside. He was a man of high educational attainments, and possessed great wit and humor, united with the kindest of hearts. He was

> "True to his country, bounteous to the poor;
> In all things temperate, sober, just, and pure."

The two daughters whom he had left in England came to America when they were grown. One of them married Hon. Charles Johnson; the other, Miss Nancy, never married, but assisted her father in a school of high order which he established at Bandon. He died in 1790, and was buried near the site of his old home. The modest slab which once marked his resting-place has long since been covered by the drifting sands, and the tall pines which surround this lonely spot sigh to every passing breeze their sad requiem for the repose of his soul. His church is the admiration of the stranger. Half-clad in ivy, time's green uniform, it stands like a silent sentinel, and as the sun traces the shadow of its tall spire upon the sod, it points almost every hour, like the hand of a huge dial, to the grave of some distinguished citizen. Its gilded cross, glittering and shimmering against the evening sky, suggests the vision of the Emperor Constantine.

The original bell of this church was taken down in response to Beauregard's call to melt the bells of the confederacy and cast them into cannon, which inspired the beautiful war-lyric, "Melt the bells." It helped to form the "Edenton Bell Battery," which did efficient service, and was surrendered to Sherman at Greensborough. The silver chalice and paten now in use bears this incription: "The gift of Col. Edward Mosely for ye use of ye Church in Edenton in the year of 1725."

The vestry of St. Paul's, imbued with the same spirit of liberty which had inoculated the whole country, gave vent to the following blazing declaration of independence:

"We the subscribers professing our allegiance to the king and acknowl-

edging the constitutional executive power of government, do solemnly profess, testify, and declare that we do absolutely believe that neither the parliament of Great Britain nor any member or constituent branch thereof have a right to impose taxes upon these colonies to regulate the internal policy thereof, and that all attempts by fraud or force to establish and exercise such claims and powers are violations of the peace and security of the people and ought to be resisted to the utmost, and that the people of

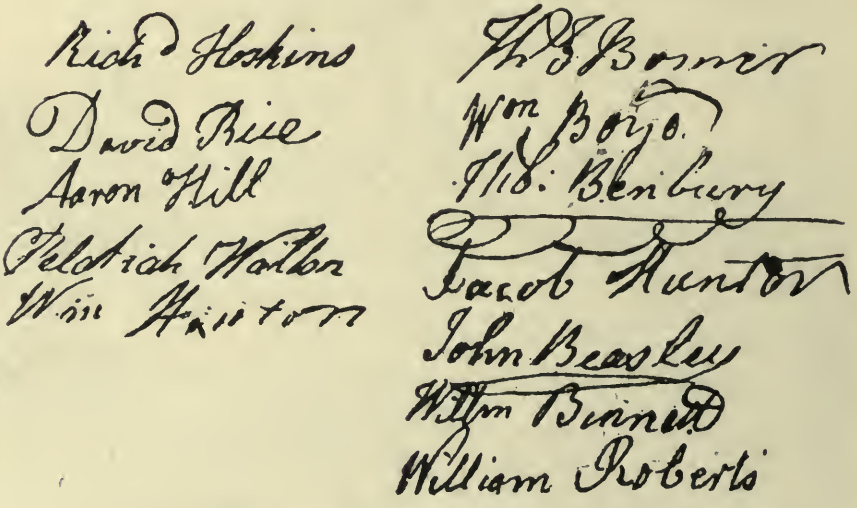
HOUSE ERECTED IN 1758 BY THE NOTORIOUS FRANCIS CORBIN.

[Corbin was Lord Granville's land agent in America for his betrothed, Jean Junds, both of whom died before their marriage could be consummated. The property was sold by Corbin's brother and heir, Edmund Corbin, to Dr. Samuel Dickinson, and is still occupied by his descendants. The portrait of Mrs. Penelope Barker, of Revolutionary Tea-party fame, hangs in one of its apartments. The assembly of North Carolina is said to have met here formerly. The initials F. C. and date 1758 are still plainly visible upon the gable-post.]

this province singly and collectively are bound by the acts and resolutions of the continental and provincial congresses, because in both they are freely represented by persons chosen by themselves, and we do solemnly and sincerely promise and engage under the sanction of virtue, honor and the sacred love of liberty and our country to maintain and support all and every the acts, resolutions and regulations of the said continental and provincial congresses to the utmost of our power and ability.

In testimony whereof we have hereto set our hands this 19th of June 1776.

RICHD. HOSKINS.
DAVID RICE.
AARON HILL.
PELATIAH WALTON.
WM. HINTON.
THOS. BONNER.
WM. BOYD.
THOS. BENBURY.
JACOB HUNTER.
JOHN BEASLEY.
WILLIAM BENNETT.
WILLIAM ROBERTS."



FAC-SIMILE OF SIGNATURES FROM THE ORIGINAL DOCUMENT.

Here is a declaration of independence of which little is known beyond our borders. It is remarkable not only for its precedence of the national by fifteen days, but for the purity of its patriotism and its utterance of the sacred truths of liberty.

Bold indeed were they, when royal authority was supreme and when the church received its maintenance almost entirely from the crown, to make such declarations. It was treason, and treason was death. The preamble, "professing our allegiance to the king," reads like bitter mockery. The very souls of the signers seemed to exult themselves in the roundness of the sentences and the flourishes of their pens. It would be interesting to know who was the author of those patriotic words,—who the Jefferson of that occasion. I am inclined, from what is known traditionally, to accredit its authorship to Richard Hoskins, whose name appears first. The spirit of liberty seemed to have taken entire hold upon his family.

His wife, as I have written elsewhere, was a member of the "Historic Tea-party of Edenton, 1774," and signed the noted protest against tea-drinking.

Richard Hoskins was a zealous and fearless patriot: joining the American army at the first sound to arms, he served with signal bravery and courage until its close. During his absence his wife managed his entire farming interest with prudence and profit, and proved always to him an efficient helpmate. When they were first married they came down the Roanoke

"HAYES": HOME OF GOVERNOR SAMUEL JOHNSTON—BUILT IN 1801.
NOW THE RESIDENCE OF MR. JOHN G. WOOD.

river in an open boat, crossed the Albemarle sound, and landed at Edenton. He then took his bride behind his own horse to his farm by a bridle path, there being no public roads in that direction then. Her wedding dress she spun and wove from flax grown upon her father's farm. So delicate and smooth was the warp, that when she was preparing it for the loom she passed the entire chain through her ring. The art of home production probably reached its greatest perfection about this time. All connection with the mother country was severed, and the colonists thrown upon

their own resources. It was indispensable to every lady's education that she should know how to spin, sew, and weave. The spider-like fineness of their yarns, the exquisite beauty of their needlework, and the lacy filminess of the woven fabrics which their nimble fingers wrought, are the envy and admiration of the present age.

Edward Everett, the great statesman, said upon one occasion that "national recollection was the foundation of national character." It seems proper that the celebration of national anniversaries should be perpetuated, and that the great men and great events of our country should ever be kept before the youth of our land, not only to develop patriotism and stimulate example, but to bring about a love for the study of our own history. It is written of the warlike and unlettered Spartans, that before going into battle they offered sacrifices and poured out libations to the Muses, that their valiant and virtuous deeds should not be unsung and unrecorded. We are too careless of our state history: already skeptical writers are beginning to doubt the authenticity of the Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence.

Our colonial records are a vast mine of historic wealth, but without an index are a chaos of undigested material which nobody can use, and on that account are thoroughly disappointing to all investigators and students of our state history. New York and Pennsylvania have both made valuable indexes for their colonial records, and it seems plainly the duty of the press of North Carolina to urge immediate legislative action upon the subject. This is the age of the revival of history, and unless some steps are taken to stimulate interest in the study of our state history oblivion must be our fate.

Richard Dillard

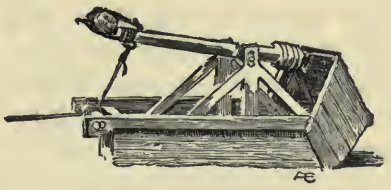
EDENTON, NORTH CAROLINA.

THE STORY OF MARCO POLO

WHO LIVED TWO HUNDRED YEARS BEFORE COLUMBUS

The first man to help people to know more about the world and to make them wish to know still more was a Venetian gentleman named Marco Polo, who lived two hundred years before Columbus. When Marco Polo was born (about 1254), his father and uncle, Nicolo and Maffeo Polo, had just sailed away from Venice, which was their home, on a trading voyage to Constantinople. When they got to that city, instead of trading the goods which they had brought with them for some of the silks and spices which came from the far East, and returning home as other merchants did, they exchanged all their merchandise for jewels—which could be concealed from robbers more easily than gold—and went on into the eastern countries. I suppose they had some curiosity to find out where the spices, silks, gums, and jewels, which Europeans were so glad to buy, came from. They journeyed through Asia to China, or Cathay, as people called it in those days. The great Chinese emperor, Kublai Khan, treated the strangers very kindly, and sent back a message by them to the pope.

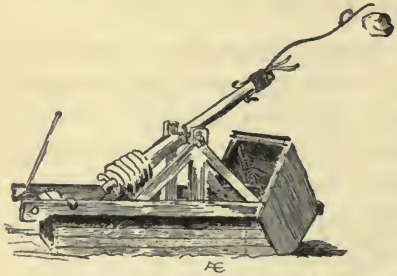
The travelers were gone nineteen years, and when they returned they found that Nicolo had a son named Marco whom they had never seen, although he had by this time grown to be a man. They stayed in Italy two years, and then they took Marco with them and set out for the empire of Kublai Khan once more, carrying some presents and letters from the pope to the Chinese emperor. It took the Polos four years to make the difficult and dangerous journey across Asia to the home of the Grand Khan, who was very much delighted to see them. Marco became a great favorite with the emperor, who made him one of his officers. While Marco Polo was traveling about China as an officer of Kublai Khan, his father and uncle made themselves useful by building a catapult, which was a machine at that time in use in Europe for throwing stones and other missiles. Gunpowder had not yet been invented.



THE LOADED CATAPULT, 1275.
FROM "THE STORY OF COLUMBUS."

When the Polos had been away from home about twenty years they

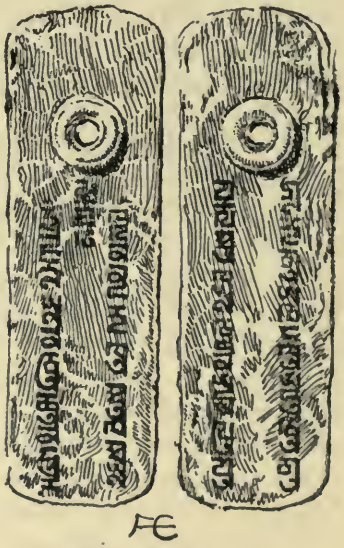
grew homesick. They asked the khan for permission to go back to Venice for a visit, but the emperor was so fond of them that he at first refused. He finally consented to let them go, but he made them promise to return to China, giving them at the same time many rich presents and some tablets of gold, which they were to show as passports in the various countries that they would have to pass through.



THE CATAPULT DISCHARGED.
PRIOR TO THE INVENTION OF GUNPOWDER.
FROM "THE STORY OF COLUMBUS."

About this time the daughter of Kublai Khan was to be married to the king of Persia. The khan sent the Polos as far as Persia in the fleet which carried the princess to her new home. The Chinese fleet touched at different points in the East Indies, and so the travelers had a chance to see something of the islands where spices grew. When they reached Persia, they were entertained very magnificently for nine months. After this somewhat long wedding festival was over, the Polos continued on their way to Europe, dressed in coarse Chinese costume, so that they might not be in danger of being murdered for their riches.

When they reached Venice, after having been gone twenty-four years, the travelers found that they had come to be regarded by their friends as long since dead and buried, and that their house had been inherited by some of their relatives. This was unpleasant for the three Polos, especially as the members of their family refused to believe that they were indeed themselves, which was not so strange, for the wanderers were very much tanned, wore coarse Chinese dresses, and spoke their own tongue like Chinamen.



CHINESE PASSPORT OF GOLD.
SUCH AS GIVEN TO THE POLOS BY THE KHAN.
FROM, "THE STORY OF COLUMBUS."

The strangers, however, gave a dinner to which they invited all the gentlemen of the Polo family. When the guests arrived they found the travelers dressed in robes of crimson satin. No sooner had water been served for the washing of hands, after the fashion of those days, than the three strange Polos rose, left the

room, and presently returned in robes of crimson damask. They caused the satin gowns to be cut up and divided among the servants. The guests probably thought this a very extravagant proceeding. However, the dinner had progressed but little further before the travelers again left the room and returned in crimson velvet robes, while the damask gowns were also distributed among the servants. After a time the three Polos left the room once more, and came back dressed as Venetians, causing the velvet suits to be cut up as the others had been. Finally, when the cloth was

COLUMBUS, WITH JUAN PEREZ, AT THE MONASTERY.
FROM "THE STORY OF COLUMBUS."

removed from the table and the servants dismissed, the travelers brought in the coarse Chinese dresses which they had worn on their travels. Taking sharp knives, they cut open the seams of these old garments and took out rubies, carbuncles, emeralds, and diamonds. Before leaving China they had exchanged the wealth which Kublai Khan had given them for these jewels, so that they might carry their riches with them. The sight of so much wealth quite freshened the memories of the other members of the Polo family. They could no longer doubt that such rich men were their relations.

After this, many people came to visit Marco Polo in order to talk with him about his travels. He used the word millions so much in describing the riches of Kublai Khan that they dubbed him Messere Marco Millione, or Mr. Marco Millions, as we should say, while his house is yet called "the court of the millions," for many people did not believe the strange tales of Mr. Marco Millions.

Marco Polo was afterwards captured in a war between Venice and Genoa, and while he was in a Genoese prison he dictated an account of his travels to a fellow prisoner, who wrote it down. This book became very famous. Many people doubted Marco Polo's stories about gold-roofed palaces and other fairy-like wonders, though we now know that his marvelous tales were many of them true. The reading of Marco Polo's travels set some thoughtful people to thinking about distant countries and to planning ways of reaching them, so that it was Marco Polo, instead of his father and uncle, who had to do with the making of great discoveries. The Polos were not the only Europeans who had wandered as far as China, but Marco Polo was the first to leave a careful account of what he saw and heard. After him there was an Englishman named Sir John Mandeville who made a similar journey, and also wrote about it. These two books were read much by studious men, who were curious to know more concerning the geography of the world.

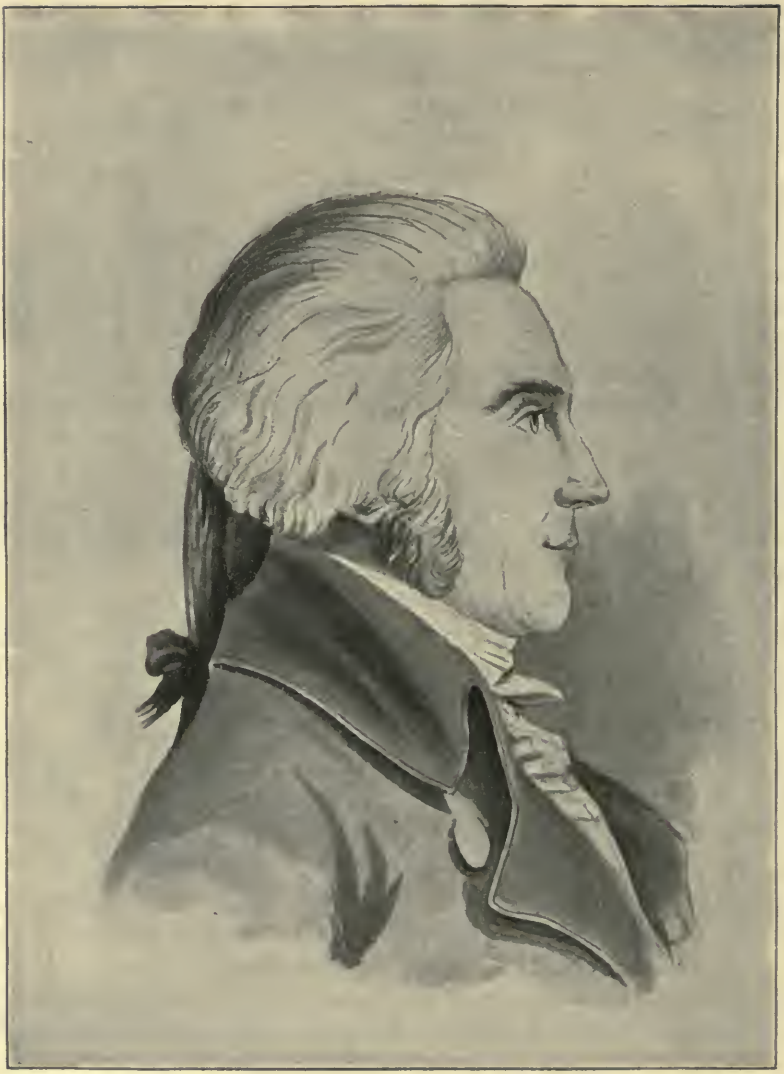
No doubt young Columbus often fancied himself making such a strange journey as did Marco Polo, or sailing still farther than any Portuguese captain had done (in trying to sail round the end of Africa), and reaching the much-desired India. For him, as for many another Genoese young man, the sea was the only highroad to fame and fortune.—ELIZABETH EGGLESTON SEELYE'S *Story of Columbus*.

GENERAL WILLIAM RICHARDSON DAVIE

1756–1820

North Carolina has many dead whose fame, had they lived in New England or Virginia, would have been blazoned high upon the roll. But the state has loomed up always grander in war than in peace. She has known how to make history, but not how to write it—eager to win victories, careless to record them. The brave, handsome, eloquent soldier and statesman, General William R. Davie, is a national character, and by no means unknown; but the materials are meagre for the life-story of one whose career was so full of deeds, so varied, so eventful that a volume could scarce do it justice. A dashing cavalry officer, a patriot spending his entire fortune as well as his blood for his country; a lawyer of the largest attainments and an orator of superb eloquence; one of the framers of the Constitution in 1787, a member of the North Carolina convention of 1788, the founder of the state university of North Carolina, grand master of masons, governor of the state, minister to France—we rarely hear of him now.

He was born at Egremont, near Whitehaven, England, June 20, 1756. He came to this country with his father in 1763, and was adopted by his maternal uncle, Rev. William Richardson, who lived in the Waxhaw settlement on the Catawba, in South Carolina. He was sent to Princeton, of which the famous Dr. Witherspoon was president, and in the summer of 1776 we hear of him, with the consent of the president, among a party of students raised to serve as volunteers in the patriot army. In the fall of that year he returned to college, and passing his examinations, took his college degree of Bachelor of Arts with the first honors of the institution. His uncle died before his return home. Davie selected the profession of law, and began his studies at Salisbury. In 1777 he joined a detachment of one thousand two hundred men under General Jones, ordered to be raised for the defense of Charleston, then threatened with another attack; but on reaching Camden it was found that the design was abandoned by the enemy, and the detachment returned home after three months' service. In 1779 a troop of cavalry was raised in the Salisbury district. Of this William Barnett, of Mecklenburg, was chosen captain, and Davie lieutenant. His commission, signed by Governor Caswell, is



W R Davie

"SOLDIER, JURIST, STATESMAN, AND PATRIOT
IN THE GLORIOUS WAR FOR AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE.
A GREAT MAN IN AN AGE OF GREAT MEN.
HE WAS BORN IN EDINBURG 1756,
AND DIED IN SOUTH CAROLINA IN 1820."

dated 5 April, 1779. With two hundred horse he was immediately sent into the back country to suppress a tory rising, which was quelled before their arrival. Soon after the troop joined the southern army and was attached to Pulaski's legion.

Captain Barnett having resigned, Davie was promoted to captain, and shortly thereafter was made major. On June 20 of that year he took part in the battle of Stono, near Charleston, in which battle the North Carolina brigade was commanded by General Jethro Sumner. In a cavalry charge of that day Davie was wounded and fell from his horse, but retained his hold of the bridle. The cavalry, dispirited by his fall, were in full retreat when a private in another company, whose horse had been shot under him and was carrying off the saddle, saw Major Davie standing by his horse unable to mount, his thigh being disabled by a severe wound. Though the enemy was close at hand, this soldier deliberately placed Davie on his horse and led it from the field—then disappeared and resumed his place in the ranks, and Davie could discover no trace of him. The wound was a serious one, and kept him long in the hospital at Charleston, rendering him incapable of further service that year. At the siege of Ninety-six, two years later, where Davie was present as commissary-general of the southern army, on the morning of the attack a stranger came to his tent and introduced himself as the man who had saved his life at Stono. He promised to visit him again, but when the troops were recalled from the fruitless attempt to storm the fort the body of the gallant unknown was found among the dead. On his return from the Charleston hospital in September, 1779, Davie being unfit for service, applied for and received his county court license, and was sent by the governor to attend the courts on the Holston river, then in North Carolina, that he might ascertain public sentiment in that section. In the spring of 1780 he received his superior court license. About the same time he obtained authority from the legislature of North Carolina to raise a troop of cavalry and two companies of mounted infantry. The authority was all that the state could give, its funds being too low to provide the means. Major Davie, with a patriotism worthy of perpetual remembrance, disposed of the estate inherited from his uncle, and thus raised the funds to equip his command.

The surrender of Charleston, May 12, 1780, and the surprise and butchery of Buford's men by Colonel Tarleton on the 29th of the same month, completed the subjugation of South Carolina. Colonel Moore, with one thousand one hundred tories, having collected at Ramsour's mills in the edge of the present town of Lincolnton, Colonel Francis Locke, with three hundred militia of Burke, Lincoln, and Rowan, crossed the

Catawba at Beattie's ford, while General Rutherford, acting in concert with him, with seven hundred troops, among whom was Davie and his command, crossed at Tuckaseege ford. The two divisions were to meet in the night near the enemy and attack at break of day. Rutherfurd's march being circuitous was delayed, but Colonel Locke, notwithstanding the disparity of force, attacked alone and won a complete victory. Rutherfurd arrived about an hour after the action, and dispatched Major Davie in pursuit of the fugitives. Shortly after Major Davie was ordered to take post near the South Carolina line, opposite Hanging Rock, to prevent the enemy from foraging and to check the depredations of the tories who infested that section. He was reinforced by some South Carolinians under Major Crawford, by thirty-five Catawba Indians under their chief, " New River," and by part of the Mecklenburg militia. With part of his dragoons and some volunteers he left camp July 20, 1780, to intercept a convoy of provisions and clothing destined for the enemy at Hanging Rock, eighteen miles distant. Marching all night, he turned the enemy's flank and fell into the Camden road five miles below Hanging Rock. Here he awaited the convoy, which appeared in the afternoon, and it was surprised and completely captured with all the stores.

About the last of July, Colonel Sumter with the South Carolina refugees, and Colonel Irwin with the North Carolina troops, advanced to the attack of Rocky Mount, while Major Davie was to make a diversion to engage the attention of the enemy at Hanging Rock. His detachment consisted of eighty mounted men. In sight of the enemy's camp he fell upon three companies of their mounted infantry returning from an excursion. Taken by surprise, they were literally cut to pieces almost before they were aware of his presence. Sixty valuable horses with their furnishings, and one hundred rifles and muskets, were carried off by Davie in safety, without the loss of a man. August 5, an attack was ordered upon Hanging Rock by Colonel Sumter, who commanded in person the eight hundred troops engaged in the expedition. Of these, five hundred were North Carolinians commanded by Colonel Irwin and Major Davie. The troops halted at midnight within two miles of the enemy's camp, which they attacked next morning at daylight. The British regulars were commanded by Major Carden, while among the auxiliaries were several tory regiments. One was composed of tories from the upper Yadkin, commanded by Colonel Bryan (whom Davie afterwards defended when tried for treason at Salisbury), and another mostly of South Carolinians, but led by Colonel John Hamilton, of Halifax, who for many years after the war was British consul at Norfolk. The attack at first was completely suc-

cessful, but from lack of discipline many of the troops plundered the camps and became intoxicated. A part of the British troops remaining intact formed a hollow square and necessitated a retreat, which, however, was made in good order, Davie's corps covering the rear. The wounded were safely convoyed by him to Charlotte, where by his foresight a hospital had been established. It is worthy of note that on this ride to the attack at Hanging Rock, by Davie's side rode as guides conversant with the roads, and of undoubted courage and patriotism, two country lads—brothers, respectively aged fifteen and thirteen years—the younger of whom was Andrew Jackson. Long years after, in the retirement of the Hermitage, he said that Davie was the best soldier he had ever known, and that his own best lessons in the art of war had been learned from him.

On Davie's return from Charlotte he hastened to the general rendezvous of Gates's army at Rugely's mills, and while hastening to join General Gates at Camden, and ten miles from the battle-field, he met the defeated army, with the general leading the retreat. Davie was ordered to fall back on Charlotte, but replied that his men had formed the acquaintance of Tarleton's legion and did not fear to meet them again. He continued his course towards the battle-ground, meeting the flying fragments of the routed army. He secured several wagons loaded with clothing and medicine which had been abandoned. With great thoughtfulness he immediately sent an officer to notify Colonel Sumter of the great disaster, who at once began his retreat along the west bank of the Catawba, towards the up country. Not taking sufficient precaution, however, Sumter was surprised on the 18th by Tarleton at Fishing creek, and his entire command of eight hundred men was captured or put to flight, with the total loss of all his artillery, arms, and baggage. Colonel Sumter himself, who was asleep under a wagon when the attack was made, barely escaped, and the next day reached Davie's camp at Charlotte alone, riding on horseback, without saddle or bridle. The tidings carried consternation into the fragments of Gates's army which had rallied there, and in a few moments Davie and his command were the only force left in front of the enemy. Instead of retiring, he boldly advanced to the Waxhaws and found that the enemy had fallen back to Camden.

On the 5th of September, 1780, Davie was appointed by Governor Nash colonel commandant of cavalry in the western district of North Carolina, with instructions to raise a regiment. When he had collected only about seventy men, with that force and two small companies of riflemen commanded by Major George Davidson, he took post at Providence, twenty-five miles from the British camp. Cornwallis, after resting at

Camden till the first week in September, had advanced to the Waxhaws, forty miles below Charlotte, while the fragments of the American army were slowly gathering at Hillsboro', two hundred miles distant. South Carolina was wholly subjugated and North Carolina had not recovered from the shock of Gates's defeat. Under these circumstances, Colonel Davie, with unprecedented boldness, with a command not exceeding one hundred and fifty men all told, on the 20th of September, turning the right flank of the British army by a circuitous march, fell upon three hundred or four hundred of the enemy at Wahab's plantation. The attack was made at daylight. The surprise was complete.

The enemy left fifteen or twenty dead on the field and had some forty wounded. Davie got off safely with the captured horses and had only one man wounded. The enemy at once caused the farm buildings which belonged to Captain Wahab, then a volunteer with Davie, to be laid in ashes. Davie brought off ninety-six horses and their furnishings, and one hundred and twenty stand of arms, and arrived in camp the same afternoon, having marched sixty miles in less than twenty-four hours, including the time employed in seeking and beating the enemy. That evening Generals Sumner and Davidson arrived at his camp with their force of one thousand badly equipped militia.

On the 24th of September the American patrols gave notice that the force of the enemy was in motion on the Steele creek road, leading to Charlotte. Generals Sumner and Davidson retreated by Phifers on the nearest road to Salisbury. Colonel Davie, with one hundred and fifty mounted men and some volunteers under Major Joseph Graham, was left alone in front of the British army, and he was ordered to observe the enemy and skirmish with his advance. On the evening and night of the 25th he took a number of prisoners, and at midnight took up his position at Charlotte, seven miles from the spot where Earl Cornwallis had encamped. Early on the 26th his patrols were driven in by the enemy's light troops, and in a few moments the legion and light infantry were seen advancing, followed by the whole army. Davie was reinforced in the night by a few volunteers under Major Joseph Graham. Charlotte was then a village of about twenty houses, built on two streets, which crossed each other at right angles. At their intersection stood the court-house. Colonel Davie dismounted one company and stationed it under the court-house, where they were protected by a stone wall. The other two companies were advanced about eighty yards and posted behind some houses and gardens. The legion formed at a distance of three hundred yards with a front to fill the street. On sounding the charge the enemy's cavalry

advanced at full gallop, but at sixty yards from the court-house the Americans opened fire and drove them back with great precipitation. A second and third charge had the same result. Yet, being outflanked by the legion infantry, Davie withdrew his companies in good order, successively covering each other, and retreated on the Salisbury road. The enemy followed with great caution and respect for some distance, when they at length ventured to charge the small rear guard. In this charge Lieutenant Locke and four privates were killed and Major Graham and five privates wounded. The coolness and skill of Davie in this ever memorable combat, in which, with a mere handful of men, he held the whole British army for hours at bay, and drove back repeatedly its best troops, and finally brought off his command unbroken and in good order, stamp him as a soldier of no ordinary capacity. He was at this time twenty-four years of age. Governor Graham says of him: "He was prudent, vigilant, intrepid, and skillful in his movements against the enemy, and with a charming presence, a ready eloquence, and an undaunted spirit, he was among the young men of the day what Harry Percy was 'to the chivalry of England.'" He also terms him "one of the most accomplished and elegant gentlemen of the revolutionary race." Besides his abilities as a leader he was an expert swordsman. It is said in *Gordon's Anecdotes of the Revolution* that he had slain more men in personal encounters in battle than any man in the army.

The next day after the brilliant affair at Charlotte, Colonel Davie joined the army at Salisbury, where recruits having come in, and Colonel Taylor from Granville having joined him, his force consisted of three hundred mounted infantry and a few dragoons. Generals Sumner and Davidson continued their retreat across the Yadkin, while Davie returned towards Charlotte, and he so vexed the British by cutting off the forage parties, and beating up their advanced posts, that Cornwallis began to feel great distress for want of forage and supplies.* The British officer declared he had "found a rebel in every bush outside his encampment." On October 7 occurred the disastrous defeat of Ferguson at King's Mountain, and on the night of October 14 Cornwallis began his retreat to South Carolina, followed by Davie, who harassed his rear, and captured part of his baggage. On the 19th the British crossed the Catawba at Land's ford, and completely evacuated the state of North Carolina. When General Greene took command of the southern army in December, 1780, he met Colonel Davie for the first time. The commissary department became vacant by the resignation of Colonel Thomas Polk. The subsistence of the army

* *Tarleton's Campaigns.*

had become very difficult, and Colonel Polk declared that it had become impossible. General Greene having formed a high estimate of Colonel Davie's abilities, earnestly and in most flattering terms solicited him to relinquish his hopes of brilliant service in the field, and accept the vacant office. At the call of patriotism he abandoned the tempting career which lay before him, and assumed the not less important but more unpleasant and arduous duties of a station which offered no distinctions. General Greene had himself set the example, having relinquished a brilliant career in the field to assume for years the duties of quartermaster-general of the army. Colonel Davie assumed the duties of his new post in January, 1781, and continued with the army for the next five months. Hardly any combination of circumstances could exist presenting greater difficulties to the commissary of an army than those under which he began. With a depreciated, almost worthless currency, and an exhausted country, his only resource was to receive from the willing and extort from the reluctant such means of subsistence as they possessed, a service requiring promptness and vigor among the disaffected, and skill and discretion among the friendly. These duties were well performed; and, while they make no display on the page of history, their efficient discharge was more really useful to the cause, and contributed more to the success of the army, than the most brilliant services of the most brilliant officer in the field. In that capacity he was present in the memorable battle at Guilford. Though he had, of course, no command, he was a watchful observer of all the movements of the fight, and distinguished himself by his efforts to rally the broken ranks and bring them again into the field. It may be well to recall that Eaton's brigade was composed of men from Warren, Franklin, Nash, Halifax, and Northampton counties, while Butler's men were from the present counties of Wake, Durham, Orange, Alamance, Vance, Granville, Person, and Caswell.

It was here that Colonel Davie, seeing the veteran First Maryland permit the enemy to approach to close quarters, while it remained apparently inert and impassive, exclaimed with great emotion, "Great God! is it possible Colonel Gunby will surrender himself and his whole regiment to the British?" He had scarce spoken when, the command having been given, their fire, like a sheet of flame, swept off the enemy's first line. This was followed up by a bayonet charge from Gunby. The hostile lines became so intermingled and the moment so critical that Cornwallis, to save himself, caused his cannon to open upon the mass of struggling men, and swept off friend and foe alike. This he did against the remonstrance of General O'Hara, who was lying wounded on the ground and whose men

were thus being destroyed at short range by the cannon of their own army.

Colonel Davie continued with the army and was present at Hobkirk's hill, April 25, at the evacuation of Camden and the siege of Ninety-six. While the army lay before Ninety-six, General Greene found it necessary to send him as a confidential messenger to the legislature of North Carolina, to represent to that body the wants of his army and that his almost sole reliance for assistance was from them. Colonel Davie's tact and knowledge of the members were such that he procured a most generous contribution of men and supplies by the general assembly. The exigencies of the service and the equipment of the new levies required him to remain in North Carolina, and in July, 1781, he entered on his duties as commissary general of this state, which post he filled to the end of the war. The finances of the state were in a desperate condition, and the country was well-nigh exhausted by the requisitions of both hostile and friendly armies, and, besides, supplies had to be dispatched to our troops operating in South Carolina. No duties could be more arduous or more admirably performed than those which fell to Colonel Davie's lot at this stage of the war. Transportation was lacking, even for the supplies which could be obtained. The future seemed uncertain as to everything. No post could more sorely have tried the patience of any man. It argues a versatility of talents for a brilliant cavalry officer to execute with patience the duties of such a station, and a rare self-denial to lay aside the opportunities of distinction for the exactions of so wearying and humdrum a post. To add to other troubles, he had to deal, during the year 1781, with three different governors of entirely different views and dispositions. Governor Nash had resigned in disgust at the proceedings of the legislature, Governor Burke had been taken prisoner, and Governor Martin completed the year. So feeble at times was the support of the government that some of the most pressing supplies were procured by Davie on his own credit. Complex and numerous as were his accounts, when he laid down his office he invited the severest legislative scrutiny, but no objection to them could be found.

The war being over, Colonel Davie resumed the practice of his profession in February, 1783. About the same time he married Miss Sarah Jones, the daughter of General Allen Jones, of Northampton, the niece of Willie Jones, of Halifax, and settled in the latter town as his place of future residence. It was at that time practically the capital of the state. The sessions of the general assembly had been more frequently held at that place, and it was there that most of the executive business of the state was transacted.

He was a brilliant advocate, and possessed a natural aptitude for the practice of law. The state at that time was divided into seven judicial districts: Halifax, New Berne, Wilmington, Edenton, Hillsboro', Salisbury, and Morganton. To these, in 1787, Fayetteville was added. The superior courts were held only at these places, and not as now at a court-house in each county. Colonel Davie took the circuit and attended in turn all the superior courts of the state, except that held at Morganton. An examination of the dockets shows that he soon commanded a leading practice in all these courts. At some places and at some terms the dockets show that he appeared without exception on one side or the other of every civil case upon the docket. After the suspension of business for so many years the dockets were large, too. His practice was very lucrative, and he quickly accumulated a large estate.

With the chivalry of his nature, it was most natural that when the tory Colonel Bryan, with whom he had so often crossed swords, was arraigned and tried at Salisbury in 1782 for treason, Colonel Davie was one of the counsel who conducted his defense. In this he displayed a courage of the forum no less brilliant and commendable than his conduct in the field. Indeed Davie, though the youngest, became in fact the principal counsel. Excitement ran so high that no lesser favorite than "the hero of Charlotte" could command attention. Bryan was convicted with several others, and was sentenced to be hung the 14th of April, 1782, but was pardoned and exchanged. Judge Murphy, of the superior court of North Carolina, who had the opportunity of judging and whose opinion is of high value, says: "Davie took Lord Bolingbroke for his model, and applied himself with so much diligence to the study of his master that literary men could easily recognize his lofty and flowing style. He was a tall, elegant man in his person; graceful and commanding in his manners. His voice was mellow and adapted to the expression of every passion. His style was magnificent and flowing. He had a greatness of manner in public speaking which suited his style and gave his speeches an imposing effect. He was a laborious student, and arranged his discourses with care, and when the subject suited his genius poured forth a torrent of eloquence that astonished and delighted his audience. They looked upon him with delight, listened to his long, harmonious periods, caught his emotions, and indulged that ecstasy of feeling which fine speaking and powerful eloquence can alone produce. He is certainly to be ranked among the first orators whom the American nation has produced." It is said of him, with probably small exaggeration, that during fifteen years while he was at the bar there was not a capital trial in North Carolina in which he was not retained for the

defense. Eminent as he was, it was not for the lack of worthy competitors. James Iredell and Alfred Moore, successively justices of the supreme court of the United States; François Xavier Martin, afterward chief justice of Louisiana, and Judge John Haywood, afterwards of Tennessee, and many others were his contemporaries. His brief books, some of which are still in existence, are models of neatness and care, and show a most careful summary of the evidence and citation of authority in each case. Among his law students were Governor and United States Senator David Stone, Mr. Justice Daniel, of our supreme court, and many others who became distinguished men. Judge Daniel said of him that he was the best lawyer and most accomplished man he had ever known. It is stated of him in comparison with his great legal rival, John Haywood, that while the latter carefully prepared every point, Davie would seize the strong points of the case and throw his whole strength upon them. In this he seems to have retained the experience and instincts of his soldier life. As a characteristic of his elegant tastes and attention to details, it is said that his correspondence shows that his letters were invariably written upon gilt-edge paper.

When the convention was called to meet at Philadelphia in May, 1787, which formed our present federal Constitution, he was elected one of the delegates. The others were the then Governor Richard Caswell, ex-Governor Alexander Martin, Richard Dobbs Spaight (who, like Davie himself, was subsequently governor), William Blount, afterwards United States senator, and Hugh Williamson, afterwards a member of congress and a historian. Governor Caswell did not attend. Colonel Davie was the junior member of the delegation, being then, notwithstanding his distinguished career as a soldier and his high standing at the bar, not yet thirty-one years of age. Still his eloquence and influence made a decided impression upon the convention. The Constitution all through is the result of a compromise. But the critical question was the equal representation of each state in the senate. Upon this it seemed likely the convention would be dissolved. The large states were firm for proportional representation. With the smaller states an equal voice in the senate was a *sine qua non*. On that question North Carolina voted with the other large states against the demands of the smaller states, and this made the vote a tie, as Georgia on purpose evenly divided her vote. The friends of the Constitution, fearing a disruption, referred the question to a committee composed of one from each state. Davie was the member of the committee from North Carolina. When the committee made its report, Davie, acting for North Carolina, gave her vote with the smaller states, and thus by one majority was equal representation in the senate secured. Without it the conven-

tion would doubtless have adjourned after a useless session. The Constitution without that wise concession could not have been adopted, and if adopted by the convention, its ratification by the smaller states could not have been expected. This act was certainly against the wishes of his own state, then the third, in point of population, in the confederacy, ranking next after Virginia and Massachusetts and ahead of New York. It was also apparently against the interests of his state, but the act was that of a statesman and should be recalled to his lasting honor. It was a critical moment, when a narrow-minded man in his place, timid of responsibility and fearful of his own popularity at home, would have prevented or postponed for many years the American Union. He remained in Philadelphia till the deliberations of the convention were virtually over, and the adoption of the Constitution had become certain. Then, in obedience to his duty to his clients, as the fall circuit was about to begin, he left for home. Hence it is that his name does not appear among those appended to that instrument. The Constitution being the work of many hands and containing so many alterations and amendments, would naturally have been rough and ill-joined, containing a variety of styles. It is worthy of note that the convention considerately referred it to a committee of one—Gouverneur Morris—an accomplished scholar, to make changes "of form not of substance." Under his hand it was polished and put in shape, and hence the uniform flow and regularity of its language.

In 1786 he obtained from the general assembly the charter of Warrenton academy, and had himself, with Willie Jones, Thomas Person, Benjamin Hawkins, and other prominent men named as the board of trustees. He was chosen repeatedly, except when his private business constrained him to decline an election, to represent the borough of Halifax in the house of commons. He served thus in the years 1786, 1787, 1789, 1791, 1793, 1794, 1796, and 1798. He was the real founder of the university of North Carolina, and is so styled in the journal of 1810 of that institution, and well deserved to be so called. Judge Murphy bears this testimony: "I was present in the house of commons when Davie addressed that body in 1789, for a loan of money to erect the buildings of the university, and although more than thirty years have elapsed, I have the most vivid recollections of the greatness of his manner and the power of his eloquence upon that occasion. In the house of commons he had no rival, and on all questions before that body his eloquence was irresistible."

The opposition to all the measures in favor of the university was great. The cry of "economy" and the fear expressed that the institution was one step towards the founding of an aristocracy, made it difficult to carry any

measure through. Gifted with less tact, with less eloquence, or with less popularity, Davie must have failed. The institution is no less a monument also to his public spirit, boldness, and foresight. He was a member of the first board of trustees. The selection of a site for the university, the superintendence of the erection of the buildings, the choice of professors, the arrangement of a course of studies, the adoption of regulations, the maintenance of discipline, engaged his personal and active attention. The course of studies adopted at Davie's instance in 1795 was the "optional" system, which now generally obtains. In this he anticipated the course of other colleges full fifty years. When Dr. David Caldwell was elected president this was set aside, and the old iron-bound curriculum was adopted and remained in force eighty years. In 1787 the Free Masons of this state organized the Grand Lodge of North Carolina in the town of Tarboro'. At that meeting were many of the most distinguished men of the state, Colonel Davie among them. Governor Johnston was elected the first grand master of North Carolina, and Governor Caswell the second grand master. Davie was elected grand master in December, 1792, and was successively re-elected for seven years. In that capacity he laid the corner-stone of the university, October 12, 1793, the old East building, and on April 14, 1798, he laid the corner-stone of the old South building at the same place.

The project of a digest of the laws was brought forward by him, and the appointment of Judge Iredell, the accomplished jurist, to do the work was made at his suggestion. The cession of the territory which now forms the state of Tennessee was effected mainly by his influence. In 1791 he was appointed by the legislature one of three commissioners to establish the unsettled part of the boundary between North and South Carolina. He was again elected for the same purpose in 1796, and again in 1803. None of these commissions, however, were successful.

In 1794 he was commissioned by Governor Spaight to be major-general of the third state division, in view of the likelihood of war with France. By act of congress, the 24th of June, 1797, an embodiment of troops was directed from the several states. The number to be raised by North Carolina was seven thousand two hundred and sixty-eight, and in September of that year Davie was appointed major-general to command this detachment. As matters became more serious, congress, in May, 1798, authorized a provisional army of the United States of ten thousand men, and in this he was appointed a brigadier-general by President Adams, July 17, 1798, and was confirmed by the senate July 19th. Of this army Washington was made commander-in-chief, and he, in effect, committed to General Davie

the selection of the officers for that part of the troops which should be raised in North Carolina. In the same year Davie prepared a system of cavalry tactics which was adopted by the legislature and ordered to be printed. A copy of this is now in our state library. General Davie came out of the war with the first military reputation in the state, and these successive appointments so many years after prove that North Carolina still turned to him as her greatest soldier.

At this juncture, singularly enough, when in the receipt of high honors, state and national, his election for the borough of Halifax was first endangered. The circumstance is thus stated in a private letter from that town, written in August, 1798: "The 'true whigs,' as they styled themselves, dined together under the oaks and toasted Mr. Jefferson. The other party, who were called 'aristocrats,' ate and drank in the house on entirely different principles. General Davie dined with the 'aristocrats.' The 'true whigs' took offense at this and resolved to oppose his election, and it was only with much address that they were kept quiet." The writer adds: "If any person had had the impudence to dispute the election General Davie would certainly not have been returned. The rabble which in all places is the majority, would have voted against him."

He took his seat when the legislature met. By that body—the then constitutional mode—he was, on joint ballot, elected governor of the state December 4, 1798, over Benjamin Williams (afterward governor), and was inaugurated December 7th. Nothing of special note took place during his tenure of the office. President Adams appointed an embassy to treat with the French Directory, consisting of Mr. Murray, then our minister to Holland, Chief Justice Ellsworth, and Patrick Henry. The latter having declined on the ground of age and ill health, on June 1, 1799, Governor Davie was appointed in his stead. On the 10th of September he resigned the office of governor, and on the 22d left Halifax to join Mr. Ellsworth at Trenton. At his departure the people of Halifax and vicinity presented him with a complimentary address, which was written by a political adversary and signed by large numbers of the same party.

On November 3, 1799, Messrs. Ellsworth and Davie embarked in the frigate *United States*, from Newport, Rhode Island. Uncertain as to the changeable form of government in France, they touched at Lisbon, which they reached the 27th of November. They left the 21st of December, but being driven out of their course by a storm, they put into Corunna the 11th of January, 1800, which they left by land on the 27th of January, and on February 9, at Burgos, in Spain, they met a courier from Talleyrand, the French minister, inviting them, on the part of Bonaparte, who

had become first consul, to proceed to Paris, which place they reached on the 2d of March. These dates will show the vast difference which less than a century has made in the modes of traveling and the transmission of intelligence. On April 8, the commissioners were received with marked politeness by the first consul. Napoleon having left for Italy on the famous campaign of Marengo, the negotiations dragged till his return. On the 30th of September, 1800, the treaty between the United States and France was signed by our commissioners and by Joseph Bonaparte, Roederer and Fleurieu on the part of France. The conclusion of the treaty was celebrated with *éclat* at Morfontaine, the country seat of Joseph Bonaparte, the first consul and a brilliant staff attending. One who was then in Paris writes: "A man of Davie's imposing appearance and dignified deportment could not fail to attract especial attention and remark wherever he went. I could not but remark that Bonaparte, in addressing the American legation at his levees, seemed for the time to forget that Governor Davie was *second* in the commission, his attention being more particularly directed to him." In the brilliant circles of the nascent empire of Napoleon he was distinguished by his elegance and his popular manners. His sojourn in Paris was very agreeable to him. He was an accomplished linguist, and spoke French and Spanish fluently.

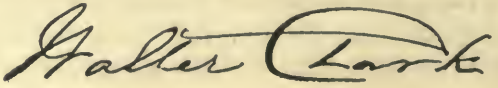
In the fall of that year Governor Davie returned directly home. Chief-justice Ellsworth, coming by London, was presented at court, and Mr. Murray returned to the Hague. It is significant that the very day after this treaty was signed, France, by the treaty of St. Ildefonso, re-acquired Louisiana from Spain, which it so soon after sold to the United States. On his return home Davie was solicited to become a candidate for congress in 1801, but his private affairs, by reason of his long absence, required his attention, and he declined. Willis Alston, then a member of the same political party, was elected. In June of that year President Jefferson appointed Governor Davie head of a commission, with General Wilkinson and Benjamin Hawkins, to negotiate with the Creeks and other Indians for further cession of lands. This he declined for the same reason he had refused an election to congress. In 1802 he was appointed by President Jefferson a commissioner on the part of the United States in the treaty to be made between North Carolina and the Tuscaroras, most of whom had moved from North Carolina, but retained a valuable landed interest in Bertie county. He met the agents of the state and the chiefs of the Indians at Raleigh, and the treaty was signed December 4, 1802, by virtue of which King Blount and the remainder of the tribe removed to New York in June, 1803. In the spring of 1803, Alston having gone over to the

opposite political party, General Davie was again solicited by his friends to become a candidate for congress. He accepted the nomination, but declined to make any canvass. He was charged with being an aristocrat and with being opposed to Mr. Jefferson, whose prestige was then all powerful. He was defeated at the polls.

He had lost his wife not long after his return from France. This, together with his political defeat, determined him to withdraw altogether from public life. In November, 1805, he removed to an estate he possessed at Tivoli, near Landsford, in South Carolina, just across the line from Mecklenburg county, in this state. Here he lived in dignified ease and leisure. General Davie's seat at Tivoli on the Catawba was the resort of many of the Revolutionary characters of the state. In their journeys by private conveyance to Virginia or the North, the custom was to arrange to spend a day or two there with him, where he kept open house for his friends, and sitting under an immense oak from which there was a view of miles of the Catawba, they fought over the war together or discussed the workings of the new government and the Constitution they had established. This was all the more interesting as much of his campaigning had taken place on and around this very spot. In this connection it is interesting to state that after his retirement to Tivoli he was much sought after and engaged in drawing wills. He drew some of the most famous wills in South Carolina—indeed, it is said, all the wills in that part of it in which he resided, not one of which except his own was ever assailed. His correspondence and other materials for history must have been very large and very valuable. It was from his papers that the copy of the Mecklenburg Declaration of May 20, 1775, was procured which is known as the "Davie copy." Unfortunately, all his family papers and all the historical material which had been carefully preserved by him for publication at some future time, were destroyed during Sherman's raid. The banks of the Catawba were strewn with them, and nothing of the collection now remains.

In retirement he displayed his accustomed public spirit by introducing improved methods of farming, and mainly at his instance a State Agricultural Society in South Carolina was formed, of which he was the first president. He had accumulated a large estate, which he dispensed with liberality and hospitality. When the end came he met it with the firmness of a soldier. His sun of life went down in a cloudless sky, the 18th of November, 1820, in the sixty-fifth year of his age.

RALEIGH, NORTH CAROLINA



AMERICA'S EARLIEST THANKSGIVING DAYS

The terrors of the first winter (1620–1621, at Plymouth) have been told in poetry and in oratory, so that the world knows them. Of the one hundred who were living the day the compact was signed in the *Mayflower*, only fifty were living on the first of April following. . . . After these months of suffering there followed years, not of wealth, but more and more of personal comfort. They were able in the autumn to celebrate the first American Thanksgiving with good heart. The fortunate discovery, within this generation, of Bradford's history makes it certain that wild turkeys crowned their Thanksgiving feast.

The pressure upon men's consciences under the arbitrary effort of Charles I. and his party to govern without a parliament, especially under the oppression of the star chamber and Archbishop Laud, several gentlemen offered to go themselves to America, if they might be permitted to take with them the charter of the company (the Massachusetts Bay company), and carry on its government on the ground. No bolder move was ever made—and, as it proved, no wiser. The leader of these men was John Winthrop. When they arrived, in June of 1630, and found the destitution of the previous winter, they knew that they had not stores enough from England to carry them through another such experience, with the increased number of settlers. They therefore dispatched the *Lion* with instructions to bring back provisions immediately; and the return of the *Lion* became a critical matter for the colony. The period of history when the state of Massachusetts was most in peril comes, therefore, in the early winter of 1630–1631. But on the fifth of February the *Lion* appeared with the stores which had been provided by the forethought of Winthrop when she was sent home.

In the cargo were thirty-four hogsheads of wheat flour, four hogsheads of oatmeal, four of beef and pork, fifteen of peas, with cheese and butter and suet. And Winthrop, who with his own grim humor had taught people to thank God for the treasures hid in the sand, before they dined on clam chowder, called his council together, and they issued the first "Proclamation for Thanksgiving." They had previously ordered a day of fasting and humiliation. They changed it to a day of thanksgiving and praise, the twenty-second of February. And then and thus for the colony of the bay did "Thanksgiving day" begin.

EDWARD EVERETT HALE'S *Story of Massachusetts.*

THE HON. FRANCIS AQUILA STOUT

A STUDY.

Francis Aquila Stout belonged to a noble type of American manhood, one which may well serve as an example for coming generations.

Why? Because, endowed with a vigorous intellect, and in the possession of an ample inherited fortune, he never supinely enjoyed prosperity. His mind was constantly alert, and his physical and mental energies were incessantly employed in advancing the largest public interests, while never neglecting the many minor fields of usefulness which exist in a great metropolis like New York. His efforts were unceasing through a long series of years, in behalf of many of the noblest charities which found their development under the impulse of his suggestive and philanthropic treatment.

Mr. Stout was born in the city of New York on October 21, 1833, and died at the Thousand Islands, July 18, 1892. He belonged to a historic family of English origin. His paternal grandfather owned and resided in the famous Philipse manor house, now the city hall of Yonkers. His father, Mr. Aquila G. Stout, who was named after Colonel Aquila Giles, a distinguished officer of the Revolution, was a wealthy and prominent merchant who became president of the Eagle Fire Insurance Company in 1846, and continued in that office until he died in June, 1858. His abilities as a financier were in great demand. He was for a long time a director of the Leather Manufacturers' Bank. It was said of him that he was a credit to any corporation, and that his every act was marked by nobility of purpose.

Mr. Aquila G. Stout married his cousin, Miss Anne Morris, the daughter of Lieutenant William Walton Morris, who served during the revolutionary war as lieutenant of artillery in the continental line. Her grandfather was Colonel Lewis Morris, who signed the Declaration of Independence, whose grandfather, Richard Morris, was the founder of the manor of Morrisania. Among Colonel Lewis Morris's brothers were General Staats Long Morris, M.P., the governor of Quebec who married the duchess of Gordon; and Gouverneur Morris, a member of the continental congress, assistant minister of finance during the Revolution, one of the framers of the Constitution of the United States, and minister to France in the trying period from 1791 to 1794. It was Gouverneur Morris who endeavored

to save the life of Louis XVI., failing in which, he loaned two hundred thousand francs to Louis Philippe, and performed many other generous acts toward the French people.

There is an interesting family association connected with another brother, General Jacob Morris, who was an ancestor of Mrs. Hamilton Fish, and the great-grand-uncle of Mr. Francis A. Stout. General Jacob Morris was married in 1765, at the country seat of the great-great-grandfather of General Meredith Read; while his great-nephew already mentioned, Mr. Stout, married one hundred and twenty years afterwards the eldest daughter of General Meredith Read, the friendship between the two historic families having begun in 1673.

The education of Mr. Francis A. Stout, when very young, was pursued for a short time under the direction of the Rev. Dr. Hawkes, but a larger portion of the formative period of his life was spent under the care of that lovely and distinguished man, the Rev. Dr. Henry A. Muhlenberg. Dr. Muhlenberg had the happy faculty of discovering the natural but often latent bent of a boy's character. If it was towards evil, he taught his pupil how to overcome and uproot it, and replace it by noble aspirations which would eventually make him a useful and honorable member of society. But where he found a nature like that of young Stout, filled with genuine generosity and an instinctive charity, with an active sense of duty and an earnest desire to be of use to those about him, the doctor's pleasure was openly manifested. So highly did he estimate his character and gifts that young Stout became his favorite pupil. To any one who enjoyed the friendship or even the acquaintance of Dr. Muhlenberg, it requires no effort to imagine the extent and value of his influence. In the case of young Stout it began with their first association, and it lasted until death. The writer often listened in his youth to the discourses of Dr. Muhlenberg delivered at the Church of the Holy Communion, and the memory and the influence of the gentle author of the hymn, "I would not live alway, I ask not to stay," survive with unabated force.

The home influences and the social surroundings of Mr. Stout were likewise of the highest description. From his father he learned the lesson of individual integrity and of that fine sense of honor which was one of his own peculiar characteristics. From him, also, he insensibly gleaned a vast amount of practical information with regard to the business interests and the charitable needs of the great metropolis in which he was born. Through him, he made the acquaintance of the most influential financiers of his native city, and in the accumulation of practical knowledge was aided and assisted at each step by parental example.

His mother, also, was and is one of the most remarkable women of her generation. Possessing an original genius which was inherent in all of the older generations of the Morris family, she added to the powers of an active mind the accumulations of a spirit cultivated with indomitable energy from infancy to age. There was no subject too small, there was no question too large, for her observation and analysis. Enjoying a wide acquaintance in the most cultured as well as the most fashionable circles of New York, which were largely recruited from her own family and its connections, she maintained an influence and a supremacy in society which were undisputed. She early awakened in the heart of her son a leaning toward steadfast friendships. His own nature taught him to select his friends with care, but when once chosen to continue true to the end.

Young Stout's boyhood was passed in the midst of delightful associations which included the agreeable people in the neighborhood of his father's country seat, and the family circle which remained at the mansion of his great-grandfather, General Lewis Morris, an estate which was cut up into lots and sold just after the civil war. The residence of his great-grand-uncle, Gouverneur Morris, was also the scene of frequent visits. The Lewis Morris house is gone, but the Gouverneur Morris house still remains very much as it was in the lifetime of that distinguished man. It is situated at the foot of One hundred and thirty-seventh street east, New York, where a large iron gateway opens to the grounds which slope to the East river. This fine, old, historical house, however, will soon also probably go, for the estate is to be divided into lots and sold within the next two years. It is a comfort to know that an exact picture of it is preserved in the *Magazine of American History* of June, 1892.

To mention the family intimates and associates in those days, would be to call the roll of representative names in the society of the period, not only in New York and its vicinity, but also in Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia, Newport, and Boston.

Among the charming spots that were familiar to young Stout were the residences of the Carys at Chelsea and at Nahant, Massachusetts. The common ancestor of the distinguished families of Cary of Massachusetts and of Virginia was William Cary, mayor of Bristol, England, in 1546, sprung from the Carys of Devonshire, to whom Lord Hunsdon belonged. The Carys were the centre of a most agreeable set, and were intimate associates of the writer's connections, the Otis family of Boston. The home life of the Carys is charmingly set forth in the delightful *Cary Letters* recently privately printed. These include a journal written by Miss Harriet Otis, a daughter of Hon. Samuel Allyne Otis, during a visit to Saratoga,

which is in the possession of her grandniece, and the writer's cousin, Mrs. Samuel Eliot *née* Emily Marshall Otis. In writing to her father, Miss Otis says: "In the retreat of this most estimable family I have found, year after year, a felicity connected with all the best feelings of my heart —a felicity which, were I always to enjoy it, would tie my feeble, unaspiring heart too closely to the world which would seem innocent and pure as that of our first parents. I can hardly recollect a period when Chelsea did not seem to me the most delightful abode I could imagine."

The writer remembers meeting, in his youth, in Paris, Mr. Thomas Cary and his two daughters, who were there with the Motleys. Mr. Motley was at that moment greatly engrossed in researches for the second volume of his history of the Netherlands. One of Mr. Cary's daughters married Professor Louis Agassiz, and the writer remembers well the tribute which that celebrated man paid to his wife almost the last time he saw him. He said: "When I wish to produce one of my scientific volumes I ask my dear wife to come into my library, and I sit down there and talk to her steadily for several hours. She then gets up and goes away, and at the end of the week she brings me, in classic English, the entire substance of my talk, thrown into one or more chapters. It is in this manner that all my later works have been produced."

Young Stout possessed that kind of organization which, governed by a tact springing from the heart, both affords comfort and attracts sympathy. He was the most manly of men, and at the same time there was in him a fibre of feminine tenderness which endeared him to all who knew him. It was curious and interesting to see how in each circle into which he might enter, whether at home or abroad, he laid hold of the attention of individuals and won their esteem and regard.

Under the informing mind of Dr. Muhlenberg he pursued his classical and mathematical studies with becoming ardor, and fitted himself for entrance into the sophomore class in Columbia college. But at this moment in his career, in the pursuit of health, it was deemed advisable to give him an ocean trip, and to continue his studies in the brilliant atmosphere of Paris. He was left alone in that gay capital at an age when most youths would have been carried astray by their surroundings. But there was in him a steadiness of purpose, a devotion to the matter in hand, which kept him faithfully at work in an atmosphere filled with every seduction. His education at this period was pursued with such vigor and success that he was soon qualified as an engineer, and it was this fact and these special studies which led him afterward to originate and push forward the New York state survey.

At the close of his foreign sojourn he returned to New York and read law, thus filling his mind with precedents and principles which greatly increased his usefulness in after years. A little later he became the private secretary of the Hon. Hiram Barney, collector of the port, who is still alive in a green old age, and speaks with affectionate respect of Francis A. Stout.

The practical character of Mr. Stout's mind was constantly manifested in the confidential office which he held, and which was likewise peculiarly fitted to call forth the delicacy, tact, and upright diplomacy which distinguished him in dealing with difficult questions or persons. There is a subtlety of intellect which is associated with, and springs from, intrinsic integrity combined with a judicial judgment. This Mr. Stout possessed in a high degree. It was essential to him always to know the truth, and even where its discovery proved the presence of an injury to himself, he covered the fault with the mantle of his abounding charity.

Just as the possibilities of a large field of usefulness were bearing fruit, and the world on all sides looked bright and full of hope, young Stout was stricken by a long and lingering illness, which brought out the many manly and unselfish traits of his character. Lying upon his back for several years, and enduring that kind of imprisonment which women bear with peculiar courage, but which men shrink from with instinctive horror, he supported his sufferings with a manly patience which excited the love and the respect of all his friends. During this weary period he applied himself to the reading of the best literature, and to the cultivation of those studies which formed the basis of his subsequent career. In these pursuits he had the wise support of his maternal uncle, Mr. Arthur Morris, who possessed the most delightful talent for conversation, and who illustrated his themes by the most original and apt examples. In the after-dinner talk of Mr. Stout, the writer was constantly reminded both of Mr. Arthur Morris and of Mr. Stout's mother. Although these family resemblances were strikingly evident, there was, in Mr. Stout, an individuality of form and idea.

It was at this time that his mind was especially directed to the public and private charities of New York, and to the needs and wants of classes of the community who were still uncared for, and during the long watches of the night he evolved many thoughts and ideas which afterwards found their place in the origin or development of some charitable work. He became, also, what he continued to be until the end of his life, an assiduous reader of the daily press, both of his own and of foreign countries. Rejecting useless items, he systematized the daily life of the world, and

pursued or corrected opinions thereon with a pertinacity which nothing could withstand. Like Charles Reade, the novelist, he assimilated and used a vast amount of practical information which he had derived from the columns of the different journals; so that, if you asked him a question as to the situation of a certain subject, he was at once ready with a correct reply.

There is nothing that so distinctly tests friendship, and the power of an individual to evoke it, as a lingering malady. Mr. Stout clearly showed at this period the extent and depth of the affection which he had awakened. His days were cheered by the presence of hearty sympathizers, who brought him news from the currents of daily life, and informed him of an atmosphere social, literary, scientific, and charitable, into which his state of health did not allow him to personally penetrate. In the course of these many interviews he exchanged views which had arisen in his mind, and there went forth from his sick-chamber a direct influence for good, which bore fruit in many useful ways. After his recovery—for his vigorous constitution eventually asserted itself—Mr. Stout never practised a profession or actively engaged in business, except in connection with the supervision of estates and of his private affairs. He possessed one extraordinary gift, which was the keynote to his success and influence. He had the power of rendering the dryest subject attractive and interesting through his original and picturesque manner of treating it. The sources of his information seemed also to be inexhaustible. You might ask him a question upon almost any conceivable subject, and he would always have something useful and suggestive to say about it. Suggestiveness lay at the base of his genius. In considering a subject for the first time, his method of looking at it, his way of examining it, were full of suggestions that set on foot trains of thought in the minds of all who listened to him.

Mr. Stout was not a literary man, and yet he possessed the literary faculty in a high degree. If he was interested in a subject his mind was so permeated by it that he either threw out his ideas himself, in a trenchant, incisive, and attractive style in the periodicals of the day, or he suggested and formulated in the mind of another, articles which bore the stamp of his individuality. I have known him to suggest a paper and to mark it out, not only in its outlines, but in its details, in such a characteristic and graphic manner, that his hearer carried away not only the thoughts enunciated, but even their color and vivacity.

After his marriage in 1884, his home became the centre of a delightful circle, who enjoyed hospitalities which were unceasing. Blessed with a

young and beautiful wife who had received her education abroad, and whose cultivation and whose tastes were in entire unison with his own, and whose family had been strong allies of his own family in the most trying moments of the country's history, he manifested in a remarkable degree his powers of adaptation and of sympathy, which enabled him to win the earnest affection and deep devotion of one so much younger than himself.

Gradually there assembled in their salons and around their table a group of persons who, while fashionable by position and association, were seriously devoted to beneficial labors in the community at large. These were reinforced by the younger generation just setting forth upon the voyage of life, and whose ideas and characters were influenced and formed for good by the unpedantic and sprightly conversation which carried with it an undertone of serious intent.

Remembering Mr. Stout's training as a civil engineer, we are not astonished to find that a congenial subject so entirely possessed his mind that in working it out to its legitimate result he became the father of the New York state survey. He found that the first official map of New York was prepared by C. J. Sauthier and was published in 1779, and that this map embraced most of the tracts and patents of land granted by the colonial government, exclusive of the land granted within the bounds of the present state of Vermont, and that a marked feature of it was an attempt at topographical delineation. In pursuing his investigations he reviewed the labors of a federal court appointed by congress, and of which his wife's great-great-grandfather, George Read of Delaware, "the signer," was one of the commissioners to determine an important controversy in relation to territory between New York and Massachusetts.

His attention was next directed to the second map of the state, which was prepared by Simeon DeWitt, who had served as geographer of the United States in the revolutionary army, under the immediate command of General Washington, and was appointed in 1784 surveyor-general of the state of New York, a post which he filled for nearly half a century. DeWitt's map was based upon his own surveys when in the United States service, and upon documentary evidence in the state archives, and first made its appearance in 1802.

In 1829, Burr's atlas of the state of New York was printed, after being officially revised by the surveyor-general and comptroller, the former being Simeon DeWitt. By act of the legislature it was published at the expense of the state. Mr. James Terry Gardiner, the distinguished director of the state survey, says: "While it has served, like its suc-

cessors, the purposes for which it was chiefly intended, that of delineating as fully as possible the artificial condition and progress of the state upon a mere skeleton of natural features, it has not served the great economic purposes to which properly constructed maps, based upon reliable surveys, are applicable in any country, and especially in this commonwealth, whose natural advantages are second to those of no section of like extent upon the face of the globe." Mr. Gardiner further says: "that the errors and deficiencies of the best maps hitherto published are the unavoidable results of imperfect surveys; for the only way of securing an accurate map is to cause a careful survey of the state to be made by experienced surveyors, using the most perfect instruments known to the profession. The surveys which have been made, being fragmentary and disjointed, and made by surveyors of varying qualifications, must necessarily abound in error; and as these errors have become more widely known, attention has been officially called to them, from time to time."

These facts, which Mr. Stout had gleaned for himself many years before the above words were written, made the deepest impression upon his mind. In pursuing his inquiries he found that while it was true that the subject had been alluded to by various state officials from time to time, no real progress had been made towards an accurate survey of the state. He now set about a thorough examination of the results obtained by the United States coast survey, which had established a series of stations in the southeastern part of the state, and of those of the "United States lake survey, which were approaching from the westward and planting stations," says Mr. Gardiner, "on Lakes Erie and Ontario, and the river St. Lawrence. Those independent, but reliable, systems of triangulation, gratuitously established and carried forward by the general government within our borders, served as standing examples for imitation, and as a forcible appeal to our own citizens and legislators to utilize them with the consent of the national authorities in charge, as parts of a general system, that should ultimately be made to cover the entire state, and thus furnish the requisite bases for uniform and accurate local surveys, as well as material for a reliable official map of the state. The way having thus been prepared," continues Mr. Gardiner, "it remained for some man or body of men to initiate an effective movement in this direction."

The man who stepped to the front and initiated this important work was Francis A. Stout. By his suggestion and under his direct impulsion, the American Geographical Society in the autumn of 1875 appointed a committee to examine into the necessity for a state survey. The compo-

sition of that committee is an indication of the manner in which Mr. Stout managed to obtain assistance in carrying out any great project to which his time and energies were pledged. He did not have himself named chairman of the committee, but he put forward the president of the society, retaining only for himself a membership of the committee. In the transactions of this body he held the laboring oar, and as the result, Mr. Gardiner informs us that the committee found and reported in substance that there had never been an official survey of the state; that there was no topographical map of its surface, and that the maps published by private parties were grossly erroneous, the misplacement on them of important towns and cities often amounting to several miles. The vigorous representation of these facts to the legislature of 1876 resulted in an appropriation for making an accurate trigonometric and topographical survey of the state, and in the appointment of seven commissioners to conduct the same.

Mr. Stout was the life and soul of the body of men who brought about this important work. From that day to the time of his death he never ceased to labor in season and out of season in behalf of a cause with which his name will always be most intimately associated. On his tomb there might well be engraved these words: "Here lies the father of the state survey."

That the writer has not exaggerated the extent and value of Mr. Stout's services in this respect may be clearly seen from the following extracts from a letter addressed by Mr. Gardiner to Mr. George Dillaway, one of the intimate friends and executors of Mr. Stout: "From 1873 to 1875, when, as geographer in charge of the geological and geographical survey of the territories, my headquarters were in Washington, Mr. Stout, then vice-president of the American Geographical Society, made several visits to the offices of the survey, and manifested a very lively interest in the careful topographical surveys that were then being made of Colorado. It was at this time that I think Mr. Stout first felt the possibility of securing for the state of New York a thorough topographical survey which should result in maps similar in character to those of advanced European countries, with which he was familiar.

He had investigated for himself the wretched condition of the maps of the state of New York, and the inaccurate surveys upon which they were based; for in 1875, when the overstrain of exploration forced me to resign my position, with no prospect, as the physicians told me, of ever being able to resume the rough work in the western mountains, Mr. Stout came to me at once, and laid before me his conception of an accurate and

thorough topographical survey of the state of New York, asked me my views regarding the feasibility of it, and stated his determination to bring the matter before the attention of those who could control political action, and to push it by every means, until its necessity and importance were felt, and its execution begun.

I state these facts in order to make it clear to you that the conception of a state survey of New York, based on a triangulation of the highest order, *was entirely due to Mr. Stout*, and that he came to me with the purpose and plan thoroughly matured in all its general features. He stated to me that he had been waiting only to find a man who could carry out his ideal before attempting to establish the survey. I aided Mr. Stout in the perfection of his plan, in technical details, and, at his request, prepared for the Geographical Society a paper on the subject of a topographical survey of New York, its necessities, its methods of execution, and its cost, which should serve as a basis of a plan of action.

During the year 1875 Mr. Stout devoted time and energy to interesting the president and prominent members of the Geographical Society, Governor Tilden, and many men prominent in political life. Among others, he interested Dr. Hayes, the Arctic explorer, who was elected a member of the legislature. As soon as the legislature met, a bill was prepared, and Mr. Stout went with me to Albany, taking letters of introduction to many prominent politicians, who afterwards became firm friends of the survey.

In my judgment, the passage of the bill organizing the state survey in the spring of 1876 was due principally to the untiring efforts of Mr. Stout. We often went to Albany together in this matter, and I was a constant witness of his untiring and unselfish public spirit.

When the survey was organized, Mr. Stout was appointed one of the commissioners. Hon. John V. L. Pruyn of Albany was chairman of the commission. Among Mr. Stout's associates were Governor Seymour, Vice-President Wheeler, Hon. Robert S. Hale, President Barnard of Columbia College, Lieutenant-Governor Dorsheimer, and other distinguished men. By this commission I was chosen director of the state survey and had selected my chief assistants, when the opposition of the comptroller of the state made it evident that the money appropriated would be held back for a year. By these means the comptroller hoped to stop the survey, to which he was much opposed. At this point Mr. Stout stepped forward and offered to advance from his personal means the sum necessary to carry on the survey for the first year, the fact being that the first year would necessarily be devoted to a reconnoissance for the primary triangulation, and preparation for the beginning of that important

work. Through Mr. Stout's prompt help I was able to go forward and carry out all that was necessary for the first year, and when at last the comptroller was obliged to pay the vouchers, I was able to return to Mr. Stout all that he had loaned to the survey.

The work then went straight forward, delayed only by the constant annual struggle for appropriations in the legislature. Both the public and the legislature had to be educated to the importance of this scientific work. In the long and constant efforts that followed, by which the annual appropriations were secured, Mr. Stout's time and means and influence were given, and his most encouraging help and brave spirit were my inspiration and support, until the work was at last brought to a close by Governor Hill's veto of the appropriation in 1885. The work of triangulation that was done is complete in itself, is of the highest order, and remains as a secure foundation for any superstructure of topographical work that may hereafter be made.

The survey, which was Mr. Stout's conception, resulting in completed topographical maps, he did not live to see realized, although the plan was supported by the scientific men of the whole country. But of the wisdom of the plan and of its future execution, when the people of the state shall become more intelligent, and the politicians more under the influence of the intelligent classes, there can be no doubt. When at last, instead of the present crude and inaccurate maps of New York, the scientific world and the public have at their command a true topographical map of the state, I hope it will never be forgotten that the conception of this work, and the foundation upon which it rests, were due to the enlightened foresight and the unselfish efforts of our dear friend, Francis A. Stout."

In the intervals of a busy life, Mr. Stout found time to attend to his duties as a trustee of the Greenwich Bank for savings, as a director of the South Carolina Railway Company, as a trustee of the New York society library, and as the very active and able senior vice-president of the American Geographical Society. He was also connected with various other literary, scientific, and charitable institutions in New York City. Among the latter were the Orthopedic Hospital; the New York Asylum for the Blind, a state institution of which he was for twenty-five years a trustee and supporter; the Cancer Hospital; and the Samaritan Home for the Aged, wherein he held high office and exercised great influence; and he was for many years chairman of the meetings of the state "Charities Aid" Association. His important charitable labors were internationally known, and received ample recognition throughout Europe at the time of his decease.

Although Mr. Stout had distinguished family connections in the south, he sympathized from an early period with the abolition movement, and belonged to the Republican party. He was unceasingly active in support of the Union during the civil war, and served as a special policeman in the draft riots in 1863, in New York city. It was at this time that he rescued and concealed in his own house the Hon. John Jay, who was an object of hatred to the mob. Mr. Jay passed many anxious hours in an upper chamber of the house in Ninth street, only venturing out for a few moments after midnight to get a breath of fresh air. These two warm friends and connections further cemented in these trying moments a friendship which had originated years before. In this emergency Mr. Stout evinced that cool courage and far-sighted judgment which always distinguished him in moments of peril.

There was another civic duty from which he never shrank. Whenever called to serve upon the grand jury he came forward with alacrity, and so directed his investigations and so shaped his conclusions that valuable results invariably sprung from any initiative that he might take. The position of a grand juror is not an inviting one; it is hedged with difficulties; it is surrounded by discomforts. The man who willingly accepts such functions and performs them with all honesty, and with entire devotion to the public weal, deserves to be ranked among the highest benefactors of the community.

While seldom accepting office at the hands of the national government, Mr. Stout was deeply interested in all national issues and questions. His theories with regard to hard money and the national banking system were well defined and inflexibly maintained. He was one of the trusted friends and political counselors of New York's war governor, the Hon. E. D. Morgan, who had the highest opinion of his political sagacity and foresight. In many of the important measures introduced into the senate by that eminent statesman, the ideas and views of Mr. Stout are largely represented. As a mark of intimate personal esteem and respect, Governor Morgan, a short time before his death, presented to Mr. Stout a magnificent pair of carriage horses, which survive to-day as memorials of the close relations existing between those two distinguished men. And here one may be permitted to enlarge upon Mr. Stout's remarkable power of making and retaining friends. He had that sympathetic quality of mind and heart which led him to rejoice whenever he heard of the success of even a mere acquaintance; but when his friendship was really enlisted, there was no end to the exertions he put forth. If there was anything to be done to advance the interests of the individual, he left no stone

unturned, he neglected no opportunity, and he eventually triumphed, no matter how much time was required. This quality was readily recognized even by those who were but superficially acquainted with his many other admirable traits; and when he died, throughout the many circles wherein he was known, both at home and abroad, each person felt a keen sense of loss, and as if one of their earthly ties had been severed.

Geography was one of Mr. Stout's favorite fields of study. Although vastly informed in this direction, he continued to be always an earnest inquirer, who, keeping abreast of the discoveries of the age, was enabled, from time to time, to suggest new themes and new problems for solution. His reputation was of the highest among geographical students in all parts of the world, and the writer has heard some of the most eminent European savants mention him in terms of the highest praise. His interest in geography led him into the investigation of the feasibility of a trans-continental canal through Nicaragua. After exhaustive research he became convinced both of the possibility and the paramount necessity of such a waterway; and, as a patriotic American, he desired that it should be under government control, foreseeing the gigantic advantages which our government would eventually derive thereby. Upon the organization of the Nicaragua Canal Construction Company, his extended knowledge, his executive ability, his large influence, and high character, naturally led to his being elected president.

The extent and variety of his labors, including international correspondence, while holding this office, can scarcely be adequately indicated in such a place. After most arduous work in America and Europe, he resigned on account of a difference of opinion upon the financial theories which should govern the company; and even those who differed from him felt, and did not hesitate to say, that the corporation had lost a most honorable, high-minded, and able administrator. The formal resolutions of the board of directors of the company, which were unanimously passed upon his retirement, emphasized this view.

We have referred to Mr. Stout's long and active association with the American Geographical Society, of which he became a fellow in 1860, was made honorary secretary in 1870, and held office as second and eventually as senior vice-president from 1872 to the time of his death in 1892. As early as 1865 the American Geographical Society issued a commission to Mr. Stout, as their foreign corresponding secretary, to visit Europe for the purpose of representing the society in kindred institutions, and to establish a more perfect system of exchanges of books, maps, charts, tables, and other geographical and statistical information with the various

European governments. The official organ of the society says: "Historical geography especially attracted Mr. Stout's attention, but he took a deep interest in every branch of the science, and closely followed its progress. He enriched the library of the society with valuable gifts, including rare atlases of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and costly illustrated works; and measures for the advancement of the association and the increase of its usefulness called forth his wise criticism and suggestions, or enlisted his hearty coöperation.

He was the representative of the society in the International congresses held at Antwerp and at Berne. His dignified bearing and strict courtesy told of long culture and a wide experience of life, while those brought into closer relations with him learned to appreciate his acute and vigorous intellect, and to rely upon the sincerity of a nature made for friendship.

It was in 1891 that Mr. Stout attended the geographical congress at Berne, Switzerland, as one of the American delegates, and was appointed a vice-president of this important scientific gathering, which included the most distinguished names in geographical science. The paper which he read at that time upon the Nicaragua canal was never reported in full. It was listened to with close attention, and its remarkable analysis, its learned yet attractive statistics, were followed with eager attention and with repeated applause. Mr. Stout was particularly happy as a presiding officer. He united great courtesy and gentleness to quickness of perception and decision to which his habitual dignity lent impressive force. At this congress, as in former ones, he largely increased his circle of friends and admirers, and when the news of his death reached Europe, the sorrow expressed was genuine and enduring.

Mr. Stout possessed the true geographical spirit. He was not content simply to read the travels, adventures, and researches of others, but he became a traveler of keen perception and observation, who never forgot what he saw, and who always saw even the most minute things. His love of nature was one of his charms. After he had thoroughly explored all the beauties of the North American and European continents, he recommenced his journeys and renewed his investigations. He liked to ascend some vast mountain chain and commune alone with the evidences of God's greatness; and when he returned to the haunts of men he brought with him new and invigorating inspiration, and that originality and freshness which close conversation with nature alone can awaken.

In 1873, Mr. Stout, at the request of the state department assumed temporary direction of the office in New York of the commission to the Vienna exposition. He was afterwards appointed a commissioner of the

United States to Vienna, where his tact, urbanity, and wisdom solved more than one difficult question. He was also a commissioner from Nicaragua to the French exposition of 1889. He accepted this trust in order to bring the question of the Nicaragua canal more directly to the attention of European nations. His task was a delicate one, for M. de Lesseps had absorbed the attention of France with the Panama canal, and it required infinite tact and the influence of a powerful personality to obtain the official and public ear. He found in the person of his friend Mr. Medina, the Nicaraguan minister in Paris, an able and congenial coadjutor. As the result of the judicious labors of these two gentlemen, public attention was widely attracted to a superb model of the proposed Nicaragua canal, which was exposed in the Nicaraguan section of the exposition, and was so realistic in its character that the lakes, rivers, and canal sections were filled with water.

The difficulties of the situation were in no wise concealed, but the engineering problems were in each case met and successfully demonstrated and determined on the model, and before the eyes of the spectators. It can be easily understood that success crowned all the efforts of Mr. Stout, and that in spite of the delicate position in which he was placed, owing to the antagonistic interests of the Nicaragua and Panama canals, his high character and scientific attainments were recognized by the French government by the bestowal upon him of the dignity and insignia of "Officer of Public Instruction."

Mr. Stout's charming qualities of mind and heart were delightfully evinced in his home relations. Living unmarried until middle life, his filial devotion was at every instant manifested; and after his marriage his constant care was bestowed upon his aged mother, who felt that she had not lost a son, while she had gained a daughter. And there never was, moreover, a man more thoroughly fitted to make his home life a happy one. His delicacy of feeling and his uniform kindness manifested themselves at every turn, and the variety of his ideas and conversation lent a vivid interest to daily intercourse. In the decoration and embellishment of his home, he was also unsurpassed. He was one of the most cultivated and learned authorities upon art and bric-a-brac, and his house bears witness to the accuracy of his taste and the extent of his knowledge.

Mr. Stout's father had purchased an estate at Newport upon which he erected a residence at a period when cottage life had scarcely begun—the same year and by the same builder as the cottage of George Bancroft. In the writer's early boyhood he spent several summers at Newport, and can only remember at that time the cottages of Mr. Sidney Brooks, George

H. Calvert, Mr. Richard Derby, and those of the Bruens and the Middletons of South Carolina. At that time hotel life prevailed. The Atlantic House, the Ocean House, the Fillmore, and the Bellevue, each had its fashionable coterie. Bellevue Avenue could not be said to exist, and one made their way through countless gates which were opened by young urchins who were glad to pick up the pennies showered upon them.

After the death of the elder Mr. Stout, his son turned his attention to the embellishment of his place. Having a genuine talent for landscape gardening, he eventually produced really marvelous effects in that enchanting home upon the cliffs whereon now stands the marine residence of Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt. Mr. Stout, moreover, succeeded in producing in his hot and cold glass-houses some of the most exquisite tropical fruits, and the orchids which he grew formed an important chapter in floral culture. He was one of the founders of the old Newport Reading Room, that most delightful resort where before the war the representative men of the north and south were wont to gather in social converse, and the historic names of the country were most agreeably illustrated. It was a little earlier than this that the writer remembers the visit of Henry Clay to Newport. The old statesman was sadly broken, and when the men embraced him and the women kissed him, and he heard him on all sides spoken of as a *great* man, the extremely youthful writer was puzzled to understand how such a term could be applied to such an enfeebled specimen of humanity.

In the last century Newport was the resort of representative southern families, and Mr. George Mason, in his *Reminiscences*, records the visit of the writer's great-grandfather, George Read, the signer, at the close of the Revolutionary war. Newport continued to be a place of southern resort until the civil war, and among those most warmly received was Colonel Magruder, then in command at Fort Adams, who afterwards became the famous confederate general.

We have seen that Mr. Stout was a "Christian gentleman given to hospitality." There was another agreeable phase in his many-sided life. As a member and frequenter of the foremost clubs of New York, and of many like associations in the country at large and abroad, he will long be remembered as an eminently clubable man. That is to say, one saturated with the amenities of life, and so unobtrusively informed upon a wide range of subjects, and so rigidly careful of the feelings of others, as to weave many threads of friendship, and to leave a distinct void when called away. There are choice coteries in all of the older clubs, who were for years closely associated with Mr. Stout, and who will cherish his memory as long as life lasts. The writer recalls the moments fraught with pleasure

passed with Mr. Stout in years gone by at the Union, the Knickerbocker, the New York Yacht, the Union League, the old Newport Reading Room, and the Century clubs. The thought of those experiences brings into memory many eminent and charming friends who have passed over to the majority, and includes an equal number who now lament the unexpected departure of a tried and true friend.

In his love of mountain climbing and in his devotion to yachting, Mr. Stout exhibited the robust leanings of his English ancestors. He took the deepest interest in the New York Yacht club, and within a comparatively short time of his death attended its annual regatta. As an owner of a yacht himself, he made many cruises and showed himself to be an able amateur navigator. He had distinctly the real yachting spirit, for he loved long voyages under sail, and detested the mechanical progression under steam. I am speaking of him now as a yachtsman, for he likewise dearly enjoyed ocean trips upon the great Atlantic steamers. The sea in every shape interested him, and it is a question which delighted him the most, the bracing atmosphere of the mountains, and the changing hues of their snow-clad summits, or the salty sting of a sweeping sea breeze.

Mr. Stout took a lively interest in the Metropolitan club, of which he was one of the founders, and was fully convinced that it would become one of the great representative clubs of the world. The writer has spoken in another place of Mr. Stout's connection with the Republican party, but it must be said that his sympathies were not enlisted in behalf of a high protective tariff. Indeed, his independence in this particular was the result of extended studies and of supreme convictions. His position and opinions were so well known as to lead to his election, in 1880, as an honorary member of the Cobden club.

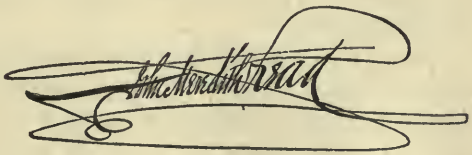
Mr. Stout was an always welcome member of the "Round Table," a dinner club which holds in New York the same position which the "Diner des Spartiates" has so long maintained in Paris. In the give and take of this brilliant group of men, Mr. Stout's conversational gifts were readily acknowledged and appreciated. His power of listening was as remarkable as his power of talking. The former faculty grew out of his innate courtesy, and his eagerness for information. This earnest interest in every conceivable subject contributed largely to his success.

Mr. Stout was not only a typical American of the best school, characterized by the broadest views of national patriotism, but he was also a typical New Yorker. Associated through his family with the foundation, the traditions, and the progress of his native city, he was devotedly attached to the metropolis where his youth and mature manhood were

principally passed. Knowing intimately and appreciating thoroughly the advantages and beauties and manifold charms to be found in the society and the collections of foreign capitals, he always returned to his native place with renewed affection, which grew with his years and deepened with his experience. There was no New Yorker who had more thoroughly explored the sunny and the mournful sides of the great city. A welcome guest in that innermost select circle of social life to which he belonged by birth, instinct, and accomplishments, he still was thoroughly acquainted with the painful and distressing phases of human life scattered throughout less smiling districts. His abounding charity led him to seek out the deserving poor, and to join in the various charitable undertakings which ministered to their various needs.

The quality of human sympathy so pervaded his daily life, that when he died there was a universal expression of grief from every class in the community, which found its way not merely through the public press, but through innumerable private channels. It was touching to hear the words of sorrow which were spoken by old servants who had long since gone away, and these evidences of respectful admiration were echoed by those who had remained in his service. In looking over the countless letters received upon the occasion of his death, one is struck by the unanimous tribute to his character as a friend, as a man of large and superior intellect, of great strength of character, governed by a tender appreciation of the feelings of others, and of remarkable executive ability, which were combined with a patriotic foresight and wisdom, entitling him to the respect and regard of his countrymen. In foreign countries his loss was unanimously deplored, and the consensus of the public press universally praised his high character, his delightful social qualities, his superior gifts of mind, and his charitable and scientific labors.

The best representation of his powerful and sympathetic face is the imperial photograph by Eugene Piron which the *Figaro* displayed in 1891 in its gallery of distinguished men.



PARIS, FRANCE

GLIMPSES OF THE COLLEGE OF NEW JERSEY

AMERICAN EDUCATION ASSOCIATED WITH AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE

When James K. Paulding with Washington Irving visited Princeton in 1808, he was so favorably impressed with the situation and surroundings of the College of New Jersey, that he afterwards embodied his impressions in the following lines:

> "With blistered feet we faltering came
> To where old Princeton's classic fane,
> With cupola and copper vane,
> And learning's holy honors crown'd,
> Looks from her high hill all around
> O'er such a wondrous fairy scene
> Of waving woods and meadows green,
> That sooth to say, a man might swear
> Was never seen so wondrous fair."

There stood upon the college grounds in 1808, but a short distance back from the old king's highway, the solitary building of Nassau Hall. At the time of its erection in 1756, it was the largest single building in the colonies, built of untrimmed native sandstone, in substantial colonial style, four stories high and about three hundred feet long. This was the infant College of New Jersey. The building faced the north, and the student of that day, looking from his window, could see the gentle slope of Rocky Hill, the middle ground between New York and Philadelphia, partly covered by trees, partly laid out in cultivated fields; and southward, the broad expanse of low-lying Jersey, presenting a woodland scene of varied beauty, with here a spire to mark a settlement, or there a glittering watercourse.

In 1746, ten years before the erection of this building, the college had been founded at Elizabethtown, where lived the Rev. Jonathan Dickinson, for many years a successful teacher of young men in general learning and theology, who was chosen its first president, and whose duty was to defeat the charges brought against the New York synod of the Presbyterian church, that too many uneducated men filled the pulpits east of the Delaware. There is now in Princeton, apart from the college, the largest theological seminary in the land, the college itself being purely non-sectarian.

At Nassau Hall assembled a body of youths who received instruction in all the higher branches of learning then taught in the four existing American colleges, and here through Presidents Aaron Burr (father of Colonel Aaron Burr), Jonathan Edwards, Samuel Davies, Samuel Finlay and John Witherspoon, successively, was fostered that intellectual zeal which had such a powerful influence in moulding public sentiment in those stirring and formative times. There is a peculiar charm about this place where the history of American education is so intimately associated with that of American independence. We read how the school was broken up in 1776, when the British under Grant made the building their headquarters, with its basement a stable for their horses, while its eminent president, Dr. Witherspoon, who had signed the Declaration of Independence, was in the continental congress at Baltimore. When Washington's troops had routed the English in that critical battle of the Revolution at Princeton, he ordered a cannonade of Nassau Hill, which with slight damage reduced it to his possession. It is said that the portrait of Washington by the elder Peale, now hanging in an old frame in North college, was paid for with a fund of two hundred and fifty dollars left by Washington himself to repair this damage, which consisted chiefly of the destruction of an effigy of George II., which was then in this frame. The continental congress used the building for their sittings when driven from Philadelphia, and adjourned in 1783 to attend in a body the college commencement. In 1802 every remaining trace of unfriendly British was removed by a fire which destroyed all of Nassau Hall, except its strong stone walls.

Repaired and refitted, "Old Nassau" stands to-day as it stood at the beginning of the century, but where were "waving woods and meadows green" in 1808 are now the broad lawns, the walks and the wide-spreading elms of a college campus; and upon this campus have been erected twenty-four edifices of stone and four of brick, all devoted to the purposes of the new university. The main campus has been plotted and laid out by landscaper Olmstead, with a view to future building, and to the conversion of the whole into a handsome park. The older graduates of the college will feel a pride and pleasure in the news that, since June, 1889, new buildings, representing a sum exceeding a million of dollars, have been wholly or partially completed. These include Magnetic observatory (1889); Dynamo building (1889); Albert Dod Hall (1890); Chemical laboratory (1891); David Brown Hall (1891); Osborn Athletic club house (1892); Cottage club house (1892); Cap and Gown club house (1892); Clio Hall (1892); Whig Hall (1892); 'Varsity Team club house;

Alexander Hall; Brokaw memorial archway and athletic building; the Isabella McCosh infirmary; and the Princeton inn.

Alexander Hall, the gift of Mrs. Charles B. Alexander of New York city, will be, when completed, a superb structure, and unquestionably the handsomest building on the campus. It is designed as a commencement hall, at a cost of about three hundred thousand dollars, in Gothic style, semicircular in plan, with a circular tower on either side and a cloister surrounding it. The material will be principally red Carlisle Scotch freestone, which will also supply the trimmings, with Scotch granite for the part above the first floor, oak for the woodwork, and without the use of plaster in any part of the structure. The Brokaw memorial arch and building, the gift of Mr. Isaac V. Brokaw of New York City, will be fitted as a gymnasium, with two clubrooms, nine hundred lockers, a large swimming tank, plunge and shower baths. It will stand on new athletic grounds, south of Edwards Hall, sufficiently large for two foot-ball fields, a base-ball diamond, and a number of tennis courts. A new and somewhat irregular quadrangle has been formed by the dormitories, Edwards and Albert Dod Hall on the west, David Brown Hall on the south, the art building on the east, and literary halls on the north, leaving open ground within for the only other building that will be placed on this addition to the old campus. The Princeton inn is an enterprise of Princeton graduates. The grounds for this building include six and a quarter acres, upon which "Morven," the Stockton mansion, has stood for many years, and these with the hotel and its furnishings will represent one hundred thousand dollars, a most laudable investment in the interest of the college and its visiting friends.

The alumni of Princeton may feel assured that, so far as educational advantages rest upon physical endowments, and by reason of a system of instruction developing wisely on safe lines, the College of New Jersey retains its place in the foremost rank of American colleges, the fruit of the prayers, the self-denials, and the faith of its pious founders.

In its system of instruction and in the arrangement of its courses, it has always maintained a "progressive conservatism," with willingness to extend the subjects of study along lines indicated by the development of the best modern thought; there is, nevertheless, caution in so doing. It has made changes reluctantly in the academic course requiring any reduction in the time allowed to classical study, believing that the ancient languages are indispensable as a foundation for the fabric of a liberal education—that only with them can a student become a profound and an accomplished scholar. Its policy in this regard, as compared with that of

Harvard and Yale, is on middle ground; for Harvard has departed farthest from the old form common to all, while Yale has kept the closest. "The trend of academic training in Princeton," writes Professor Sloane, "is toward the cultivation of aptitudes, and the creation of that small but precious aristocracy of scholars, men who from childhood ride their hobby because they early recognize their gifts, and so attain heights which serve as landmarks for the great mass of broadly-educated men."

Of all the elements which combine to make life in Princeton what it is, the dormitory system is perhaps the most important. There are no Greek-letter fraternities. The students do not live in chapter-houses, as in colleges where these societies flourish, but they occupy single or double rooms in eight stone dormitory buildings upon the campus or in dwelling-houses in the town. This makes the college thoroughly democratic. The undergraduate Princeton student does not feel the need of the Greek-letter fraternity, for he finds a literary training in Whig or Clio Hall which has helped to raise many men to eminence, and he finds social intercourse, varied and abundant, in the dormitories. Whoever proposes to abolish the dormitory system because of an *esprit-de-corps*, which sometimes appears absurd and barbarous, overlooks the benefits to be derived from it, far outweighing its real or imaginary evils. The good of a college course has often been said to lie in the greatest degree in its social aspect; and its social aspect, in turn, finds its utmost perfection in dormitory life.

In the student's room is produced not only whatever scheme of folly or of fun the undergraduate's mind conceives, but also serious thought; and here, by the intercourse of mind with mind, a college sentiment is developed and maintained. Topics of graver or of lighter interest—the politics of the country and the politics of the college; the character of the leading statesmen of the time, and the character of the leading men of the class and college; the literature of ancient and modern times, and the prominent writers of their own circle; the last lesson, the last lecture, the last foot-ball match, the last cotillon; the latest news, the latest joke, the latest hoax—all are reported and discussed by the men who meet in the student's room for the social "pow-wow." Such gatherings give to each class its own peculiar individuality, and to the united classes the character of a social organization of which each individual is a part and to which he owes his allegiance. Thus Princeton, without the fraternity system, produces a fellowship of all its members in a single brotherhood, which is liberalizing and desirable.

The student's room is his castle. His personality is reflected in ornaments, furniture, pictures, books, banners, and trophies of social conquest.

Here he sleeps, studies, reads, and entertains his friends. He has a blissful feeling of contentment in his room, like that of Heine who sings:

"Outside fall the snowflakes lightly,
Through the night loud raves the storm;
In my room the fire glows brightly,
And 'tis cosy, silent, warm."

It is the time and place for a book—the text-book of course first of all. But when studying is finished, it is one of the sweetest pleasures of his existence to lose himself in a volume of his favorite author, comfortably settled in an arm-chair before a glowing grate. The scholastic spirit pervades a college town; the student's room is its abiding-place. Let him read, study, learn. As he ascends the hill of learning, the horizon of intelligence broadens. He gives vitality to thought, which makes knowledge a power for good in history; and humanity for all time is the gainer from his studious devotion.

Another important element of the life at Princeton are the historic literary "halls," the only secret societies in the college. The Cliosophic and American Whig societies were founded in 1765 and 1769 respectively, the one by Oliver Ellsworth and his college associates, the other by James Madison. They are the oldest college secret organizations. They are valued, because whatever distinction their graduates have attained in eloquence and belles-lettres, it has been largely ascribed to the training received in these societies. Both pursue courses of literary exercise under forms of parliamentary usage, award numerous prizes for orations, essays, and debate, and grant diplomas to their respective graduates. The Lynde debate by seniors, and the junior orations are well-known public inter-hall contests of commencement week. The new buildings, recently built from Vermont marble in pure Ionic, on an enlarged plan, similar to the old halls, whose prototype was an ancient temple on the Ilissos in Greece, are striking ornaments to the campus. They contain libraries of about ten thousand volumes each, reading-rooms, and chambers for meetings.

There are two religious organizations, the Philadelphian and St. Paul societies. The former, the Young Men's Christian Association of the college, possesses a handsome brown-stone building on the campus; the latter, associated with the Episcopal church, holds its meetings in the Episcopal chapel.

The routine of duty for the student is much the same for all, varied, of course, according to the classes and the courses. He arises in the morning in time to eat a hasty breakfast before going to chapel at a

quarter past eight. He runs to chapel usually, leaps up the half-dozen steps at the entrance, and squeezes himself in before the implacable door-tender closes the door upon his heels. Chapel attendance is compulsory. The man who devotes himself during the prayer to the completion of his toilet says to himself: "It is galling and humiliating to be tied to the knell of a chapel bell as firmly as an infant to the apron-strings of his nurse; to reflect when one wakes in the morning that in precisely so many minutes after he has broken the mystic spell and dressed himself, no matter what his feelings, in rain or sunshine, he will have to take to his heels and place himself on the other side of a chapel door." The same lamentable sentiment, differently expressed, is heard wherever restraint is placed upon independent action; but its influence reaches only a few individuals in a college community where the superior wisdom and paramount authority of the faculty are willingly conceded by all. A conference committee, composed of class representatives, has been established, whose duty is to confer with the faculty upon those matters of difference, however trivial, involving the rights and obligations of the student body.

After the morning services the students separate, some to eat the neglected breakfasts, some to return to their rooms, most of them to attend the first morning recitation at half-past eight. Three words are employed in speaking of a recitation—"flunk," "fizzle," and "tear." These denote three grades of excellence or failure. The first signifies the point-blank confession, "not prepared," or an attempt to recite, with entire failure; the second, a mild and painfully-prolonged exhibition of ignorance; the third, a brilliant and successful recitation.

The second recitation occurs at eleven o'clock, the interval being employed, we will suppose, in preparation. At twelve, an hour's intermission before dinner gives opportunity for exercise, for the completion of unfinished work, or for whatever occupation the individual wishes. In the spring and fall a large portion of the college seek the 'varsity grounds at noon to watch the practice of base-ball or foot-ball. Here vigorous expression is given to college feeling. All good plays are heartily cheered and encouraged. There is a special charm to all Princetonians in a game of foot-ball. The real essence of sport is rivalry, say they—racing against time is a tame affair compared to the true race—and when this rivalry becomes so direct and personal a contest as foot-ball, when all a man's brain and all his body are matched against another's, then we have sport in its highest and most exciting form. Since the founding of the Intercollegiate foot-ball association in 1877, the championships in this game have been awarded as follows:

In 1877, to Princeton, with Harvard, Princeton, and Columbia in the association; in 1878, to Princeton, with Harvard, Yale, Princeton, and Columbia in the association; in 1879, to Princeton, with the association the same; in 1880, to Princeton, with the association the same; in 1881, to Yale, with the association the same; in 1882, to Yale, with the association the same; in 1883, to Yale, with the association the same; in 1884, no championship awarded (the deciding game between Yale and Princeton being unfinished on account of darkness), with Harvard, Yale, and Princeton in the association; in 1885, to Princeton, with Yale, Princeton, University of Pennsylvania, and Wesleyan in the association; in 1886, no championship awarded (Yale-Princeton game being unfinished on account of darkness), with Harvard, Yale, Princeton, University of Pennsylvania, and Wesleyan in the association; in 1887, to Yale, with the association the same; in 1888, to Yale, with the association the same; in 1889, to Princeton, with the association the same; in 1890, to Yale, with Yale, Princeton, University of Pennsylvania, and Wesleyan in the association (Yale, however, was defeated by Harvard, who was not in the association, and did not play Princeton); in 1891, to Yale, with the association the same.

While Yale and Princeton have contested thus closely for championship honors in foot-ball, Harvard, Yale, and Princeton have played with varying fortunes in base-ball, with Yale usually in the lead. Princeton's facilities for training have been recently extended by enlarging the athletic field, the addition of a large brick "cage" for base-ball practice in winter, and the erection of comfortable quarters on a terrace overlooking the field, as a home for the trainer and club house for the athletic teams that congregate at the training table. As a result of these improvements the college has made a decided advance in track athletics and base-ball. She long ago abandoned rowing, and in 1891, owing to lack of interest in lacrosse, she withdrew from the lacrosse association, after a membership of eight years, in which time she won three championships, tied once for first place, and stood always among the leading colleges.

From twelve o'clock until one, the gymnasium as well as the athletic field presents a busy scene. Then, from ball-field and campus, from dormitory and laboratory, the students come and pass along the quiet streets to their eating clubs. The eating club is an important feature of Princeton, not only because of its necessity in supporting life, but also because, like Yale, Princeton has not the gift of a "memorial hall," accommodating most of the students in a single building, as at Harvard. The freshman finds a place, with about a dozen of his classmates, in a club conducted by an upper classman, who receives his board free of charge from the Prince-

ton landlady. One of these freshman clubs naturally presents striking diversities in human character and does not long continue. When, through the process of personal affinity, friendships are formed, the reorganization of eating clubs takes place; and the new club, made up of congenial spirits, becomes one of the pleasantest features of the social life. Heartiness and good-fellowship always prevail, and the most favorable opportunity is presented for the observation of student character. The eating clubs permanently organized and owning clubhouses are the Ivy club, Cap and Gown club, Cottage club, Colonial club, and the Tiger inn.

The afternoon is employed in preparing for the recitation, in doing work in the chemical or physical laboratories, which commands the time of a large number of scientific students, or in the miscellaneous occupations of leisure hours. Recitations and lectures occur at three, four, or five o'clock, after which the kicking of foot-balls, games of tennis, or the passing of lacrosse balls; walks into the country, coasting and skating in winter, are indulged in out of doors. At six o'clock the eating clubs again assemble. After supper the postoffice becomes the objective point. A large number of men congregate here and while away the time before the distribution of the mail. There has been recently instituted a special delivery system, made necessary by the increased number of students.

In the evenings of third term, when the great elms on the front campus are thick with foliage, and a rich carpet of green stretches beneath them, the college gathers *en masse* to hear the singing of the seniors who are seated on the steps of Nassau Hall. A picture is presented, which we believe is to be found nowhere but beneath the elms of Princeton. Groups of men, standing or reclining, applaud the singers; others running around in boyish sport give a lively appearance to the place. The rays of the setting sun, casting long shadows from the trees, fall upon many-colored tennis costumes, making a charming combination of the picturesque and the fantastic, while above the noise of conversation the harmonious notes of blended voices fill the air with melody. After the singers give the college cheer—"Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah—tiger! siss, boom, ah!" the gathering breaks up reluctantly. Snatches of popular airs are carried away and echoed from various quarters of the campus. Then as silence falls with darkness over all, lights appear in dormitory windows and the occupations of the night begin.

Were it possible to catalogue all the engagements of duty and pleasure which take place within college walls at night, the limits of this article would still forbid us. It is the time when personal dispositions assume their proper attitudes, and hobbies are mounted and ridden into many

divergent paths. Here a number of acquaintances are enjoying a "spread" and toasting the success of their host in scholarship and love. In another room across the campus the "pow-wow" may be under hilarious headway, for it must be confessed that the "pow-wow," when considered as a social factor, assumes, as in every other American college, a form sometimes strangely distorted. Stories and wit prolonged into the night may give rise to boisterous laughter that startles the walls of staid Nassau like exulting fiends let loose; and the night-watchman, as he makes his rounds to extinguish the flickering gas-jets at corners of the campus, may look up at an open window which throws a glare of light upon the darkness and neighboring tree-tops, and hear last echoes of joyous Princeton song. It is in the evening that the "poller" grinds out his task in solitude, disturbed only by occasional sounds that come to him from outside—the voice of a friend calling loudly from below, or the wild sophomoric shout of "Fresh fires!" The exercises of the two literary societies may be in progress in their Ionic homes, or religious devotees conducting their meeting in Murray Hall.

We do not agree with those who say that there is little versatility of talent among college men, and that a hobby is ridden to the exclusion of everything else. It is not so at Princeton, as a rule. A university presents, without doubt, diversities in personal character. The college gossip, the traveled man, the artist, the musician, the joker, the *littérateur*, the athlete, the religious enthusiast, all are here. As ex-President Porter of Yale says: "One man finds delight in dissipating; another revels freely in the feathery foam of fashion; another makes muscle his god, and bows before him; while a fourth reads with the greatest pleasure the beauties of the literature of all ages." In this aspect a college is an epitome of the world. But there are many men in college who attain success in more than one field of activity, sustaining at the same time a high grade in their studies; and these are the men whose genius is most admired. It may happen that a 'varsity foot-ball man, who in that capacity alone has a certain popularity, becomes, we will suppose, an editor of the *Princetonian*, or of *The Nassau Literary Magazine*, a member of the sophomore reception committee, perhaps a junior orator, a member of the dramatic association or of the glee club, and possibly the winner of a fellowship or president of his class.

We may say in general, whatever inclinations a man may have, the opportunity is allowed him, with certain important restrictions, of gratifying them at Princeton. Whatever talent he may possess, he finds here the means for developing it. Mark Twain says: "Every man's a crank,

and if he can't turn something, it's his own fault." If he is a man of physical force, the gymnasium and athletic teams will receive him for a trial of strength; if he sings, or toots a horn, or scratches a fiddle, or bangs a drum, a glee club, a banjo club, or an instrumental club will give him culture; if he aims at scholastic honors, prizes in all departments of study reward successful endeavor. Success in any department of work comes only through competition by earnest industry.

Hazing is fast becoming a thing of the past in all American colleges. Harmless revilings upon the campus, the annual rush around the cannon, and hazing exploits of the gentlest nature, are the only doses of sophomoric salt administered to freshmen. On Washington's birthday, the *esprit-de-corps* of underclass men is given free play. Before the orations of the day begin, sophomores crowd one of the galleries in speakers' hall, and hurl invectives of the milder sort at the freshmen who occupy the gallery opposite. Perhaps a handful of corn will be sent back, or a small bag of powdered chalk will strike against the rafters. On one of these occasions, much to the amazement of the audience, a goose was dropped from the gallery of the freshmen, having about its neck a card with the graduating year of the sophomore class printed upon it in bold type. The goose fluttered down among the spectators, and was soon captured by a member of the sophomore class, who quickly removed the card and carried the goose in triumph to the gallery of his classmates. The freshmen now shouted in unison, "Birds of a feather flock together!" and the goose in the sophomore gallery was hurriedly concealed.

The life at college presents many such episodes, long to be remembered. It may be to some a life of careless ease, where the deepest study is the passing of examinations with the least possible labor; to a few, a life of boisterous levity, governed in its limitations by a code of rigid college law; but for the great majority of students, who have learned early that work is the real weapon of honor, it broadens one's view of life, elevates the soul through its religious influence, and molds the character with a power that is both refining and invigorating. College work, conscientiously performed, strengthens the faculties, enriches the understanding, and places the student in a respected place among his fellows.

Thomas W. Hotchkiss, Jr

BUFFALO, NEW YORK.

AMERICA EXTENDS HOSPITALITIES TO THE WORLD

A FEW GEMS FROM THE MINE OF ORATORY AT CHICAGO

The magnitude, grandeur, and far-reaching importance of the Columbian exposition was brought into popular notice during the imposing ceremonials at Chicago on the 21st of October, 1892, as never before. Even the narrow mind has been violently expanded, although not quite liberated from its imprisonment among the lower levels of thought and appreciation. The largest structure ever built by human hands was thronged on that significant occasion with the greatest number of people ever assembled under a single roof. The scene was one to inspire the loftiest utterances from the most eloquent orators. A few passages are culled from the expressions of thought on that magnificent occasion, which will speak for themselves to our readers. Mayor Washburne of Chicago, in extending the city's freedom to its honored guests, said :

"Over the very spot whereon we stand, within the memory of men still young, the wild fowls winged their migratory flight. Less than a century ago the site of this young city was unknown ; to-day a million and a half people support her honor, enterprise, and thrift. Her annual commerce of one billion and a half tells the eloquent story of her material greatness. Her liberality to all nations and all creeds is boundless, broad as humanity, and high as the dome of heaven. . . . This, sirs, is the American city of your choice ; her gates are open, her people at your service. To you and those you represent we offer greeting, hospitality, and love. To the old world, whose representatives grace this occasion, whose governments are in full accord with this enterprise so full of meaning to them and to us, to that old world whose children braved unruly seas and treacherous storms to found a new state in an unknown land, we give greeting, as children greet a parent in some new home. We are proud of its ancestry, for it is our own. We glory in its history, for it was our ancestral blood which inscribed its rolls of honor ; and if to-day these distinguished men of more distinguished lands behold any spirit, thing, or ambition which excites their praise, it is but the outcropping of the Roman courage on a new continent in a later age. Welcome, you men of older civilizations, to this young city whose most ancient landmark was built within the span of a present life. Our hospitalities and our welcome we now extend without reserve, without regard to nationality, creed or race."

Mrs. Potter Palmer, president of the Board of Lady Managers, said :

"Official representation for women upon so important an occasion as the present is unprecedented. It seems peculiarly appropriate that this honor should have been accorded our sex when celebrating the great deeds of Columbus, who, inspired though his visions may have been, yet required the aid of an Isabella to transform them into realities.

The visible evidence of the progress made since the discovery of this great continent will be collected six months hence in these stately buildings now to be dedicated. The

magnificent material exhibit will not, however, so vividly represent the great advance of modern thought as does the fact that man's 'silent partner' has been invited by the government to leave her retirement to assist in conducting a great national enterprise. The provision of the act of congress that the Board of Lady Managers appoint a jury of her peers to pass judgment upon woman's work adds to the significance of the innovation, for never before was it thought necessary to apply this fundamental principle of justice to our sex. Realizing the seriousness of the responsibilities devolving upon it, and inspired by a sense of the nobility of its mission, the Board has, from the time of its organization, attempted most thoroughly and most conscientiously to carry out the intentions of congress. . . . We are proud that the statesmen of our own great country have been the first to see beneath the surface, and to understand that the old order of things had passed away and that new methods must be inaugurated. We wish to express our thanks to the congress of the United States for having made this great step forward, and also for having subsequently approved and indorsed the plans of the Board of Lady Managers, as was manifested by their liberal appropriation in carrying them out. Even more important than the discovery of Columbus, which we are gathered together to celebrate, is the fact that the general government has just discovered woman. It has sent out a flash light from its heights, so inaccessible to us, which we shall answer by a return signal when the exposition is opened. What will be its next message to us?"

President Palmer, in accepting the exposition buildings for the Columbian Commission, and asking the President of the United States to dedicate them to the purposes for which they were erected, said:

"Anniversaries are the punctuations of history. They are the emphasis given to events, not by the song of the poet or the pen of the rhetorician, but by the common acclaim of mankind. They are the monuments of the heroes and the saviors of the race. They are the Memnons which fill the heart with promise, the eye with gladness, and the ear with song. There are no more continents to discover, but there is much to do to make both hemispheres the home of intelligence, virtue, and consequent happiness. To that end no one material thing can contribute more than expositions, to which are invited, in a fraternal spirit, all nations, tribes, and peoples, where each shall give and receive according to its respective capacity. The foundations of civilization have been laid. Universal enlightenment, now acknowledged as the safe sub-structure of every state, receives an added impulse from the commingling of peoples and the fraternization of races, such as are ushered in by the pageant of to-day.

. . . . . .

It was an act of high intelligence which, in the beginning, called a congress of the most eminent of our architects for consultation and concerted action. No one brain could have conceived this dream of beauty, or lured from fancy and crystallized in form these habitations where art will love to linger; and science, Cornelia-like, shall expose her children to those who ask to see her jewels.

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In behalf of the men and women who have devoted themselves to this great work; of the rich who have given of their abundance, and the poor who have given of their necessities; in behalf of the architects who have given to their ideals a local habitation and a name, and the artists who have brought hither the three graces of modern life—form, color, and melody—to decorate and inspire; of the workmen who have prepared

the grounds and reared the walls; in behalf of the chiefs who have organized the work of the exhibitors; in behalf of the city of Chicago, which has munificently voted aid; of the congress, which has generously given of the national moneys; in behalf of the World's Columbian Commission, the World's Columbian Exposition Company, and the Board of Lady Managers, I ask you to dedicate these buildings and grounds to humanity, to the end that all men and women of every clime may feel that the evidence of material progress which may here meet the eye is good only so far as it may promote that higher life which is the true aim of civilization; that the evidences of wealth here exhibited and the stimulus herein given to industry are good only so far as they may extend the area of human happiness."

Vice-president Morton, who responded in the absence of President Harrison, said:

"The attention of our whole country and of all peoples elsewhere concerned in industrial progress is to-day fixed upon the city of Chicago. The name of Chicago has become familiar in the speech of all civilized communities; bureaus are established at many points in Europe for the purpose of providing transportation hither, and during the coming year the first place suggested to the mind, when men talk of America, will be the city of Chicago. This is due not only to the Columbian exposition, which marks an epoch, but to the marvelous growth and energy of the second commercial city of the Union. I am here in behalf of the government of the United States, in behalf of all the people, to bid all hail to Chicago, all hail to the Columbian exposition. From the St. Lawrence to the Gulf, and from the peerless cosmopolitan capital by the sea to the Golden Gate of California, there is no longer a rival city to Chicago, except to emulate her in promoting the success of this work."

Henry Watterson of Kentucky closed his brilliant dedicatory oration with these words:

"We have come here, not so much to recall bygone sorrows and glories, as to bask in the sunshine of present prosperity and happiness; to interchange patriotic greetings and indulge good auguries; and, above all, to meet upon the threshold the stranger within our gate, not as a foreigner, but as a guest and friend, for whom nothing that we have is too good.

From wheresoever he cometh we welcome him with all our hearts; the son of the Rhone and the Garonne, our godmother France, to whom we owe so much, he shall be our Lafayette; the son of the Rhine and the Moselle, he shall be our Goethe and our Wagner; the son of the Campagna and the Vesuvian Bay, he shall be our Michel Angelo and our Garibaldi; the son of Aragon and the Indies, he shall be our Columbus, fitly honored at last throughout the world. Our good cousin of England needs no words of special civility and courtesy from us. For him the latchstring is ever on the outer side, though whether it be or not, we are sure that he will enter and make himself at home. A common language enables us to do full justice to one another, at the festive board, or in the arena of debate, warning us against further parley on the field of arms.

All nations and all creeds we welcome here; from the Bosphorus and the Black Sea, the Viennese woods and the Danubian plains; from Holland dyke to Alpine crag; from Belgrade and Calcutta, and round to China seas and the busy marts of Japan, the isles of the Pacific and the far-away capes of Africa—Armenian, Christian, and Jew—the Amer-

ican, loving no country except his own, but loving all mankind as his brother, bids you enter and fear not; bids you partake with us of these fruits of four hundred years of American civilization and development, and behold these trophies of one hundred years of American independence and freedom!

At this moment, in every part of the American Union, the children are taking up the wondrous tale of the discovery; and from Boston to Galveston, from the little log school-house in the wilderness to the towering academy in the city and the town, may be witnessed the unprecedented spectacle of a powerful nation captured by an army of Lilliputians, of embryo men and women, of topling boys and girls, and tiny elves scarce big enough to lisp the numbers of the national anthem; scarce strong enough to lift the miniature flags that make of arid street and autumn wood an emblematic garden, to gladden the sight and to glorify the red, white, and blue. See

'Our young barbarians all at play,'

for better than these we have nothing to exhibit. They, indeed, are our crown jewels; the truest, though the inevitable, offsprings of our civilization and development; the representatives of a manhood vitalized and invigorated by toil and care, of a womanhood elevated and inspired by liberty and education. God bless the children and their mothers! God bless our country's flag! and God be with us now and ever, God in the roof tree's shade and God on the highway, God in the winds and waves, and God in our hearts!"

The oration of Chauncey M. Depew was in keeping with the grandeur of the undertaking which was consecrated to the highest ends of peace and civilization. He said:

"This day belongs not to America, but to the world. The results of the event it commemorates are the heritage of the peoples of every race and clime. We celebrate the emancipation of man. The preparation was the work of almost countless centuries; the realization was the revelation of one. The cross on Calvary was hope; the cross raised on San Salvador was opportunity. But for the first, Columbus would never have sailed; but for the second, there could have been no place for the planting, the nurture, and the expansion of civil and religious liberty. Ancient history is a dreary record of unstable civilizations. Each reached its zenith of material splendor and perished. The Assyrian, Persian, Egyptian, Grecian, and Roman empires were proofs of the possibilities and limitations of man for conquest and intellectual development. Their destruction involved a sum of misery and relapse which made their creation rather a curse than a blessing. Force was the factor in the government of the world when Christ was born, and force was the sole source and exercise of authority both for church and state when Columbus sailed from Palos. The wise men traveled from the east toward the west under the guidance of the star of Bethlehem. The spirit of the equality of all men before God and the law moved westward from Calvary with its revolutionary influence upon old institutions to the Atlantic ocean. Columbus carried it westward across the seas. The emigrants from England, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales, from Germany and Holland, from Sweden and Denmark, from France and Italy, have under its guidance and inspiration moved west, and again west, building states and founding cities until the Pacific limited their march. The exhibition of arts and sciences, of industries and inventions, of education and civilization, which the republic of the United States will here present, and to which,

through its chief magistrate, it invites all nations, condenses and displays the flower and fruitage of this transcendent miracle.

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Platforms of principles, by petition or protest or statement, have been as frequent as revolts against established authority. They are part of the political literature of all nations. The Declaration of Independence proclaimed at Philadelphia, July 4, 1776, is the only one of them which arrested the attention of the world when it was published, and has held its undivided interest ever since. It swept away in a single sentence kings and nobles, peers and prelates. It was Magna Charta and the Petition of Rights planted in the virgin soil of the American wilderness, and bearing richer and riper fruit. Under its vitalizing influence upon the individual, the farmer left his plow in the furrow, the lawyer his books and briefs, the merchant his shop, and the workman his bench, to enlist in the patriot army. The scope and limitations of this idea of freedom have neither been misinterpreted nor misunderstood. The laws of nature in their application to the rise and recognition of men according to their mental, moral, spiritual, and physical endowments are left undisturbed. But the accident of birth gives no rank and confers no privilege. Equal rights and common opportunity for all have been the spurs of ambition and the motors of progress. They have established the common schools and built the public libraries. A sovereign people have learned and enforced the lesson of free education. The practice of government is itself a liberal education. People who make their own laws need no law-givers. After a century of successful trial, the system has passed the period of experiment, and its demonstrated permanency and power are revolutionizing the governments of the world. It has raised the largest armies of modern times for self-preservation, and at the successful termination of the war returned the soldiers to the pursuits of peace. It has so adjusted itself to the pride and patriotism of the defeated, that they vie with the victors in their support and enthusiasm for the old flag and our common country.

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From the first century to the fifteenth counts for little in the history of progress, but in the period between the fifteenth and the twentieth is crowded the romance and reality of human development. Life has been prolonged and its enjoyment intensified. The powers of the air and the water, the resistless forces of the elements, which in the time of the discoverer were the visible terrors of the wrath of God, have been subdued to the service of man. Art and luxuries which could be possessed and enjoyed only by the rich and noble, the works of genius which were read and understood only by the learned few, domestic comforts and surroundings beyond the reach of lord or bishop, now adorn and illuminate the homes of our citizens. Serfs are sovereigns and the people are kings. The trophies and splendors of their reign are commonwealths rich in every attribute of great states, and united in a republic whose power and prosperity and liberty and enlightenment are the wonder and admiration of the world.

All hail, Columbus, discoverer, dreamer, hero, and apostle! We here, of every race and country, recognize the horizon which bounded his vision and the infinite scope of his genius. The voice of gratitude and praise for all the blessings which have been showered upon mankind by adventure is limited to no language, but is uttered in every tongue. Neither marble nor brass can fitly form his statue. Continents are his monument, and unnumbered millions, past, present, and to come, who enjoy in their liberties and their happiness the fruits of his faith, will reverently guard and preserve, from century to century, his name and fame."

THE SUCCESSFUL NOVEL OF FIFTY-SIX YEARS AGO

"HORSE SHOE ROBINSON"

[*Fifth chapter, continued from page* 387]

"Mought I ax your honour to stomp as light on the floor as you can? My young lady is sick upstairs, and much noise is apt to flurry her narves," said Horse Shoe with imperturbable gravity. "Tread daintily, gentlemen," said Tarleton, laughing. "The damsel's page here puts down his foot like a most considerate elephant—soft as a feather—and I would not have you give so worshipful a master of courtesy cause to complain of you." Then turning to Horse Shoe he said: "Although you *disremembered* this morning that you was in the house of Mrs. Markham, I suppose you can tell me whether she is at home." "Yes, sir; that is, onless she's went out sence I saw her, which is onlikely." "Then present her Colonel Tarleton's respects, and say that he has come to offer his duty to her." Horse Shoe disappeared, but presently returned and told the officer that Mrs. Markham could not come down, "but whatsomever your honour pleases to ax after, the lady says you shall have."

Alfred Markham entered at this juncture, accompanied by Henry Lindsay, and approaching Tarleton, respectfully told him in a very manly fashion there was no older man than himself in the house, and that his mother was ill with alarm and desired his protection. Tarleton retorted, "I have heard of your good mother before—she is not afraid, I believe, of Marion's rag-muffins"; and calling Alfred "a pert lad" and Henry "a gay sparrow cock," was preparing mischief rapidly, when Horse Shoe interfered and conducted the visitors to the dining-room, where some twenty or thirty gathered about the table, drank wine freely, and became exceedingly hilarious. When they finally rose from their repast and filed into the grounds about the mansion, the tablet over the grave of Colonel Markham (in a little inclosure) attracted their attention, and some of the younger men whose heads were muddled with wine proceeded to demolish the paling and obliterate the inscription. The near report of a pistol made them pause, and Alfred Markham, rushing towards them from a wing of the dwelling, was seized by one of the officers, and while struggling to free himself cried to Henry Lindsay, "Shoot them down!"

Henry leveled his pistol, but, luckily, Horse Shoe's broad hand grasped his shoulder, and the words were hissed into his ear: "Have you lost your wits? Do you want to bring perdition and combustion upon the heads of this house?"

The whole troop flocked around the two youths, while one of those who had been fired at rushed into the kitchen and caught a burning brand from the fire and threw it among some papers, intending to destroy the building. The clamor brought Mrs. Markham and Mildred to the chamber window; and when the latter saw violent hands being laid upon Henry and the crowd dragging him across the open space, she ran down the stairs and confronted Tarleton in the presence of his soldiers, begging him to spare her dear brother. Before Tarleton could respond, Henry, bursting from his captors, tried to induce her to go back to her room. Turning to Tarleton, he said, proudly: "Alfred and I tried to shoot down your men because they were breaking the tomb. If it was to do over again our hands would be ready." Tarleton presented his hand to Mildred, and with courteous action conducted her to a chair, just as a volume of smoke came pouring into the hall. With startling force Tarleton asked who had started this fire, and gave orders to have it extinguished, sending every man to the work, remarking, if one of his followers had put torch to the house, he "would hang him to the ridge pole of the roof." He then addressed himself to Mildred, asking if he "had the honor of speaking to Miss Lindsay?" She said that was her name, she was the daughter of a friend to the British, but she must have the assurance that this house and family would be protected before she could speak further. Mrs. Markham added her entreaties at the same time instant; but an officer came to report the fire extinguished, and Tarleton sharply ordered the captain to his post and every man to join his company. The offender was arrested.

As soon as the hall was cleared Tarleton begged the ladies not to accuse him of incivility. To Mrs. Markham he said: "My people have withdrawn, the fire is extinguished, these inconsiderate lads are at liberty; have I answered your wish?" Mrs. Markham thanked him, and asked Alfred to assist her to her chamber. To Miss Lindsay, Tarleton said: "You spoke of your father. I have been told he lives in Virginia—Philip Lindsay, the proprietor of a seat called 'the Dove Cote,' and a royalist?" "It is thus my father is known, sir," replied Mildred. "That name has helped you to-day, madam. And this is your brother? It was a wild, bold, and very conceited thing of you to be challenging my unruly dragoons; but it is passed now, and you need not apologize—it showed mettle, and we soldiers never quarrel with a man for that. May I inquire,

Miss Lindsay, in what direction you travel? It may lie in my power to insure you safe conduct."

"I seek your general, Lord Cornwallis, on matters of private concern," replied Mildred, "and if you could afford me an unquestioned passage it would be a favor that I should gratefully acknowledge." Tarleton replied quickly: "It will be a pleasure to me; I will leave an escort behind me under the command of a trusty officer, who will conduct you by the safest and easiest journey to headquarters. As a parting request, will you do me the justice to say that Tarleton is not such a graceless sinner as his enemies have sometimes represented him?"

Lord Cornwallis started for North Carolina on the 8th of September of that year, and for a time his headquarters were at the Waxhaws, on the border. He occupied a small farm-house, and while engaged one morning with one of his officers in inspecting some documents an aid handed him a letter. Cornwallis broke the seal, scanned its contents, and learning that a lady under a special escort from Tarleton wished to speak with him, ordered that she be conducted at once into his presence. When the formal introduction was over, Mildred Lindsay asked permission to converse with his lordship in private, and accompanied by her brother Henry they entered a small parlor. Mildred then proceeded to state the object of her visit, and to defend Butler from the charge of having contrived a plan to carry her father from the Dove Cote or kill him, which she pronounced a malicious falsehood; she pleaded for Butler's life with an eloquence that bewildered the English general. "This Major Butler is in the service of congress, and your father, Philip Lindsay, is a faithful and persevering loyalist." "Even so," replied Mildred; "yet he is a friend to my father." "Is he related to your family?" "In affection, my lord, and plighted love." "So! Now I apprehend. It is a strange story. Does your father know nothing of this visit?" "He knows nothing even of the nature of the charge against Arthur Butler—he was absent from the Dove Cote when the news reached us." During the conversation Henry managed to acquaint Cornwallis with the name of the suspected author of the slander, and revealed his proposal for the hand of his sister in marriage. Cornwallis smiled as he asked: "What will satisfy your errand hither, Miss Lindsay?" "A word from your lordship that no harm shall befall Arthur Butler beyond the necessary durance of a prisoner of war," was her earnest response. "That is granted you at once," said Cornwallis.

"What next will you have?"

"Simply an unmolested passage hence, beyond your lordship's post," she replied.

"That, too, shall be cared for," said the general.

At that instant an officer entered with a letter from MacDonald, announcing to Cornwallis the escape of Butler, with which event the reader is already acquainted. "The account for the present is balanced, Miss Lindsay," said the commander. "Whatever you have told me in confidence I promise to keep faithfully between ourselves." Then turning to Henry, he said, "You will find a few files of men to conduct you and your party beyond our posts," and he scrawled off a few lines with his pencil on a leaf of his pocketbook, and handing it to the young man, said: "There is a passport which will carry you safe from all intrusion from my people."

Mildred at once started on her homeward route. She had learned that Cornwallis was about to march northerly in the course of invasion, and Horse Shoe advised proceeding rapidly in advance of the British. They took the high road to the town of Charlotte in North Carolina, where she spent the night amid the stir of active warlike preparations to receive Cornwallis. The following night they reached a little farm-house, where to their surprise they met Allen Musgrove and his daughter Mary, through whom they learned that the mill and dwelling on the Ennoree had been destroyed by the British, also that Butler had been recaptured by the enemy. Ramsay had sent his wife and younger children to the care of a relative in Virginia, and with Mary was now on his way to join them. Mildred learned that Butler was not a hundred miles from her, in the neighborhood of Gilbertown, and she resolved to turn in that direction, hoping to learn something of the plans of his captors, and Mary Musgrove begged so earnestly to accompany her that it was thus arranged.

When the party were approaching Gilbertown the night overtook them before they found any woodland cabin for shelter, and they rode on in the darkness for some time, Mildred and Mary side by side. It was finally decided to camp out, and in selecting a spot, Horse Shoe was attracted by a light above the trees which indicated a fire in the neighborhood. Leaving Allen Musgrove with the women he rode forward accompanied by Henry to reconnoitre. From the top of a small hill they saw a party of soldiers gathered about a camp fire. The light shining up the road revealed the travelers, and a horseman was quickly sent to demand their business. It proved to be the "Amherst Rangers" from Virginia, of which Henry Lindsay was corporal. Stephen Foster was there, and the meeting was a joyous one. Mildred's party were provided with rude accommodations, and next day rode through a tiresome mountain district with the soldiers, to the village where Butler had been confined.

(*To be continued*)

THE UNITED STATES IN PARAGRAPHS

[*Continued from page* 390]

California

1800–1814. José de Arrelaga, governor.

1800. The increasing wealth of the missions attracts American merchants who open trade along the coast, more or less, in defiance of Spanish authority. Among the pioneer ships were the *Enterprise* of New York, Ezekiel Hubbell, master; the *Hazard*, Rowan, master; the *Lelia Byrd* of Salem, Shaler, master; and the *Alexander*, Brown, master. Estimated white population, 1,800.

1802, February. First known assay of silver made at Monterey from a vein discovered near that place by Ignatio Ortéga.

1803. Official returns show eighteen missions and 15,562 Indian converts.

March 21. The *Lelia Byrd* is fired upon at San Diego for violation of port regulations. She engages the forts and escapes to sea.

May. The *Alexander* enters San Francisco bay, being the second American vessel to pass the "Golden Gate."

1804, September 17. Mission at Santa Inés founded by Antonio Calzada and José Romualdo Gutierrez.

November 16. By royal decree the province is divided into Nueva California and Antigua.

1806. Explorations of the interior, and threatened complications with the Russians at the north.

March 24. A midnight earthquake cracks the mission walls at Santa Barbara. Arrival at San Francisco of Rézanoff in the first Russian ship from Sitka. (See Bret Harte's poems.)

1808, June and July. Violent earthquakes at San Francisco.

1810. At the end of the decade the missionaries had made about 22,000 nominal converts, and the agricultural prosperity of the province was phenomenal. Estimated white population, 2,130.

1811. Revolution in New Spain (Mexico) cuts off the usual supplies, and leads to dependence on foreign commerce.

1812. A Russian post established at Ross, eighteen miles north of Bodga bay (maintained till 1841).

December 8. Severe earthquake at San Juan Capistrano; the church, the finest in California, thrown down and many lives lost. Other shocks followed, lasting through several months.

1814–1815. José Argüello, governor.

1815–1822. Pablo Vincent de Sola, governor.

1815. Estimated wealth of the missions, about $500,000.

1818, November 20. The *Argentina* and *Santa Rosa Libertad*, under Captain Hypolite Bouchard, attack Monterey with a view to wresting the province from Spain. After several successful raids they withdraw.

1822. Secularization of the province by the Mexican government.

1822, April 9. On the declaration of Mexican independence, California acquiesces; Sola, the Spanish governor, joining the movement.

November. Don Louis Argüello chosen as the first Mexican governor.

1825–1831. José Maria de Echeandia, governor.

1826. A party of American trappers under Jedediah S. Smith reach California overland.

1829. Mutiny of soldiers at Monterey under one Solis, a convict; revolt subdued by the Mexican governor.

1830. Estimated white population, 4,250.

1831–1832. Manuel Victoria, governor.

1831. Governor Victoria, having rendered himself obnoxious, is deposed by violence.

The official report shows twenty-one missions and 18,683 Indian converts.

1832–1833. Pio Pico, governor.

1833–1835. José Figueroa, governor.

1835, summer. One Richardson, an Englishman, establishes a trading tent on Yerba Buena Cove, now San Francisco.

1835–1836. Political strife culminating in the Alvarado revolution in November. José Castro, governor.

1836, January to April. Nicolas Guttierez, governor; April to August, Mariano Chico, governor; August to November, Guttierez again.

1836–1842. Juan B. Alvarado, governor.

1836 (summer). Jacob P. Leese, an American, erects a frame building and opens a general trading business at Yerba Buena.

1839. Sutter's fort (now Sacramento) established by John A. Sutter, a Swiss settler.

1840. Missions discontinued. Estimated white population, 5,780.

1841. The Russians withdraw from California.

1842–1845. Manuel Micheltoreno, governor. A state of quasi independence by California is maintained, but an understanding with Mexico is at last reached with Pio Pico as governor.

1842, October 20. Acting under a misapprehension, Commodore Jones, U. S. N., commanding the Pacific squadron, occupies Monterey and hoists the American flag, meeting no resistance. He almost immediately withdraws and apologizes.

1844. Thomas O. Larken appointed United States consul at Monterey. His name is most honorably connected with the early American period of state history.

1845. Captain John Charles Frémont (afterwards general) with an escort of about sixty men enters California, nominally on a surveying expedition, but defies Mexican authority.

1846, May 9. Lieutenant G. Mespie, a secret emissary from Washington, overtakes Frémont at Klamath lake, and delivers to him verbal instructions, the exact nature of which is unknown.

May 13. War declared between the United States and Mexico; cause, boundary disputes and Mexican trespass on the high seas. (The news reaches California in June.)

June 14. A party of Americans, act-

ing under instructions from Frémont, take possession of Sonoma, and raise a flag with the device of a bear painted in berry juice (the bear flag republic).

June 24. A Californian force advances against Sonoma, but is driven off by the Americans, losing two killed and several wounded.

June 25. Frémont joins the "bear flag" camp, and takes part in the skirmishing that follows, until war is formally declared between the United States and Mexico.

July 7. Bombardment and capture of Monterey by the United States frigate *Savannah*. Commodore Sloat proclaims California to be part of the United States.

July 9. The United States frigate *Portsmouth*, Captain Montgomery, takes possession of San Francisco, communicates with Frémont, and raises the American ensign.

July–August. Commander John D. Sloat, U. S. N., military governor.

Estimated population at the time of American acquisition, 8,000 to 12,000, mainly adventurous pioneers.

1847–1849. Colonel Richard B. Mason, military governor, followed by General Bennet Riley (April to December).

1847, January 9. First number of the *California Star* published at Yerba Buena.

January–March. Colonel John C. Frémont, U. S. A., military governor.

March–May. General Stephen Kearney, military governor.

August or September. In partnership with Sutter, James Wilson Marshall of New Jersey begins to build a saw-mill at Coloma.

August–January. Commodore Richard F. Stockton, U. S. N., military governor.

1848. Estimated gold production for the year, $1,000,000.

1848, January 24. Marshall finds particles of gold in the "tail race," and doubtfully mentions the fact to his companions.

January 25. He finds a larger piece of supposed gold in the race, but has no certain means of testing it.

January 28. Marshall reaches the fort, and with the aid of the *American Encyclopædia* he and Sutter apply convincing tests—gold was discovered!

February. In spite of an attempt to keep the discovery secret, it leaks out.

March 7. Isaac Humphrey, a Georgia miner, reaches the "diggings."

March 9. Humphrey builds a rocker and inaugurates the washing out of gold by machinery.

July 4. Mexico cedes California to the United States for $15,000,000.

1849–1851. Peter H. Burnett, governor.

1849. News of the gold discovery spreads east and west, and the rush for the mines begins by land and sea.

February 28. The *California*, from New York, reaches San Francisco with the first steamship load of gold hunters.

July 18 (about). The first overland party of gold seekers reaches Sacramento.

Chas. Ledyard Norton.

(*To be continued*)

NOTES

LANGUAGE IN HISTORY—A little work has just been given to the public, entitled *A Pathfinder in American History*, which will be of great service to teachers and pupils. The following quotation carries with it a moral: "The class in history had reached the battle of Lexington and Concord. The teacher told the pupils to imagine themselves as living in one of these towns at the time of the battle, and be prepared to write a friend a letter dated the day after the British were driven back to Boston. In this letter they were to give an account, just as vividly as they could, of their personal experiences on the day when these stirring events took place. Very interesting accounts were placed in the hands of one boy, who had a few days before been as silent as a statue (when told to write about a certain subject about which he had persistently and sullenly said, 'I don't know what to write'), and the result awaited with interest. This was intensified tenfold when the letter was read. It was full of life-like pictures, and showed that the writer had in imagination lived amid the scenes which in glowing language he described. The boy had something to say, and he said it."

JEFFERSON'S PROPHECY ONE CENTURY AGO—A census taken in 1790 gives us the number of inhabitants of the United States as a little under four millions. Of these, seven hundred and fifty thousand—nearly one-fifth of the whole population—were negroes. Of the remainder, the ancestors of eight-tenths were probably English, and most of the others spoke English and were a homogeneous part of the community. . . . The intellectual life of people was little developed. Schools had not sensibly improved since colonial times. The graduating classes of all the colleges in 1789 count up to about one hundred and seventy. There were but two schools of medicine in the country, and no regular school of law. In one department of literature alone were the Americans eminent: the state papers of public men such as Washington, Hamilton, and Jefferson are written with the force and directness of the best school of English . . . In economic conditions the United States were little more advanced than had been the colonies. The country abounded in natural resources. Yet it was little easier to get from the sea to Lake Erie or to the Ohio than it had been forty years before. It seemed impossible that a country could be held together when it was so large that a courier might be two months on his way from the seat of government to the most distant frontier; and Jefferson predicted that it would be a thousand years before the country would be thickly populated as far west as the Mississippi.—*Professor Hart's Epochs of American History.*

QUERIES

PATRIOTIC PURPOSE—What is the highest and noblest patriotic purpose of the present hour? CALLENDAR

TACOMA, WASHINGTON

BISHOP WILLIAM R. WHITTINGHAM—I wish to learn something of the family of the late bishop of Maryland, William Rollinson Whittingham. Had he any daughters? If so, please favor me with their married names. I am also anxious to learn the married names of his sisters. E. P. C.

LIVERPOOL, ENGLAND

CLAYPOOL—Can any one give me the address of descendants of Jesse Claypool, who went from Hardy county, Virginia, about 1770 or 1780, to Bourbon county, Kentucky? Would like copy of family record of all Claypools, Claypooles, or Claypoles, and their descendants. Readers will confer a favor by sending address of any Claypools they know of.

EDWD. A. CLAYPOOL

NASHPORT, OHIO

REPLIES

WILLIAM PENN'S RENT [xxviii, 316, 395]—In reply to P. W. Clark's query, I would state that the "Charter of the Province of Pennsylvania" granted by Charles the Second to William Penn, says the grant shall be held: "In free and comon Socage by fealty only for all services, and not in Capite or by Knights service, Yeelding and paying therefore to vs, our heirs and successors, two beaver skins to bee delivered att our said Castle of Windsor, on the first day of Januarie, in every yeare; and also the fifth parte of all Gold and Silver Oare, which shall from time to time happen to be found within the Limitts aforesaid cleare of all Charges," . . . *Verb. et lit. et punct.* This charter is dated "at Westminster, the fourth day of March, in the Three and Thirtieth Yeare of our Reigne," meaning thereby March 4, 1682. Evidently the merry monarch counted in the years from 1649 to 1660 in his three and thirty years of "our reigne," though, odds fish, he was not reigning much during that period.

DAVID FITZGERALD

WASHINGTON CITY

THE MOUND-BUILDERS [xxviii, 394]—In answer to the query in your November number, although not claiming to be an antiquarian, your correspondent has a theory. Is it not probable—yes, quite possible—that the mound-builders of Ohio and New Jersey were the ancient Aztecs of Mexico? This nation was known to have been more civilized than any of the aborigines of North America. In defense of my theory, let me briefly advance a few quotations from learned authorities—from Lord Kingsborough on the antiquities of Mexico: a translation of *Historia General de Nueva España* by Father Sahagan; and *Aglio, Antiquities of Mexico*, published in Lon-

don, 1830 and 1834. I find that the Aztecs were first known as a tribe in "about 1160 of our aera." The name Mexico is a Spanish corruption of the Aztec god of war, Mexitli. In A.D. 1352 they first chose a king, built a town, and established laws for their kingdom, etc. Montezuma, the first king of that name, was the great legislator of the Aztecs. He built a great *teocalli* (or temple for idol-worship), made several important conquests, and, after the great inundation which took place in A.D. 1446, ordered the construction of a magnificent dyke nine miles long and sixteen and a half feet wide. In a succession of wars the Aztec dominion extended over all the country comprising the modern districts of Vera Cruz, Oaxaca, Puebla, and Valladolid. Humboldt says this was a territory of from eighteen thousand to twenty thousand square leagues. But under Montezuma II. the government degenerated into a complete despotism. The Aztecs were a warlike nation. They had three military orders; viz., those of the princes, of the eagle, and of the American tiger, or *ocelot*. The first was the most honorable; indeed, a kind of knight. For defensive arms they had the shield, cuirass, and helmet. They knew how to work metals, for these shields were covered with plates of copper, silver, and gold. For offensive weapons they had slings, bows, spears, pikes, clubs, and swords. The edge of their swords was of obsidian (or volcanic glass). The first blow from a sword was terrible, but it was then rendered useless. The judicial system of the Aztecs showed no small degree of civilization. A supreme judge, called *cihuacoatl*, decided definitively in all matters, both civil and criminal. He appointed some of the inferior judges, and also the collectors of the revenues. In their towns there were officers who patrolled and watched during the night. The criminal laws were very severe. Treason, voluntary homicide, robbery of gold or silver, theft in the market-place, adultery, and incest were the crimes visited with the utmost rigor of the law. The right of private property was fully understood among the Aztecs. The lands were held by different tenures. Some possessed them in full right, and were allowed to transfer them by sale or demise. The common lands were cultivated in common, and the produce was deposited in storehouses, from which all the inhabitants were supplied gratis, according to their wants.

Under the words "Aztec," or "Mound-builders," in any English or American encyclopedia, much valuable and interesting information can be obtained. And if I am not correct in my theory in supposing the Aztecs to be the mound-builders of Ohio, let some learned antiquary give (through your columns) some better and fuller information—something new—on the subject. I think exiles or wandering companies of this nation traveled north and northeast, and lived (perhaps many years) where these mounds have been found.

C. H. GARDINER

SHELTER ISLAND

SOCIETIES

NEW YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY—The stated meeting for November was held on Tuesday evening, the 1st instant, the president, the Hon. John A. King, in the chair. The paper of the evening, on the "Portraits of Columbus," was read by the Hon. Charles P. Daly, LL.D., illustrated by thirty-four lantern views.

The society has received for its gallery a fine portrait, painted by Huntington, of the late Admiral Samuel L. Breese, U.S.N. Mr. John Austin Stevens presented an interesting relic of the War of the Revolution, the military sash worn by his grandfather, Lieutenant-Colonel Ebenezer Stevens, at Saratoga and Yorktown.

THE RHODE ISLAND HISTORICAL SOCIETY listened on the 18th of October to an interesting paper from Augustine D. Jones, LL.D., on the "Life of Moses Brown," who was a member of the legislature that gave Brown university its charter. It was Moses Brown who, in company with Samuel Slater, carried through the Arkwright invention, and he was a founder of the Rhode Island Historical Society, the Providence Atheneum, the Abolition Society, the Rhode Island Bible Society, and the Rhode Island Peace Society.

On the evening of the first of November the society was entertained with an extremely interesting lecture on "Some Leaves from the Maritime History of Bristol," by Professor W. H. Munro. He said Rhode Island was engaged more largely in the slave trade in early times than any of the other colonies. "The vessels which sailed to Africa were small. Rum-distilling played a large part in this trade. Molasses from the West Indies was turned into rum, and Bristol found it profitable. Arrived on the coast, this rum was promptly turned into slaves." Everybody in Rhode Island was more or less engaged in the slave trade, and the Bristol captains found it exceedingly profitable. Simeon Potter, 1720–1806, who was for half a century a prominent figure in Bristol history, commanded a privateer and spent the early part of his life on the sea, and about his name many romantic stories have been collected, the principal of which tells of a gallant attack upon an armed town and the securing of a large amount of silver plate after a desperate struggle. On his return to his native town Captain Potter became a leader among his townsmen, and when the old warrior died Bristol witnessed such a funeral procession as was never before seen.

On one of his West India voyages Captain Potter brought back a young man, Mark Antony De Wolf, who for half a century was a leader in Bristol affairs. Two of his descendants, John and James De Wolf, also gained much prominence in the commercial annals of Bristol. James De Wolf's history reads like a romance; everything he touched turned to gold. He followed the sea when young, but afterwards retired. He served as representative from Bristol for twenty-seven years. John De Wolf was also a renowned sailor and captain, and his journey to St. Petersburg is a re-

markable and interesting story. When the war with England was declared, in 1812, Bristol was at the height of her commercial power. James De Wolf seized the opportunity to fit out a privateer, *The Yankee*, against the foreign power. The first cruise of less than three months netted its owner over $700 for each share. On the last cruise five prizes were taken. One of these sold for $70,000. In a three years' service *The Yankee* had taken into Bristol a cold million of dollars. It was an exultant Bristol that the visitor saw for years after. The privateer's prizes for many years were sailed from Bristol.

THE NEW YORK GENEALOGICAL AND BIOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY—The first meeting of the season was held at the rooms of the society, twenty-three West Forty-fourth street, on Friday, October 14, at eight o'clock. After the transaction of the usual routine business, an address was delivered by Hon. Thomas L. James, ex-postmaster-general of the United States, on "The New York Post Office and Some of its Early Postmasters."

As General James was postmaster at New York for some years before taking charge of the postal department of the government, he had enjoyed special facilities for investigating the subject, and his paper was an extremely interesting and valuable account of the rise and growth of the postal service in the metropolis, and of the primitive methods of transporting the mails in the early days of the Republic as compared with the accuracy and precision of the present system. At the conclusion of the paper remarks were made by Rev. Ashbel G. Vermilye, D.D., Dr. Ellsworth Eliot, and Mr. E. A. Hurry; and Mr. Edward F. De Lancey gave some delightful reminiscences of the foreign mail service in his boyhood days.

The library of the society has received some valuable accessions during the summer, and can be consulted any week-day afternoon from two until five o'clock by any one bearing a card of introduction from a member.

THE MINNESOTA HISTORICAL SOCIETY held a very interesting commemoration of the four hundredth anniversary of the discovery of America, October 21, 1892, at St. Paul. The exercises were in the hall of the house of representatives, and a large audience was present, composed of the principal citizens of the state. Hon. Alex. Ramsey, the president of the society, acted as the president of the day. An epic poem on the discovery by Columbus was read by Hon. H. L. Gordon, and the historical oration was delivered by Hon. H. W. Childs. Both were able and interesting efforts. Orchestral music enlivened the proceedings. The whole occasion was a pleasant one, and was much enjoyed by the audience.

BOOK NOTICES

EPOCHS OF AMERICAN HISTORY. FORMATION OF THE UNION, 1750–1829. By ALBERT BUSHNELL HART, PH.D. 16mo, pp. 278. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1892.

Each volume in the valuable series under the general title of "Epochs in American History," of which Dr. Hart is the editor, is intended to be complete in itself, and to furnish an account of the period it covers with sufficient fullness for the general reader or student. For details or more exhaustive studies, bibliographies are conveniently placed at the head of the chapters. The author explains his plan in his preface—that of "the study of causes rather than of events, the development of the American nation out of scattered and inharmonious colonies, the throwing off of English control, the growth out of narrow political conditions, the struggle against foreign domination, and the extension of popular government." Dr. Hart's model work is concisely written, and more than fulfils his promises. He gives a brief chapter on "Inherited institutions," one on "Colonial development of English institutions," and then treats the local government of the colonies. The causes of the Revolution are clearly and cleverly condensed into a few pages, and the events of the Revolution—the period from 1775–1783—are the subject of one entire chapter. The physical, social, and political conditions under which the government of the United States was established are forcibly shown to the reader. "The boundary lines were then in confusion from the mouth of the St. Croix river to the head of the Connecticut, and no progress had been made towards settling them. The water-line through the St. Lawrence and the Lakes was still unadjusted. It was found that the headwaters of the Mississippi lay to the south of the Lake of the Woods, so that there was a gap on the northwest. On the south Spain disputed the right of Great Britain to establish the boundary, insisted that her own (England's) undoubted settlements lay within the territory claimed by the United States, and declined to grant the free navigation of the lower Mississippi to the sea. Still more humiliating was the presence of British garrisons at Fort Niagara, Detroit, and other points within the undisputed boundaries of the United States." Such important information, for instance, brought intelligently into one paragraph, often does more to enlighten and broaden the young mind than whole chapters of fine historical writing crowded with documents and details. The maps in the work are singularly useful even to adults. There are five of these, which are alone worth the price of the volume.

CÆSAR. A History of the Art of War among the Romans . . . with a detailed account of the campaigns of Caius Julius Cæsar. By LIEUTENANT-COLONEL THEODORE AYRAULT DODGE, U.S.A. 8vo, pp. 789. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1892.

Colonel Dodge's "Great Captains," when the series of six volumes is complete, will be an enduring monument of conscientious study and industry. We have reviewed in these columns "Alexander" and "Hannibal," the two volumes already bringing the history of the art of war down to about one century and a half before the Christian era. The present volume continues the story to the fall of the Roman Empire, with detailed accounts of the Gallic and civil wars, and there are in preparation "Gustavus Adolphus," "Frederick the Great," and "Napoleon." Altogether the series will present in full yet concise shape a study of the great campaigns of the world from the dawn of trustworthy history almost to the introduction of what are now known as "arms of precision"; for rifled firearms were in use in the first Napoleon's day, though not generally employed as military weapons until afterwards. Colonel Dodge's work has of course been mainly in the line of research among classical authorities and their modern translations, but the original bent of his mind is evident throughout in the independent comparisons and conclusions drawn from the often contradictory statements of different authorities, and from his intelligent presentation of situations that are in doubt owing to the possibility of different translations from original sources of information. The present volume contains 275 charts, plans of battles and the like, with numerous illustrations comprising portraits, pictures of engineering devices, weapons, and camps, making altogether a fascinating study of that art that more than any other has shaped the destinies of mankind.

JEAN BAPTISTE LE MOYNE: SIEUR DE BIENVILLE. 1680–1768. By GRACE KING. 16mo, pp. 330. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1892.

The French governor of Louisiana and founder of New Orleans was such an important character in early American history that this choice little volume will be cordially welcomed. The author has had access to the rich historical French library of Tulane university of Louisiana, and has made such good use of that and other opportunities for studying the career of Bienville, that a most satisfactory biography is

the result. Bienville was but five years old when he lost his father, and at ten was completely orphaned. At seventeen he is mentioned as a midshipman. At twenty, in 1700, he constructed a fort fifty-four miles above the mouth of the Mississippi river, and in 1701, at the age of twenty-one, he succeeded through the death of Sauvole to the direction of the little colony, the seat of which was transferred to Mobile. Bienville received no written instructions from Iberville, as Sauvole did, and the author tells us he seems to have made only verbal reports at this period. Glimpses are obtained of Bienville, however, in his crude fort, through the casual mention of it by others. We find in this volume a graphic description of Bienville's explorations along the Mobile river, beginning with the little islands that studded its mouth. He found the island that held concealed the figures of the ancient gods renowned among all the tribes round about —the gods to whom the Mobilians used to come yearly with sacrificial offerings. "The myth was that they had descended from heaven, and to touch them was to suffer the penalty of instant death. It took no less a bribe than a gem to induce the Indian guide to reveal the site of the destroyed sanctuary. He did it by walking backwards, and would not approach nearer than ten paces. Bienville then searched until he found the figures on a hillock near the village, among the caves. There were five—a bear, an owl, a man, a woman, and a child, all made of plaster. Bienville brought them to Iberville, who thought them to be the work of some of De Soto's Spaniards. He kept them by him and took them to France with him, much to the surprise of the Indians, who could not account for his temerity or continuance in life."

The book is interesting throughout. We learn that Louisiana, with its elemental discords, was but a miniature reflection of the greater province of Canada; and we are constantly confronted with the picturesque features of those early struggles to sustain colonies and with the inhabitants found in the wilderness. The publishers, Dodd, Mead and Company, have included this work in their popular series of historical books, which are published at the uniform price of $1 per volume.

THE DUCHESS OF BERRY AND THE COURT OF CHARLES X. By IMBERT ST. AMAND. 12mo, pp. 305. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1892.

M. de Saint Amand's "Famous Women of the French Court" bids fair to have almost as marked success in its English translation as in the French original. The volumes already published in this country cover the lives of Marie Antoinette, Josephine, and Marie Louise, and the present volume introduces the group that presents the court of the Restoration. Most interesting are the opening chapters, describing the accession of Charles X., and the ceremonies attending the burial of his predecessor, Louis XVIII., in the royal vault of Saint Denis, where for centuries each French monarch lay in state, waiting for his successor to die and be placed in turn upon the couch of honor, an order of things rudely interrupted by the Napoleonic dynasty, and now, perhaps, forever discontinued in the light of the republic.

The life of the Duchess de Berry is intimately concerned with that of the gallant and popular but unfortunate Charles X. and his family, including the Duke and Duchess of Angoulême. This period of French history has been somewhat overshadowed by the more exciting events that preceded it, but it is none the less interesting on that account; and the lives of the two women most conspicuous in the court circles of the day are as entertaining as any romance.

THROUGH ARCTICS AND TROPICS: Around the World by a New Path, for a New Purpose. By HARRY W. FRENCH. 4to, pp. 318. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co.

A book of adventure for boys, full of illustrations, and calculated to inspire the youthful heart with a love for the sea and its possibilities for exploration and achievement. The pictures are gathered from many different sources, and graphically present scenes from all lands and oceans, the context ingeniously carrying the reader from clime to clime as the young heroine passes from high latitudes to low latitudes and across nearly all degrees of longitude, till finally she is brought to her own through the efforts of her equally youthful knights errant.

ITINERARY OF GENERAL WASHINGTON. From June 15, 1775, to December 23, 1783. By WILLIAM S. BAKER. 8vo, pp. 334. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1892.

The material which forms this volume was originally published in the *Pennsylvania Magazine of History and Biography*, and has since been enriched with additional notes and illustrating facts. It opens with an account of the ceremonies on June 15, 1775, when Washington was unanimously chosen commander-in-chief of the continental army by ballot. On the following day, June 16, Washington was informed by President John Hancock of his appointment, and requested to accept. His reply of acceptance follows, of which John Adams comments in a letter to Elbridge Gerry, saying: "There is something charming to me in the conduct of Washington. A gentleman of one of the first fortunes upon the continent, leaving his delicious retirement, his family and

friends, sacrificing his ease, and hazarding all in the cause of his country! His views are noble and disinterested. He declared, when he accepted the mighty trust, that he would lay before us an exact account of his expenses, and not accept a shilling for pay."

This very acceptable work before us extends over the period from 1775 to December 23, 1783, and all who are familiar with the remarkable series of events in which Washington figured and was concerned, and which have affected the fortunes of millions of human beings, will understand and appreciate what such a volume must necessarily be. It is edited with critical care; the explanatory paragraphs and quotations from contemporary correspondence are just what are needed for the reader's quick and complete understanding of the various situations recorded. The volume is printed on elegant paper, with wide margins and uncut edges; the type is fine and clear, and the work is very handsomely bound. We predict that it will find its way into the homes of all true Americans.

DELIGHTS OF HISTORY: THE STORY OF COLUMBUS. By ELIZABETH EGGLESTON SEELYE. With ninety-nine illustrations by ALLEGRA EGGLESTON. Edited, with an introduction, by EDWARD EGGLESTON. 12mo, pp. 303. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1892.

In this charming book by Mrs. Seelye, the daughter of Dr. Eggleston, we have a narrative of the life of Columbus that is wholly unencumbered by the ponderous discussions of the pros and cons of controverted historical points, such as tire the ordinary reader without enlightening, but a work that is strictly conformed to the facts as interpreted by the best ancient authorities and reinterpreted through the latest researches and publications of modern writers. It is a book for general reading, and it is crowded with welcome information about Columbus in what the author believes to be his real character. Dr. Eggleston writes the introduction, in which he says: "To paint the discoverer in the darkest colors is accounted nowadays an evidence of scholarship. But the pessimistic and destructive mode of judgment is as far from being scientific as the now discarded romantic treatment, while it is much less agreeable." Dr. Eggleston gives Columbus the credit of being a great fifteenth century man, but he dwells upon his faults as if they should be kept constantly before the mind, even while the great navigator is showing his power to consecrate himself to one great achievement. "No other navigator of his time had conceptions so bold or a pertinacity of pursuit so unflagging. Let us judge him fairly and by the standards of his age, and honor him for what he was and did, without censuring him that he was not something else."

Mrs. Seelye writes in an easy, flowing style, and manages her facts with much skill. The account of the shipwreck of Columbus is an example. "It was Christmas eve (1492). The sea was as calm as the water in a porringer, to use the words of Columbus. The admiral had not slept for two days and a night, so he left the helm in the hands of an experienced pilot and went to bed about eleven o'clock. Columbus was no sooner asleep than the helmsman turned the rudder over to a boy, and went to sleep himself. Meantime the currents drew the ship slowly toward a sandbank. She touched so softly that there was almost no shock. The boy who was steering felt the helm stop and heard the breakers on the sandbar. He began to cry out. Columbus was on his feet in an instant, and was the first man on deck. The pilot and several sailors ran out next. Columbus ordered them to get into the boat and throw out an anchor astern in order to warp the ship off. Instead of doing this the cowards rowed for the *Niña*, which was half a league away." The graphic descriptions of the visit to Columbus of the Indian king, and the feast on shore when Columbus was an invited guest, are alive with interest. "The king ate very slowly, washed his hands when done, and rubbed them with scented herbs. The feast consisted of coneys, or little rabbits, fish, fruits, and cassava bread." The house in which Columbus was entertained on shore was carpeted with palm leaves. Columbus named the fort built here La Navidad, or the Nativity, because he had been wrecked there on Christmas eve.

The storm on the return voyage forms a chapter of much interest. Columbus, fearing he should never see Spain again, wrote an account of what he had discovered on parchment, wrapped it in a waxed cloth, and put it in an empty barrel, which he caused to be carefully headed and thrown into the sea. Then he wrote another account of his voyage and put it in an empty cask, which he placed on the high poop of his ship, so that, should she go down, the cask would float off, and stand a chance of being picked up. The *Niña* finally came in sight of one of the Azores, but meeting with a bad reception there, rushed on towards Spain, reaching a point in Portugal, near Lisbon, in the early part of March.

This volume will be found admirably adapted for evening readings by the fireside, and in the club or the class room. It will instruct without weariness, while affording suggestive topics for discussion and further inquiry. As a Christmas gift nothing could be more acceptable. It is printed on fine paper, in clear, large type, and very daintily bound.

UNDER SUMMER SKIES. By CLINTON SCOLLARD. With illustrations by Margaret Landers Randolph. 12mo, pp. 290. New York: Charles L. Webster & Co. 1892.

The streets and bazaars of Cairo, and the streets of Bologna, are very cleverly sketched in this engaging volume, the reader being converted for the time into a veritable Egyptian traveler, threading his way through Cairo's main thoroughfare on a fair winter's morning, or trying to see Bologna's leaning towers by starlight —perhaps pausing among Bologna's arcades when the sun beats down scorchingly. In the second chapter we are given a pen-picture of high noon in Cairo, and in the third we are shown both the night and the day in the city of the caliphs. Then we are conducted round about Cairo, and find that Heliopolis, which was the City of the Sun, and the city of obelisks, is a pleasant excursion. The author says: "Over the spot where the city stood the white-bloomed Egyptian clover now waves. But one of its stately monuments remains. Near this we found a patient ox turning a great water-wheel, which sent a clear and copious stream to irrigate the flowering fields." One chapter is entitled "Sixteen Miles on Yankee Doodle," and the reader smiles at the information with which the chapter opens, that "Yankee Doodle was the name of a donkey, whose master was an Arab boy, with sparkling dark eyes, a voluble tongue, and a pair of legs most remarkably nimble. It was the last day in February that I bestrode Yankee Doodle, and with Mehemet running in the rear, armed with a long piece of dried sugar-cane, started off at an easy lope for Sakara." "Going by Gondola to Murano" is a very entertaining chapter; we take a "Trip to Tivoli," ascend Vesuvius, and visit innumerable places in Egypt, Palestine, Italy, and the Alps in our easy-chairs at home. This is one of those admirable books of travel that give rare entertainment as well as instruction.

AMERICA: ITS GEOGRAPHICAL HISTORY. 1492–1892. By WALTER B. SCAIFE, Ph.D. (Vienna). 8vo, pp. 176. Baltimore: Johns Hopkins Press. 1892.

This excellent work comprises six lectures delivered to graduate students of the Johns Hopkins university, with a supplement, containing some thirty-six pages, entitled, "Was the Rio del Espiritu Santo of the Spanish Geographers the Mississippi?" The volume opens with a treatise on "The Development of the Atlantic Coast in the Consciousness of Europe," a theme just now of uncommon interest to all students and investigators, and it is here most ably presented and discussed. The second lecture is devoted to the "Development of Pacific Coast Geography," showing how and by whom the great unknown sea was discovered, and tracing with more or less detail the growth of knowledge in relation to the western coast of North America. The third of these valuable essays has for its text, "Geography of the Interior and Polar Regions." In all the countries first settled by Europeans we find the reason in the fact that man had there first discovered wealth-producing articles. The early voyagers are all marshaled before the reader in one way and another in these pages. The early maps are discussed, with their curious defects, and we see, as in a panorama, their gradual improvement. In Champlain's map of 1632, for instance, the St. Lawrence rises in Lake St. Louis; in a map of the region of Maryland in 1635, the west is turned towards the top. Says the author: "Look upon a map of the great West, of the last century or of only half a century ago, and on one of the present day, and behold the evidences of the work of man; for nature during that period has remained practically the same, and all the immeasurable difference there observable is due to human energy." The fourth lecture is called "Historical Notes on Certain Geographical Names," notably America, Brazil, and Canada. The fifth is devoted to the "Development of American National and State Boundaries"; and the sixth, to "Geographical Work of the National Government." In the matter of geographical names, Dr. Scaife gives what he believes the true genesis of the geographical term America, a name proposed in an obscure town of Lorraine for the northeastern coast of South America. The subject of the boundaries is one not easily grasped in one lecture, but Dr. Scaife condenses a vast amount of information within its limits. The states had many and bitter quarrels—that between Pennsylvania and Maryland was of ninety years' duration. The charters of Massachusetts and Connecticut had granted to those colonies an extension of their respective north and south boundaries to the Pacific ocean. Thus they came in conflict with Dutch New York, planted directly in their pathway.

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Liabilities other than Reserve, ...		507,849 52
Surplus, ...		12,030,967 16
Receipts from all sources, ...		37,634,734 53
Payments to Policy-Holders, ...		18,755,711 86
Risks assumed and renewed, . .	194,470 policies,	607,171,801 00
Risks in force, ...	225,507 policies, amounting to	695,753,461 03

NOTE.—The above statement shows a large increase over the business of 1890 in amount at risk, new business assumed, payments to policy-holders, receipts, assets and surplus ; and includes as risks assumed only the number and amount of policies actually issued and paid for in the accounts of the year.

THE ASSETS ARE INVESTED AS FOLLOWS:

Real Estate and Bond & Mortgage Loans, ...	$81,345,540 48
United States Bonds and other Securities, ...	57,661,455 78
Loans on Collateral Securities, ...	10,223,903 90
Cash in Banks and Trust Companies at interest, ...	5,070,153 03
Interest accrued, Premiums deferred, etc., ...	5,206,085 49
	$159,507,138 68

I have carefully examined the foregoing statement and find the same to be correct.

A. N. WATERHOUSE, *Auditor.*

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REPORT OF THE EXAMINING COMMITTEE.

OFFICE OF THE MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEW YORK.

January 25, 1892.

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The Committee have carefully performed the duty assigned to them, and hereby certify that the statement is in all particulars correct, and that the assets specified therein are in possession of the Company.

In making this certificate the Committee bear testimony to the high character of the investments of the Company and express their approbation of the system, order, and accuracy with which the accounts and vouchers have been kept, and the business in general is transacted.

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